

OH, YOU ENGLISH!

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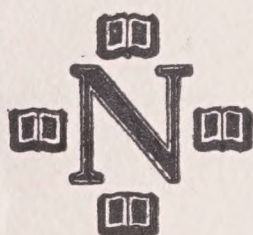
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BY

EMMA SHELTON ROBBINS



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no. 1.

PROLOGUE

THE LONGING FOR BETTER THINGS

“Of all the myriad moods of mind
That through the soul come thronging,
What one was e’er so dear, so kind,
So beautiful, as longing?

The things we long for, that we are,
For one transcendent moment,
Before the present, poor and bare,
Can make its sneering comment.”

The first interest I took in myself or things was when my mother died, and then I remember living on, on in this old house; my oldest sister married and gone away, my oldest brother gone to the big city to make his own way; with just Beth and Dobson younger than I.

Oh, what a beautiful, lonely, dissatisfied life, with an exacting, and I might say, cruel father! with none of the worldly goods that make life attractive; just life with the homely things of nature, and also the beautiful wild scenery; yet not satisfied, always longing to be known and recognized by the inner circle.

OH, YOU ENGLISH!

CHAPTER I

“WHAT can I do to come out of this monotony into life, with people and things?” That was the cry of the lonely girl just budding into womanhood, scarcely sixteen years of age. In this mood she would wander away up among the rocks and pines and dream and pray to be delivered from her humdrum life.

One day, while sitting above the stream flowing among the rocks, watching the fish glide over the ripples and wishing to be free like these, all at once the stillness was broken by the sound of horses' hoofs on the rocks. She sat still, and the rider soon hove in sight, a fine-looking, middle-aged man, with kindly expression, laughing eyes, and a beard covering his white face. Looking up he saw the girl and called to her, saying, “Will you kindly tell me where I can get dinner and a feed for my horse?”

She hesitated, then said: “Well, I don't know, unless you go back up the hills with me; my father sometimes takes people in.”

He came on, leading his horse, and they walked on up the narrow path together. At first the girl was shy, then, wondering who he was and whence he came, at last she said: “I guess you are from St. Louis.”

“Well, yes, young lady. You are a good guesser. I am; but now I am staying around here in the foothills of the Ozarks to try to get back the health I have

gambled away with lots of other things—my money and, I might say, my ‘rep’.”

She glanced at the man, now over forty years old, and the thought passed: “If he were younger I could fall in love with him.” Aloud she said: “Where are you staying?”

“Over here about seven miles, at Charley Jones’. I was thinking of making a change, and was just riding about reconnoitering. Later I want to work slowly over to Hot Springs to get the benefit of the water there.”

When they came in sight of the old house the girl’s father was on the tumble-down, rickety porch. “Well, Pap, here is a gentleman I found down by the ford, hunting a place to get dinner.”

The old man rose up and invited the newcomer in. He came forward, presenting his hand without any hesitation whatever.

The two men shook hands and the stranger said: “My name is Weicliff, Lorraine Weicliff, and I am from over at Jones’,” pointing in the direction from which he and the girl had come.

“My name is Freelanhsen, and this is my girl, Amily. Now, run, Amily, and tell old Dilsy to put an extra dumpling in the pot.”

The girl turned to leave, raising her big gray eyes to the man’s face, who seemed to see something in the young face that greatly interested him. The men talked on for a while, when Freelanhsen said: “If you are willing to put up with our sort of living, I guess we can stow you away somewhere.”

When they had talked for an hour or so the girl came out to call them into a supper of corn bread, bacon, buttermilk, and stewed apples. Lorraine

Weicliff's ride had given him an appetite, and he enjoyed his supper, looking at the girl many times, wondering why she interested him—she a very young girl and he a middle-aged man. "It must be the longing in those gray eyes, those eyes that seemed to speak, and were sometimes gray, then, when animated, turning to a yellowish brown."

Weicliff noted that when her father was talking the girl would start as if she would join in, but under that roof no one of his family dared to raise a voice unless invited by Pap. She would then settle back with a sad, disappointed look and listen with rapt attention. Listening to this man from out of the world to which she longed to go, she sat on the old porch in the moonlight while her father and Lorraine Weicliff talked. They had so much in common to talk about that they ceased to notice or even remember the girl's presence. They talked of the days of the gold fever in California in 1849 and of how fortunes were won and lost at gambling and gold mining.

Freelanhisen had married the girl's mother the year before the gold fever broke out. He married her, a mere child, against the wishes of her brothers and sisters. She was an orphan, mother and father having died when she was only ten years old, her oldest brother being her guardian. He had sent her to Charleston, S. C., to a boarding school.

Here at the house of her dressmaker she used to meet the young Englishman, Freelanhisen, and at first never telling about meeting this English boy. He had come over to this country one year before, landing on the coast of Georgia and working, or I might say, loitering about till he interested himself in hunting up a cousin

of his mother's. This cousin had been in the States for some time and had married a good girl, who added to the household income sewing for the college girls at Charleston.

It was thus Freelanhsen met the lovely young Amily Connally, and fell in love with her at sight, and managed to make her love him. Then, one dark and rainy night he called at the back alley of the college on horseback, tapped on the fence with his riding whip, according to an understanding, and Amily Connally came out and he pulled her up behind him on his horse. They rode to a suburb of Charleston to a squire and were married, the scared child not realizing what she had done. Freelanhsen told the young wife her college days were over, and took her to his boarding place. When the next morning broke clear and bright Amily came to a realization of the seriousness of that midnight escapade. She was now a wife, at the age of sixteen. Unable to eat breakfast she went outdoors to collect her frightened senses. While sitting among the trees in a big back orchard crying, an old negro came by with a bundle on his back. He saw the child there, recognized her, and came up to her, saying: "Dat you, Miss Amily Connally? What you doin' here crying lake the baby you is?" Seeing old Uncle Ben, who belonged to her and was hired to the adjoining place, Amily sprang to him.

"Oh, Uncle Ben! where did you come from? Oh, I want you so, 'cause I have to have someone to tell what I have gone and done!"

"Now, child, what you done done?"

"Uncle Ben, I am married to that young Englishman who has been over at Morris'."

"Who? Dat curious-lookin' Englishman with dat Dutch name?"

"Yes, yes, Uncle Ben. How I wish I could go home with you to Atlanta to Brother Tom."

"Child, listen, what you say, you done married sure 'nough? Child, child, I wish your poor mother was here. I don't know what to tell you. But just go on now to yo' husband—cause he is dat now."

With that advice he patted her head and she began to cry again. About that time Freelanhsen came out and spoke to the old black man.

"What are you doing there? Whose negro are you?"

"I 'longs to this child, cause her brother Tom is her guardian and he done hired out all dem negroes what old Marse Wilson Connally lef' for dis pore honey child."

"Well, Ben, you can go on now and tell Tom Connally his little sister is married and on her way to California."

The old man looked bewildered and said: "No, master, you ain't surely goin' take my little Misses 'way out to dem gold mines, whar der is no negroes to wait on her and she not fro' school and got no education?"

"Here, old man," he answered, tossing him a dollar, "go."

"Oh, Mr. Freelanhsen, are we really going to that awful California, sure enough? Oh, I don't want to go out there and leave everyone who loves me."

"We will be on the way by September. I will go call upon your brother and see about your negroes, and how much money there is."

"Oh, Mr. Freelanhsen, I never thought of money! Really, is there any money? My brother always gave me what I had to have, but I never talked of money to him."

"Well, we will see about that."

CHAPTER II

WHEN Freelanhsen did see Amily's guardian there was trouble. Tom Connally threatened to take the girl away from her husband, as she was under age, but finally they came to some sort of understanding. In the end Freelanhsen got together fifty of Amily's young negroes and started for California to work them in the gold mines there.

He did well the first year there, and then he fell in with the wild element of California—the gamblers and sporting class. He now began to neglect his little wife and baby and his time and his money were spent in dissipation. Before long, the money all gone, first one negro had to be sold, then another and another, till all were gone.

A companion going back to his own home in Missouri induced Freelanhsen to accompany and begin life again in the States. He stopped in St. Louis for a while, but his money was about gone and he saw he must get to a smaller and cheaper place. He and the poor wife went up the Missouri River to a small town called Providence, where he got a situation to clerk in a small store. There was nothing at Providence except a landing, you might say, for the Missouri River boats, and the river gamblers from New Orleans to St. Louis used to stop off a trip to gamble in this seemingly quiet village.

They lived in poverty in a small house here, and

Freelanhisen allowed his wife to have no correspondence with her family in Georgia, save when they sent her money as they collected notes and rents from time to time. Each year the husband used his wife's patrimony, till nothing was left. However, he had kept the old negroes he brought from Georgia to wait on and cook for them.

Soon something had to be done, so they made another move farther up the river, to the beautiful old college town of Boonville. By this time there were five lovely children.

When the boat that took them up to Boonville made the landing, Mr. Freelanhisen came down to meet his family and old colored mammy. He had gone on ahead and rented a small old house, which the children and old Dilsy called the Black House, for old Dilsy exclaimed on seeing it, "Oh, my mercy Lordy! what, old Miss going to live in that Black House! She is used to living in fine big rock house."

The house, it is true, was black from age, coal soot and no paint, but was really a quaint old place, with large grounds. The children, pretty happy things, were glad to be so near the river and play in that big five acre ground, grown wild with yellow roses and lilac bushes, intermingled with wild hazel and blackberries, with some fruit trees and locusts. Its chief drawback was in its neighbors.

"Now, children," the mother would say, "stay with Body in your own grounds, and don't mix with those bad, vulgar children in the neighborhood."

She need not have cautioned them, for old Body, as the children called Dilsy, was a born aristocrat. She would not let her white children, as she called them, to have anything to do with poor white trash. She would

call to Octavia and say, "You come way from that fence, talking to dem po' chilern. You 'longs to the 'stocracy, cause you' mammy's folks is governors and things, and yo' Daddy's done come from England, whar them them kings and queens is, and you got no business talking to po' white trash, cause I done tells you you is 'stocracy."

When Amily said, "Mammy, what is 'stocracy?" Mammy would return: "Go' long, child; it means big folks. Not just common everyday folks, but different, cause they blood is blue, I hear them say; and, child, when you cuts you finger it 'tain't no red blood, it is blue, pure blue."

"Mammy, it looks red to me."

"Oh, child, you is color blind, cause it's blue, I tell you; and I done hear 'em say back in Georgia your ma and your pa is blue blood, and I done knows what I em talking about, hear me?"

Things went along as usual, Mrs. Freelanhsen spending all her evenings alone with her children, she was so proud of them and loved them so. At first she did not miss the company of her fault-finding, irritable husband, and when she asked where he spent his evenings, in fact, all his time, he would scowl and answer, attending to his own business, as he wished she would do. Amily would cry for a while and sit and think of her home back in dear old Georgia, and wonder if they had forgotten her, as they had left off writing years ago.

They had gotten so poor now that she sent old Dilsy out to earn money to keep the family. She would reason with the good, kind, gentle, old negress and tell her how she would manage to take care of the children and the little black house if she would go out and do work.

"Dilsy," she said, "I cannot bear to hire you out by the year. I need your sympathy and loyal love for the children and myself."

And the honorable woman, with tears in her eyes, would say: "I will never leave you, Miss Amily, 'cause I told yo' brother Tom Connally I would stay by that dear child, and that the reason it seems lake they done forgot you, Miss Amily, 'cause I promise to watch over and take care of you, and they know I will do it." Then she would cheer her mistress by telling her, "Dey ain't forgot you. Dey's just troubled with that war and got trouble of they own."

They struggled on in the old black house till the oldest children were grown. Tao went back to St. Louis with a fairly good common-school education, to make his way in commercial life, and Tacie had married and gone to north Missouri to live with her farmer husband.

One day Freelanhsen came in to his wife and said: "Tell Dilsy to pack up; we will leave in a few days for the Ozarks in Arkansas."

CHAPTER III

WHEN Lorraine Weicliff chanced to stop at the big old house in the Ozarks the mother of Amily had been dead several years, and old Dilsy was getting feeble, and Freelanhsen was crabbed, cross, and exacting. No one dared to express an opinion while in his presence, that is, none of his family, for they all feared him.

One day, some time after Weicliff's advent, her father called Amily to him and said, "You are a grown girl, now, I want to have a talk with you. Come in here."

Amily followed him onto his den, as the younger children had named that room,—the lion's den,—as they never entered it without being led to it in fear and trembling.

Arrived here, the father said: "Amily, sit there in your mother's chair," an old wooden armchair where the mother used to sit and sew while Freelanhsen would talk to her of his past and his boyhood days in England.

"I might drop off suddenly, my girl, and I want you to promise to take care of Beth. I guess a boy can get along. See this iron box," taking a queer old brass bound iron box out of his twice locked drawer. "This box contains nothing of money value, just a history of myself and family. I never told you before, because I did not wish to put false notions in your head. But, girl, you are a countess by right, with a moneyless title. What does it amount to? I ran away from my old father and came to America when I was a very

young man. I got with a fast set of gamblers, and I met and married your mother, a child, in Georgia. She was of a good Southern family. I stole her from school without the consent of her brother, who was her guardian. I traveled about with her from one place to another, till I had squandered all her money, plantation, and negroes. Then we came here last, and she passed away here, forgiving me, and always patient and good. She adored her children. I used to resent it, as I was always selfish and jealous of her love for you all. She was an angel; she never blamed nor unbraided me in her life. Now she has gone and left me old and broken in spirit. I see I was not a kind husband and father. If I could go over it all again I would live differently.

"My ancestral house is near Redick. Bowlie Church is on the estate. My father died without seeing me again and cut me off without a shilling. When leaving, he gave me this old box and it contains a few hundred pounds and these papers. My father thought I would soon tire of this wild, roving life and return to England. Your title, my girl, is an empty one, but you are royally born.

"You know all about your mother's family; she has told you many times, I know. You know that some connection of hers governs the state of Georgia now. I tell you this that you may hold your head as high as the best, for you are a lady born."

"Well, father, what good is that to me or us, as we live in these rocks and mountains, with no associates or friends that we care about? This gentleman, Lorraine Weicliff, is the first educated person we have seen for months."

"Is that why you and he are so interested in each other?" asked her father.

"Yes, Pap, that is why I sit so long and listen to him and you talk. Why have you never talked like that to us and told us about your beautiful England? Pap, listen to me now; I am sixteen past, and I will tell you that by the time I am eighteen I will be out of the nest trying my wings. I am going to Redick and visit Freelanhsen Hall, the home of my proud father."

"No, no, girl, not that; never go back there. You would not be received or welcomed, and they would not believe you were a Freelanhsen."

"I would have these papers. Are they not proof enough?"

"Yes, oh, yes; but things have changed since I left my home. The lands have mostly been confiscated, and the story is too long and tedious. Some other time I may explain all more fully. Now go and see why Beth is going out."

The girl saw Lorraine Weicliff reclining on a homely, homemade hammock under some trees in the inclosure that might be termed a park by those who wished to pretend. Approaching him, she said, "Father has been telling me of his past, and his home across the ocean. I have been so interested, and I love to hear you and him talk of the big cities and things of the world. Oh, I would so love to go away from these hills,—to go far, far away!"

"This is a peaceful, quiet place, and peace and contentment is worth all else," he remarked.

"But I'm not contented. I want to go, but my father has no money to give me, and I am too proud to call on my mother's friends. I am going, though, some day, and I will go out, and sink or swim as Fate wills it. If I can make my way I will return for Beth. Father says he will never make another move."

"How are you ever going out to see the big world, then?"

"Oh, I don't know! but I feel that I am going very soon. I don't know where nor how, I only know I am going."

"I wish I could let you see what a big cruel, black world it is, so full of shams. Here I feel as if I had entered a haven of rest and peace, and you are wild to fly to ills you know not of. Oh, Amily, be contented here; live the simple pure life; it is the best."

"No, no, a thousand times no! I feel that restlessness, and I won't be content till I have gone and seen for myself. All the books I have read—at least some—have told me one can make her own life of happiness or misery as she tries. I want to do things—write books and paint pictures that will live after me. I know I cannot do these things at first, but with what I know of common sense and the limited education I have, I will later, with the world for a school and observation as my teacher. I am a willing and anxious pupil, and I know I will do and see what I strive to. With my determination nothing can daunt me."

"Well, I will not try again to deter you in your ambition, and if I could I would help you. Amily, promise me if you ever need help or feel I can aid you in any way, you will call on me. No matter where I am I will respond."

He offered her his hand; she took it, thanking him heartily, and saying: "Now, remember, if I want you, you will come to me. We are friends, and in case of sickness, Mr. Weicliff, if you want me to nurse you I will come. I am not a very good nurse, but I can learn. I am willing, and that is something. You are my very first friend besides old Aunt Dilsy—I mean a real, sure

enough friend, that I will not be afraid to call on, same as father."

The tears were on her cheeks as she turned and went back to the house and up to her little bare room, with only a little bed in a corner, a deal table with some books, and on the wall pictures from magazines and pictorials. She sat down by the window and, placing her head on her hand, resting against the window sill, she sat for an hour.

Aunt Dilsy came to the foot of the little stairway and called to her, "Amily, you' Daddy's been calling you fo' the longest. Now what's the matter wif you, honey, 'cause you looks like you been crying."

"I have been, Body, dear."

"What you got t'cry bout? Now, ain't you got me? and den you just finished your pretty red calico dress, and dem new shoes you got over at the Possum Trot store. Dey ought to make you happy, the Lord knows."

Amily threw her arms about Aunt Dilsy and put her cheek beside hers and gave her a squeeze, then ran away.

Two days later Mr. Weicliff said to her: "I am going on to Hot Springs. I thought I would go there by slow degrees, riding on horseback through the Ozarks, reaching Hot Springs by fall. Then I thought I would spend the fall and winter there, in hopes it would help my rheumatism, as well as in a financial way too."

"Oh, I thought you had all the money you want, as you are dressed so well and sent back for the big trunk of fine things. And you and Pap talk about thousands and thousands of dollars, like they were plentiful. I know Pap has spent all of my dear mother's money and he has nothing now but these twenty acres and this old house and those horses, which cannot be of great value. We have always been so poor."

"I am not rich, although some people think so. To-day I may be poor, but next month I may be the possessor of many thousands. My life has been a life of chance. You could not understand."

"Well, Mr. Weicliff, I begin to understand. Since you and Pap have thought I did not understand, and have talked so much and so plainly in my presence, I will speak plainly to you. I think you must be a gambler."

"Oh, my dear young lady, that is putting it pretty strong."

"Well, let's change the subject. When do you go?"

"I go very early to-morrow morning, before you are out of bed."

"Oh, I am up with the sun."

"Then I may say good-by to you at breakfast."

Next morning, when Mr. Weicliff had ridden over the hill and out of sight, leaving Amily, Beth, and Dobson with their father on the porch, Amily said, "There goes the only gentleman we have had in our house in many days." The father rose and sighed, then passed around the house to the stables. "Amily," Beth said, "why is he any more a gentleman than many others about here, like Uncle Charley Jones, Mr. Maxwell, or Dr. Walker?"

"You are too young to understand, Beth, if I explained it to you. But you will know the difference when you are as old as I am. You know the difference between our darling mother and Mrs. Homer, don't you?"

"Oh, yes. Mother was good, kind, and gentle, with pretty, small hands and feet, and Mrs. Homer is ugly and coarse, with big rough hands and feet, and talks loud and yells at the little Homers. When she is mad she swears. Body says I shan't talk to her children,

'cause they are real poor white trash; but mother said to treat them kindly. She was so good to everybody, and they seemed to realize they were not her equals and treated her with great respect. Amily, why are you always saying you are going away to New York and Europe to make your own way? I don't see how you are going to leave Dobson and me."

"I will leave you with Pap and Aunt Dilsy. She will take care of you all. I just must go, Beth; you don't know. Something is just calling me. I hear it in the ripple of the brook, the sigh of the wind, and in the bird's song. Body says I am no good trying to learn to cook and help her. She loves you, Beth, and she says you always try when she shows you how to make biscuits, and she says I will never learn. Well, maybe I won't, 'cause I just hate it, and I guess I won't ever learn it. When one hates a thing one never learns to do it well."

"Amily, do tell me why you are going away. What do you want to do?" said Beth.

"I want to write books and paint pictures that people will want to look at, and I want to see the big, beautiful world, and be of it as well as in it."

"I don't see how you are going to do it without money, friends, or beauty," answered Beth.

This caused Amily to blush a little and she said: "You are right, Beth. I have no beauty, only good health and good will, but I just feel that I am going. Yes, I shall hate to leave you all, but I shall come back some time, when I have grown weary of it all, as Mr. Weicliff said I should. Oh, but I cannot think that I will ever tire of all the beautiful things to see and learn."

Things dragged along in the same uninteresting,

monotonous way for a year. One day Amily had ridden up on the mountains on the flea-bitten gray horse that her father usually rode. She had Dobson on behind her and, coming down slowly, chatting to Dobson, all at once said: "Listen, I hear someone calling." Going on a little further the boy whistled, and an answer came, which they knew was from Body. She had come out hunting them, and said: "Come on, Amily, and let me have old Madge. I must go over to Possum Trot after Dr. Walker; your Pa is laying on his bed an' can't speak. Go on to him. I went in to see why he don't come out after his mail as he always do, an' he laying there and can't speak to me."

Amily jumped off the horse and Dilsy rode off at a gallop. Amily and Dodson, very much frightened, ran on to the house, to find Beth sitting by their father, trying to get him to speak. They both rubbed his hands and put water in his face, but he did not regain consciousness till the doctor came. The doctor felt the unconscious man's pulse and listened to his heart beat, then shook his head, but gave him a hypodermic injection of a strong heart stimulant. At last the father opened his eyes, and said, "Doctor, I was most gone." He looked at Dilsy and told her to take the children out, as he had something to say to the doctor.

"Doctor, I believe it is all up with me; tell me, is it not so? You are a good friend, and I know you won't deceive me. How long do you think I can hold out?"

"Mr. Freelanhsen, you are a frank man, and I won't deceive you. You can last only an hour or so, till that stimulant loses its effect. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes, doctor. That box there contains some family papers, and I have a three thousand dollar insurance

policy. See that these children and old Dilsy get a square deal. I would wish to live till my son from St. Louis could get here, but I know that is impossible, so I want you to take charge of these papers till he comes. You can send for him, but I will have passed on. Doctor, my life has been a sort of disappointment to me, but it is my own fault; no one else to blame. My good wife left me eight years ago, and I have missed her so. I did not know what she was to me or how dependent I was on her till she was gone and it was too late. I did not appreciate her until it was too late, too late, and I guess I have been waiting and wanting to go. Life has lost all interest, doctor. My breath is shorter and I cannot breathe. I will say good-by to my children."

The doctor stepped to another door and motioned to Amily to come to him. She came with a scared, white face, but not giving away to tears, like Beth. Aunt Sally Jones and her husband had gotten there with Dobson, who had gone over to tell them to come. The doctor met them and told them to go in. To Beth and Amily, "Your father cannot live; he is almost dying now. He wants to say good-by. Come with me." He took Beth by one hand and Dobson by the other. Amily had preceded them. She went to the bedside and said, "Pap, are you going like mother dear did, and leave us?"

"Yes, Amily, I must leave you. Come, Dilsy. Dilsy, you have been a good and faithful woman, like of my family, instead of my servant. Now I leave these children in your care. Live on here. The money I leave is for you as well as the rest to live on. Keep up the little garden and Dobson will help you. He is ten now, and Tao will come and will help you. He and you used to be the breadwinners. Now he is making his own way with his little family. You will have to fight it out with

only Dobson and Beth. Amily is no help, and won't stay, I fear. Now good-by." Taking his hand Dilsy broke down crying, like the two children. Amily, dry-eyed and scared, took her father's hand and said in a clear voice, "Good-by, Pap."

Holding Dobson by the hand and calling him son, the father breathed his last. Aunt Sally Jones took the children out in Amily's room and tried to console them, Amily helping her by talking to Beth. Dobson looked at her often. He had cried himself limp, and said: "Amily, why don't you cry? Don't you care?"

"Yes, dear, I feel like you do, but this is my starting point, and I must not give way to tears for what I cannot help."

Freelanhsen had never treated his children with affection. He was proud of them, but never let them know it. He was exacting of them, and, in fact, knew and saw as little of them as possible.

The next day they held the funeral, the brother and sister-in-law coming from St. Louis. It was indeed sad, as they laid the body in the little cemetery among the Ozarks. When all had gone back in the two-horse wagon, Amily stayed alone, saying: "I will come on later."

It was only half a mile to the house, and after they were out of sight Amily sat on the new earth and stones beside the grave and, putting her face in her hands, wept the first tears since her father's death. I fear the tears were more on account of self-pity. She was saying, "Now I will go. No one now has the right or authority to stop me."

The brother had married the daughter of a fine old Missouri statesman and judge, a man of money and lands. But he had acquired his property by hard strug-

gles, with a big family, and he thought his children should make their way as he had. He admired the fine young Tao Freelanhsen and gladly gave his daughter to him, as he was an industrious, honorable fellow. When asked if he were going to give his daughter any help when she married the poor young business man, he would say: "That boy doesn't need help; he will make his way. He does not want help. When he does, there will be time enough."

Indeed his help was not needed. In a few years his son-in-law had a large business of his own, also two beautiful sons. His wife, like her father, was (the gift of God) an honorable, true, good, and beautiful woman. From childhood Amily had been drawn to this sister-in-law. She said: "This Jane Red Ramy that my brother is to marry is coming to us as a blessing." Amily's mother had said: "I feel so too." And sure enough, whenever there was a question to settle or advice to be asked it fell to Jane Red Ramy. All the family loved her, but between her and Amily there was a congeniality, although two natures could not be more unlike. Amily said that her Sister Jane Red understood her when no one else did. The family would say that Amily was lazy, always dreaming, just because she didn't want to work. Jane would say: "No, Amily is not lazy, but she cannot do drudgery. She will write or sew all day long without a complaint, but on the other hand she will not sweep a floor or dust the piano; it is too laborious."

After the funeral Tao had to return to his business, but his wife remained a while with them, giving advice and telling old Dilsy to stay with Beth and Dobson and that to see that they had everything as they had while their father was with them.

Jane had a talk with Amily and tried to persuade

her to give up the idea of going alone out into the world, and warned her of all the bumps she would get and how the hard, cruel world would criticize and misunderstand her. Amily would not promise, and tears rolled down her cheeks as she said: "Jane, dear, you know how it is and you know I will go the very first chance I get." Jane patted her on the shoulder and said: "Amily, I would help you if I could. Your brother Tao is so opposed to your going that he will not hear to it, as he told you, and if you go he will be everlastingly offended."

"Yes, yes, I know. He told me. I may seem headstrong, but I am sure to go some time."

Jane kissed her and said: "Maybe after a while you will feel more contented."

They stood under a large beautiful tree, with birds singing all around, everything so peaceful and hushed, a holy quiet.

Jane raised her pretty, expressive eyes to the overhanging mountains and then turned to Amily and said: "I don't know what makes me feel so much older than you. When I am with you I always feel like mothering you, and yet I am only four years older. Maybe it is because I so thoroughly understand your nature. Sometimes I am so weary myself of the big noisy St. Louis that I would love to fly away to this peaceful solitude and you. My two lovely boys hold me, and make me take up the routine of every-day, monotonous life. Tao thinks of business all the time and doesn't think of the artistic, while I am full of it, as well as being domestic. Every heart has its secret bitterness."

They strolled back to supper. Aunt Dilsy had fried chicken and corn cakes and fruit for them. Jane praised everything, telling Aunt Dilsy that this was the

best sweet milk and honey and that the fried chicken was fit for the gods. The old black woman said: "Now, Miss Jane, I knows you always says things to make folks feel good. Dem chickens jes rase demselves, running 'bout in des rocks picking up grasshoppers and things, and de bees jes make dis honey out of dem flowers you see hanging from de rocks."

"Oh, columbine and rhododendron! is it not beautiful?"

"Yes, Miss Jane, you need not trouble you' pretty head bout des chillen, cause I can take care of 'em. Most of the things we eats jes grows. De cows take care of deyselves—all I got to do is to milk and make the butter. If you and Mr. Tao send the chillen clothes, I can do de rest. I promis' Marse Tom Connally I going to care fo' Miss Amily. She done gone now, an' I gwine to take care of her children."

"You are good and loyal, and I know you will do your best. Beth and Dobson will continue at school at Possum Trot."

The next morning the old two-horse wagon came around to take Jane to the railroad station, to go back home. It was a sad parting, she holding Amily's hand till the train was moving.

"Tell me, Amily, when you make up your mind to go and write me always." The train was moving now, Dobson, Beth and Dilsy all following to the end of the platform, then waving as long as the train was in sight,—even when it was lost to sight.

When they went back home the mail had preceded them, and they were each eager to see what they had. There was a letter for their father from California, and Beth exclaimed: "Oh, a letter for Amily."

Amily grasped it and ran away up the path between

the big rocks to a secluded spot where she always sat and meditated. This morning it was beautiful, with trumpet flowers and columbine hanging about the seat and the dew still glistening like myriads of diamonds on the leaves and grass. A mockingbird was singing in a scrub pine tree above her head. She hesitated to break the seal of the letter as she was awed by this beauty, and asked herself: "Why, oh, why, can't I be contented with this and my homely coarse girl and boy friends here in Arkansas! No, no, I cannot! I am not of it, like Ann Hopkins and Mary Green. They can be happy here." She then tremblingly broke the seal of her letter and she read this letter:

"MY DEAR AMILY:

I have just read the sad news of the death of my friend, your father. It is needless to say I was shocked, as I left him well so short a time since. Why did you not send for me? Of course your brother came from St. Louis and you really did not need me, but I might have said some word of comfort to you. Now I am going to make you a loan or gift, whichever you wish it to be. Chance has favored me beyond my wildest expectations, and I enclose this check for one thousand dollars. Use it as you choose. I wish you would take it as a gift, and I feel that it is a debt, in fact, for all your little kindnesses at your home when I was there almost an invalid. I have regained my health and will leave this place in another month, later going to Europe and Monte Carlo. Hoping to see you some time again; I am your friend. Remember me to Aunt Dilsy and kiss Beth and Dobson for me.

Sincerely your friend,
LORRAINE WEICLIFF."

She read and reread the letter, and then burst out weeping for joy. She took the check and handled it over and over and said: "A fortune! Must I keep it? Is it right? Yes, I will; he says I can take it as a loan, if I do not want it as a gift; and if I succeed I will send it back with good interest."

She hugged the check to her bosom and sauntered back to the house, wondering how to tell Beth and Body. She met Beth with her dog Bose running along, and when Beth saw her sister she said: "Amily, you have had good news in your letter, 'cause your face shows it, and you have cried too, for your eyes are red. Who wrote to you?"

"Beth, you are right; I am happy and sad too. I did cry, but it was for joy, but when I think of leaving you and Dobson and dear Body, I cry."

Beth looked at her sister with a startled look and said: "Who is your letter from, and when are you going?"

Amily put her arms around Beth and said: "My prayers have been answered. Mr. Weicliff has loaned me a thousand dollars, and I am going to take it to go to New York, and, Beth, I will get more money and I will send for you and Dobson."

"But, Amily, how can you get money? And would Pap let you take this money from a man?"

"Oh, don't sermonize now; I do not stop to think of my father's wish. He never expressed many about me here. I don't know yet how I shall do it. I will go in a few days."

Beth was crying, but soon Amily pacified her by telling her she would write her nearly every day and promising to come home soon.

CHAPTER IV

ON the following Monday Amily was all ready. The little cheap trunk was packed with her clothes, and at the very bottom she had placed the papers her father had told her were all about her ancestry in England. She told no one that she had taken those papers.

When the train started for Memphis and Chattanooga, on the route from the little village in the Ozarks called Possum Trot to New York, the brother and sister were with her and also the faithful old black woman. They stayed with her until it was time to leave, and then there were kissing and good-byes and tears.

"Aunt Dilsy, you won't miss me after a few days," said Amily.

"No, I ain't gwine miss you' work, cause yo' never done none, but I gwine to miss yo' jes cause yo' is yo'. Dat is all de why I gwine miss yo'."

"Now, Body, say, 'Just because I love you, Amily,' and I will have that to remember."

"Go way now, honey, you knows dat."

"Yes, I know it. There, the train is moving, good-bye."

The old woman looked at the window where Amily had taken her place and said: "Jes 'cause I love yo', Miss Amily."

"God bless you, Body, and keep you, Beth, and Dobson till I see you again."

When the train had turned a curve in the mountains

and Possum Trot was hidden from view Amily lay back in her seat and tried to think and realize what she was doing and where she was going. Everything in her mind was a chaos. She felt in her coat pocket for her handkerchief, and found the little package which Aunt Dilsy had slipped in her hand as the train was moving. She thought she had better see what it was. Rolled up in some faded tissue paper were a very old miniature of her father and a funny little recent picture of her mother. Inside those was another roll and, opening this, she found a hundred dollars in paper, the savings of years from Dilsy's selling blackberries and eggs and such things that she could spare from the family needs. This made the girl break down. She said to herself: "This is from my mother in heaven. Body is acting for her. Oh, how she has saved when she needed this money; would not spend it save for what she could not know—that I would go out in the big world all alone to make my way. Well, there is another debt I owe with much larger interest than Mr. Weicliff's thousand dollar check. I do wonder what Tao will do and say when he knows I have really gone. I fear he will put the police on my track to fetch me back. Beth will write them all about my going."

While this soliloquy was going on, she fell asleep and slept for some hours, when she was suddenly awakened by some harsh voice yelling: "All out for Memphis, Tennessee!" She sat still, as she was going on in that train via Chattanooga.

Pretty soon a boy came to the window where she sat and offered some sandwiches for sale. She declined them, as she had her lunch with her, but it was a reminder to her to eat, the first she had thought of eating, as she had not felt hungry. She opened a basket filled with

the good homemade pickles, preserves, honey, fried chicken and beaten biscuits. In a little package which Dobson had put in were a few hazel nuts. When she opened the package she found a few lines written in his boyish way:

"Amily, dear, we are all sorry you will go and leave us. I have been crying out in the horse lot about your going. I would not let anyone know how much I cared. Amily, you are a brick and I don't blame you now like I did at first, 'cause I can understand now. For I am going, too, as soon as I am sixteen years old. I am doing things and studying inventions. I didn't tell anyone; I was afraid you would laugh at me. Now you are going I can write it. Amily, I promised you I would be a good boy and take care of Beth and Aunt Dilsy. I only meant just till I am sixteen, then maybe you will be home again."

She finished reading that dirty little letter, written on a sheet torn from a copy book, pressed it to her lips and said: "I will not let the tears come. This is the last link to that home in the Ozarks, and I must begin the new life now. I did not know Dobson had such deep feeling; he never told anyone where he went or what he did. A quiet, seemingly happy, healthy, well-developed fellow."

She ate very little and, doing up her lunch again, she was disturbed by a person blustering into the car and coming to her saying: "I think, Miss, you are in the wrong berth. This is mine; my ticket calls for No. 13."

"Oh, am I? The conductor put me here and I am sorry, but when he comes in again he can assign me to another."

"Well, I don't know when he will come back, and I want my place now, to place my things in."

"Oh, certainly; excuse me," she said, rising and standing in the aisle, as the other seats seemed to be filled.

This fluffy person turned and, seeing Amily standing, said, condescendingly: "You could sit in that corner for a while if you would hold this box on your lap."

"No, thank you; I have been sitting so long I don't in the least mind standing a while," returned Amily.

An old lady with a beautiful pale face and mild, faded blue eyes saw Amily and, moving an umbrella and satchel off the seat beside her, invited Amily to sit down. She took the seat beside her, thanking the lady politely. The lady remarked about the train being so crowded and said that they were six hours late, which would bring them in New York at ten o'clock in the morning.

"Oh, I am so glad," said Amily. "I am a stranger in New York and would prefer to get there by daylight."

"But have you telegraphed your friends?"

"No; I have no friends there. I am glad I left berth No. 13, as I am so fortunate as to find the train late. I am so glad you told me, and I am just a bit superstitious about No. 13."

"I can readily see you are a young girl from the South by your superstitions."

"Yes," said Amily; "I guess our black mammies teach us those superstitions in our cradles."

"You will have no one to meet you? Where will you stop?"

"Really, I don't know! I haven't thought about that. I am going to New York to find something to do," answered Amily.

"Then you do not know what hotel your will go to?"

"I wish you would tell me of one—I mean one that is inexpensive, as my means are quite limited and I will have to choose an inexpensive place at first, a cheap hotel till I can find a small room, and then I will board myself."

"What kind of employment do you wish?" her friend asked.

"I cannot be choice about that at first. I must take what I can get."

"Was there nothing at your home, school teaching or sewing that you could do? I feel very sorry for a young person in that big city, fighting for a living—or mere existence, as it is for some. If I am a judge, and you don't mind my saying it, I think, with your inexperience and your not knowing what to do, you will have a hard struggle. So many young girls at your age hope to get to New York, thinking it is the mecca of all that is fine and easy. Ah, so many before you have failed and gone back to their homes to die, broken-hearted, ruined in health and old prematurely. I hate to see a pretty young thing like you launch out into that great surging mass of humanity, to sink perhaps in a pit of despair and perhaps ruin."

"Oh, dear," said Amily, "don't predict such awful things for me."

"No, no, not for you individually. Let me see." Taking out of her handbag a pencil and paper, she wrote the address of a small but respectable place on Broadway, and gave it to Amily and told her she hoped she would succeed where thousands and thousands have failed. She took her hand and Amily said, "I will assure you I will keep good. I may starve in your streets, but, never fear, I will keep my honor."

"Well, then, I have hope for a girl that talks like that."

The conductor came then and asked for her ticket. She gave it to him, and he said: "I put you in No. 13."

"Yes, but a lady claimed it and this lady invited me to sit here." He took her package and handbag and started to put them back, but she protested. "Please, let me remain here if I do not crowd this lady. I do not wish to occupy No. 13."

The conductor smiled and shrugged his shoulders and passed on. The lady told her to keep her seat as they would soon be in New York.

The lady called for a pillow and the porter gave Amily one also. She closed her eyes, but not in sleep, as her vis-à-vis had done. She was excited, as she knew she was so near the city, though she was outwardly very composed.

She never thought of the lonely road before her, fraught with every peril. She trembled as with a seizure of some sort and opened her eyes, to see the station at Jersey City. Just then the porter began to gather up satchels and luggage and said, "We are 'most to the ferry, lady."

When they had left the train and were at the ferry a fine looking young man greeted Amily's acquaintance, embracing her, and said, "Mother, your train is late six hours."

"Yes," she answered, and, turning to Amily, said, "This is my son," not calling either of their names, not knowing Amily's, as she had not asked it and Amily had not volunteered to give it. Then, "My son, are you in our big motor car?"

"Yes, mother," he answered.

"Have we room for another passenger?"

"Certainly," he answered. The mother turned to Amily and said, "We drive right out Broadway by the —— Hotel, and will gladly take you with us."

Of course Amily accepted, and after crossing the river, they were speeding along Broadway. Amily was all eyes and ears. The terrible noise and din of New York enraptured her so that she had not noticed that the machine had stopped in front of the —— Hotel, and a porter had run out to take the hand satchel. She collected herself and thanked them over and over again, and had turned to go when she said to the lady, who held out her hand: I would like to remember whom to be ever grateful to for this kindness, if you don't mind."

"Certainly; I had forgotten." She handed her card, and on it was "Mrs. Augusta Howard, 2203 West 158th Street, New York City."

Amily bowed to the young man, who had not ceased to stare at her, till she was so embarrassed she could not look in his face. He offered his hand to her and said, "Miss—Miss——"

"Oh, Freelanhsen," she answered, and was up with the porter who had taken her satchel.

She went with him to the office and the clerk pushed a register to her. She blushed, not quite understanding, and the clerk, seeing her embarrassment, said: "Do you wish a room with bath? What floor?"

She got up her courage now and said, "No, sir; I wish the very cheapest room you have. I shall not mind the locality or inconveniences."

The man surveyed her from head to foot and back again, then answered: "Two dollars per day is our cheapest room—on eighth floor."

"I shall only want the room a few days, and would prefer to have it as cheap as possible."

"Well, young lady, that's the best I can do for you," in a brusque business-like manner, motioning for a boy to show her up to the room, and saying, "Give the porter the check for your baggage, if you have any."

She was so weak from all the excitement and confusion that she was getting a headache, a thing she never had before. When she was ushered in the room and the boy opened the windows, he turned to her and said, "Ice-water, Miss?"

She answered, "Yes." He was out of the room before she looked a second time and back with a pitcher of ice-water before she had her hat off. She shut the door behind him and locked it and then threw herself on the bed and began to realize where she was and wonder what to do first.

She could not collect her thoughts and she concluded to rest that day and night and just think. "Tomorrow morning I will start out early." And then she soliloquized: "Where? and what for? I will wait for an inspiration; all things come to those who wait."

She slept late the next morning, awakening with the bright sunshine streaming in the window. She looked at her watch—a cheap dollar one—and found that it was after eight o'clock. She saw on the wall by the electric light button a notice, the usual one: "One ring for porter, two for waiter."

She dressed and pushed the button for waiter. When he came she asked him where the dining-room was and if it was too late for breakfast. He replied that in New York that was considered an early breakfast. She followed him to the dining-room, where he seated her at a small table next to one where four men were break-

fasting. They looked at her so impudently that she never looked in their direction again. She wondered why everyone looked at her so strangely. She thought: "I am not conspicuously dressed. Have I something about me out of the ordinary?"

Poor girl! she could not know that it was written all over her—from the country. Still, she was worth looking at, so full of health, youth and, some would say, beauty, for the bright yellowish brown eyes were so pleasing in their expression they seemed to invite attention. Was it magnetism in them?

The waiter gave her a bill of fare and stood by to take the order. She looked it over and saw it was European plan, but how could she find anything on it that she could afford to eat? She read: steak—two dollars; eggs—fifty cents; pot of coffee—one dollar. She looked at the waiter and said: "Have you no card for a single person? I could not eat a steak or drink a pot of coffee."

He smiled and said, "No, that is all we have; but I will serve half portions to you." She was so embarrassed she scarcely knew what she was doing; then she said, "You may bring me some bread and butter and a cup of coffee." He saw that she was not accustomed to hotels, and on account of the eyes that seemed to tell him, "Don't you see how poor and embarrassed I am," he went away and brought a very tiny coffee pot, some bread and butter and a fried egg. She thanked him and began to eat. She had eaten so little since she had left the Ozarks that she ate with a good relish. She soon finished, and by that time the dining-room was full of stylish women with their hats on.

"No one seems to be at home in this place," she thought.

She sat for half an hour waiting for the waiter to bring the bill; finally he came. "I beg pardon, madam, but I have my regular tables to serve; sorry to have kept you waiting." He handed her the bill and her face flamed when she saw that it was two dollars. She paid it and left ten cents for a tip. The waiter smiled without thanking her and went away. She thought she heard him say something to another waiter about even change. As she went out all eyes were on her and one foppish-looking man followed her to the stairway, offering her the morning *New York Sun*. She, not looking at him, said, "No, thank you," and passed on up the elevator. When she got back to her room she felt refreshed and rested, but homesick and lonely. She said to herself: "No more tears. I see this is not going to be a rosy path that I have chosen. 'So you make your bed, so you shall lie.' "

She took her handbag and counted her money. She had twenty dollars in it. She had made up her mind not to touch her other money, but to make this last a month. "I must not eat," she said, "because this must last me until I find something to do." She put the money back and saw the card of Mrs. Augusta Howard. She read it over and placed it back in her purse. "I will go out now to see what I can find. I must get a small room somewhere."

She asked the bellboy if he could tell her where she could find a small, cheap room. He looked at her and started on, but he caught a glance of her eyes and came back, saying, "Young lady, you can't find no cheap room on this side. You will have to go down below Twelfth Street. But you don't look like that's the place for you."

"Why, tell me why? I am such a stranger."

"Well, I don't know how to tell you, only the people who live in them cheap places is toughs and the women have painted hair and faces."

"Well, dear little man, I am very poor and cannot afford an expensive place. You know I shall not paint my face and hair, and I am not tough."

"No, I know 'em."

"Maybe you could direct me," she said.

"Yes," he answered, "I can tell you how to find the neighborhood."

She took out her pencil and wrote as he directed. "Is it far?" she asked.

He answered, "It might be pretty far for a tender-foot."

"But I can walk, as my feet are not tender," she said.

The boy winked, laughed, and went on, refusing a nickel she had offered him. He looked back and said, "You'll need that to come home on after you walk down there."

She walked down Broadway, looking in the windows and pushing her way through the throngs of people and all conceivable kinds of vehicles. She made her way to Twenty-third Street crossing, and tried to get a chance to get over. She was so afraid of the big motor cars and so afraid of being run over that she scarcely knew what to do, when she saw the big policeman in the middle of the street beckoning for her to come. She ran to him and he caught her arm and, looking at her, gave it a little squeeze. She did not have time to resent this impertinence; she was pushed on by the mass of humanity. She stopped to look at the Flatiron building, and as she stood looking a gentleman, as she thought, spoke to her: "Young lady, have

you lost your way? Can I be of any assistance to you?"

She remembered what her sister, Jane Red, had warned her of, and natural instinct told her he did not mean well, so she said, "No," and passed on. Finally she met a woman leading a child and she asked her to direct her, showing her the address the boy had given her. The woman gave a hurried nod in the direction and hastened on.

"They are all in such a hurry no one has time to even be polite." She kept on going, then she turned west and kept going. She saw an old residence place with a card on the door, "Rooms to let." She went to the door and pulled the bell, which seemed to be out of fix, as it did not ring.

She then tapped with her parasol and a slatternly looking woman with faded hair and painted face looked out from a window above and in a rasping, steel voice said: "That bell's out of fix. What do you want?"

"I wished to see about engaging a room."

The woman turned back, speaking to some one inside, "Mag, is that stairway room open? Gip's gone, ain't she?" Then she looked out, saying, "I will show you what I got."

She met Amily at the door and led her through a long dark, dingy hall, with rooms on either side. As she passed, some of the doors were open and she could see some awful-looking women and men. In one room she heard glasses and a man in there swearing. The woman took her to the extreme end of the hall and opened a door under a stairway, showing her a dark and dirty place. She told her this was a nice pretty room, and only twelve dollars per week. She went to a sort of hole and called it a window. A pale light struggled in

and Amily turned around out of the room and said, "I don't think I can pay that much."

The half-drunken woman glared at her and said, "I hope you don't expect that lovely room for less. You must have a mighty poor fellow if he can't give you the price." Amily was shocked and hurried out of the place without replying. Hurrying on till she was getting into a more disreputable part, she passed many houses now with signs on the doors, "Rooms to let," but they were too uninviting. At last she saw a rather clean-looking girl about to enter one of these miserable-looking places with a notice on the window. She called to the girl, saying: "Will you kindly tell me where I could get a respectable cheap room?"

"Respectable? I don't know the meaning of that. My aunt lives in here and I room here. She makes me give her most all I earn. I work in the paper box factory and I have my young man, so I take one square meal with him at eight o'clock every night, and my aunt curses me because I don't make him cough up more."

"Oh, that is terrible! And you are not married to the young man? How can you take his money?"

"There is none of the girls down here married; most of 'em are what you call sporting girls; some few ugly ones work. I don't have but one fellow, though he is a dandy good one. Come on in and see what my aunt has to show you."

She led the way to a miserable back room and entered without knocking.

Two women were in the room, one reclining on a bed and the other sitting by a table eating some bread and drinking beer out of a tin can. One of the women looked at the girl and said to her in a kind of screech: "Where have you been now? Gadding? Why didn't

you bring something to eat with you? There's nothing here," tossing half a loaf of stale bread on the table.

"What's that you brought in with you now?"

"This is a sissy I found looking for a place—a room."

"What she got to put up for it?"

Amily said, "What do you charge?"

"Well, I take what they can bring in—if it's not too little. But you are a fly-looking girl, and ought to put up a lot to stay here. And if you ain't got any fellows you can git 'em."

With that Amily left as quickly as possible, the young girl following her to the street.

"Now wait, don't run away; she was only kiddin' you," she said.

"I thank you, for I know you mean to be kind," said Amily, "I see I am in the wrong place."

She started back the way she had come and got back to Twenty-first street, and went up the front stairs of one of those used-to-be mansions and rang the bell. A woman came and Amily told her business. The woman said she had a room that was occupied by a milliner, but the woman wanted a nice quiet person to take part of it. Amily asked the price and she was told that the room was six dollars a week. That would mean three dollars a week apiece, so Amily said: "When can I find the person here so I could arrange about it?"

"She ought to be here now. She comes to her room when she comes to her lunch. She works on Sixth Avenue, and she is near enough to stop a few minutes."

While they were talking the milliner came in the front door, and she stopped as the woman called to her and told her Amily's business. She seemed glad, and Amily thought she might stand to occupy the

room with her, as she was such an improvement over any person she had spoken to since she left the hotel. The milliner unlocked the door and showed Amily the room, and told her she would have to take her turn in taking care of it. Amily agreed to pay three dollars a week and help clean the room.

She looked at the bed, which looked wide, and thought: "I can have the room alone all day, because she is working. Then I shall soon find what I shall do."

The next day she moved from the hotel. Oh, how she did hate to go, and leave all this comfort. She counted her money after she had paid her bill and gone up to the room to get her hand baggage. "I really must get to doing something to earn money," she thought, "I can mend lace very well and I can do beautiful hand sewing. Maybe I can get something in that line. If I can only get enough to subsist on."

When she got settled in her new quarters she felt that now she must go and try to find some lace mending.

When her roommate came in at the lunch hour she asked her if she could tell her of some place where they mended and cleaned lace. The girl told her of Obras and Pigot's, and then said to her, "If I was as good-looking as you are I know I would not work. You could have all the fellows wild about you."

Amily said, "I don't care to have them wild about me. I want honest work to make my own living."

The girl shrugged her shoulders and sat down on the floor by the window and began to smoke a cigarette. The smoke was almost suffocating, but Amily saw it was useless to complain. She coughed and cleared her throat, but the girl took no notice of that, and Amily

rose and began to put on her hat and veil to go out, asking again to be directed to the lace shops.

The girl answered, "I am going back to work and I will go along and show you Pigot's." They walked on together until they came to an old house that had once been a handsome residence, with a gilded ostrich over the door. She parted from the girl, thanking her for her kindness in showing her the place. When she entered the shop she was met by a dark-browed French woman and she asked for lace to mend. The woman told her she had some very fine lace to be mended, but she had to have an experienced person.

Amily said, "I do it very well," and then she asked the woman what she paid, and was told that she paid by the piece. She brought some lace out and showed her, telling her the lace was very fine Brussels Point and originally had cost one hundred dollars per yard. Amily said, "I am not afraid to undertake it." The woman asked where she came from and where she was living.

Amily was almost afraid to tell where she was living. The woman seemed rather uncertain. Finally she looked Amily over again, and searching into those honest, clear, yellowish brown eyes, she decided.

"Well, I will give you these twelve yards of the less expensive and this bodice. When can you do them? They must be done by next Thursday one week. Can you do them by that time?"

Amily said, "I will try."

"Maybe you better not take the bodice," suggested the woman.

"I will take it, and if I see I cannot finish it in time I will bring it back," replied Amily.

"Very well, Miss Freelanhisen," answered the woman.

Amily took the package and was hurrying on when

she heard her name called, which gave her a start. Looking up, she met the outstretched hand of Haynes Howard, the son of her benefactress of the train. She knew him at once, but was very shy and reserved. He said he was very glad to see her again because his mother had thought of her and had liked her so much, that she could not forget her, and had called with him at the —— Hotel to see her, the clerk of the hotel having told them that she had gone the next day without leaving any address.

“We were very sorry to miss you and my mother has talked about you and wondered where you had gone. She will be glad to hear from you and know where you are located, so she can come to see you.”

They walked on until they came to Amily's abode. She was embarrassed and said: “I am sorry that I can not ask you to come in, but I have a small room here and am going to work.”

He said, “Won't you let me call with my mother? She will be so delighted to see you again and you cannot deny her that pleasure, after all her worry about you. She, in a way, feels responsible for you, as she calls you her ‘little protégée’.”

Amily hesitated and then bravely raised her eyes to his and said: “I could not ask your mother to come to this house and this place to see me. I had to take what I could get, and when I can afford a better neighborhood and home then I would love to see your good, kind mother. I hate these surroundings, but I cannot be choice.”

By this time they were at the door and they were met by a mulatto woman and a white escort coming out. The woman was dressed in the flashiest way. The young man said, “Really, you will excuse me if I seem

to presume, but you have made a mistake in choosing a place. This is no place for you. You must let us, or my mother, help you to find a suitable place."

Amily answered, "Oh, no, thank you, I will not be associated with these poor creatures at all. You see, I have succeeded in finding work to do," holding the bundle out to him.

"What kind of work, may I ask?"

"Certainly, it is lace mending from Pigot's on Twenty-first Street."

She then bade him good-by without further parley.

CHAPTER V

WHEN Amily got out the work and began, she thought: "I don't like him, although he seems so kind and is the son of such a lovely woman. Still, I am never deceived; I cannot trust him." She took the old lace and was mending and weaving and thinking. "I guess he is right, I am not in the right place. How can I help it? I cannot spend any money. I must earn enough to meet my expenses. I must not eat more than one meal a day, for I am strong and well. Oh, this must be a very, very disreputable place. These people swear and drink and I hear them all night long."

On the next Thursday, according to promise, she finished the lace, even the bodice, sitting up late at night to do so. When she took it back, Madame Pigot examined it very carefully without comment and, going to a cash drawer, came back and gave Amily five dollars. She said, "I cannot pay you more, as you are an inexperienced person."

"Yes, but the work is perfectly satisfactory, is it not?"

The French woman turned a vivid red color under her brown skin, and in a most apologetic manner said, "My dear young lady, you don't understand; I could not pay more to a beginner."

"I did not ask for more. I am quite thankful to get this, but if the work is what it should be I thought I should be paid the best price, that is, the price you pay experienced people."

"Oh, yes, my dear; you see, of course, I am paying you quite a lot for this work."

"Yes, I guess so, and I thank you, madam." She turned to leave the shop and the French woman called, "My dear, won't you sit in the private room and have a demi-tasse with me?"

"No, thank you," replied Amily.

"Well, won't you take the expensive lace to mend?"

"Well, madam, I must do it as well as any, if you will let me take that fine old point which you showed me before."

"Yes, my dear, you do it tolerably well."

"Does your customer only want that elegant lace done tolerably?"

"No, she wants it done the very best," answered madam.

"Then, madam, if you agree to pay me what is paid for the best, very well."

"I will give you ten dollars if you do that well," said madam.

"I think I had better go to Obra's and some other places and find out what they pay for such work. I will have to work every day and late at night to finish that in a week."

"Oh, no hurry for this piece," said the woman.

"But I have to live and pay my expenses."

The woman knew she had not paid her a fair price and was afraid to let her go anywhere else, as menders of fine old lace were hard to find in New York. Often she had to send it to Brussels, and that took so long that she had no idea of losing Amily.

"Well, I like you so much, and your work is very good, and I think if you will take this lace and do it very, very well, I will give you fifteen dollars. You can

go elsewhere if you wish, but I don't think they will pay an unknown laceworker as much as I pay."

"I will take this work, and if I can do it in ten days that will pay me." She took the bundle and went out. She felt tired and weary, and she thought: "I must not get sick in this place. I had better take a car and ride out to the Park and rest among the trees; also get my lunch out near there."

She sat down under a large beautiful shade tree, when she reached the park, away from the crowd and secluded behind some shrubbery. She leaned against the tree, almost falling asleep, when suddenly she was startled by a baby voice saying, "I want my mama."

"Why, darling, where is your mama?" Amily asked.

"Me not know," the baby said, "me want my mama," beginning to cry.

"Baby dear, come here to me," said Amily, and she took the beautiful child in her arms and began to soothe her, saying, "Don't cry, pretty baby, we will find mama."

She took the child and went out in the Park, and began to search for the mother.

She looked everywhere and made inquiry of all the nurses, but no one seemed to know the child or to have ever seen her before. Amily saw the child was the daughter of the rich, as she was dressed in the finest clothes. She noticed the little white shoes were soiled with dirt and clay of the park walks. She then noticed a policeman near and going up to him, told him the child was lost and crying for its mother.

The policeman said: "We will drive with it to the other entrance of the park." He called the police park wagon and Amily got in with the baby, the man offering to take it till she was seated. But the little thing

clung to her neck, so she petted and soothed it till it stopped crying.

"Now baby dear," Amily said, "tell me your name."

"No, no, my mama," was all she would say.

They went everywhere in the Park, but could not find any one to claim the baby. Then the policeman said: "Miss, we will have to take it to headquarters. It won't be very long till we hear from her mother."

Amily tried to give the child to him, but it was of no use, it would scream till it was purple in the face every time she attempted it.

"I will go with you to the station," Amily then said.

When they got there the nurse had sent in a phone message and the chief officer had sent a message to One Hundred and Ninety-first Street to the parents of the child.

By the time Amily and the child arrived the mother and father drove up in a large fine automobile, the mother weeping and the father excited. When the mother caught sight of the baby she ran to it and took it out of Amily's arms. The little thing, seeing its mother, put its arms about her. Amily explained how the baby came to her behind the shrubbery, and how she had spent hours trying to find the mother or nurse, and failing had finally applied to a policeman.

The father had paid something to the chief and Amily was about to go when the mother said, "Now, young lady, what shall we pay you for taking care of our darling for us?"

Amily turned a scarlet color and proudly raised her head. "You must not pay me at all. I was only too glad to take the beautiful little distressed baby in my arms and try to find you. Oh, how could the nurse have left her unnoticed till she had strayed for blocks

and blocks through that big park! She might have been run over and killed. I could not take pay for doing my duty, and she was so pretty and dear, she clung to me and would not let those big rough policemen take her from me."

"We wish to reward you in some way. Tell us what we can do for you?" said the mother.

"I am very poor and am almost a stranger in New York; I am here from the South to make my own living. At present I am living in a very cheap room with another working girl, and I was fortunate enough to find work."

"What kind of work?" asked the lady.

"I am lace mending. It is very particular and laborious work, and I had been to return some work which I had done, and get more," said Amily, showing her bundle. "I had stopped in the Park to rest. I had worked day and night to finish it."

"Won't you give me your address that we may come to see you, and perhaps I can help you in your lace mending."

Then Amily reluctantly gave the address, the lady thanking her and begging to drive her in the automobile home. They drove along Fifth Avenue and Amily was sorry when they turned in the direction of her room. When they put her down they took in the neighborhood at a glance and a troubled expression came over Mrs. Miller's face. "Let us thank you again," she said; "we can never repay you for finding and taking care of our little darling, never, and gratitude seems so poor a thing."

Amily smiled, saying, "Dear little Mary Miller! she seemed to have found me. Didn't you, beautiful?" taking her and kissing her good-by over again.

The child held out its hands to her as the machine drove away. Mrs. Miller saying, "Our baby wants you. I shall call on you again. Good-by."

Captain Miller raised his hat and they were soon out of sight. Amily went in the house and ate her lunch of some cheese, crackers, and bread and butter. She then unwrapped the bundle and sat down by the one window to her lace mending, and worked steadily until her room-mate, Ginger, came in. Ginger started to wash and fix up in her cheap finery to go to dinner with her best beau, as she called him:

"Why do you sit there working when everyone else has stopped work and gone out to dinner, and to the picture shows, Park, or theatre?" asked Ginger. "Have you been to a theatre ever?"

"Yes, in St. Louis," answered Amily, "when I went to visit my brother Tao. I have seen Sothern and Bernhardt, and some of Shakespeare's plays. I don't care much for the lighter things I have seen."

"Hain't you been down to Caster & Beals to see them gals dance and sing?"

"No," replied Amily.

"Well, you have missed a lot. My fellow takes me to some show like that every Saturday night. He sure is a good one, and is my steady."

Amily felt sorry for the poor ignorant girl, Ginger. She did not know any other name for her, as everyone called her Ginger. She was always kind to her when she came in the room. She never came in till very late at night, and for a few moments at noon. She did not have time for conversation then and Amily was spared that. But to-night she seemed in a very talkative mood and told Amily she loved her because she was the first person who had talked kindly to her.

"Everyone else here curses me and calls me red-headed Ginger," she said.

"Well, no matter about the color of your hair, you have a fine suit of it and if you would not paint your face and would wear plain, neat clothes you would be a much better-looking girl. If you would save the money you work for and live a respectable life your young man friend would love and respect you and gladly marry you, and you could be a good and useful woman."

The girl seemed to stop and reflect. "If some other people were like you maybe I could do it. I cannot stop now; I must just go on—on to my grave like this."

"You can stop if you make up your mind to and do it."

Someone called, "Ginger!" and the girl hurriedly left the room, saying: "I won't disturb you when I come in because I am going to be out with my man nearly all night." Amily's only answer was, "Oh Ginger! think of what I have been saying to you."

Amily heard her come in at about five o'clock next morning and throw herself across the foot of the bed with all her clothes on. She was soon sound asleep. Amily arose at half past six and began on her lace work, and was happy because she had gotten along so well. She took a letter out of her pocket and read it over again. This is what she read:

"DEAREST AMILY:

"Oh, how glad we all were to get your dear letter. It was only the second one we have had. If you could have seen us all, how happy we were when I read it aloud. Body said, 'Dat is my child. I raised dat smart child.' You know, Amily, she did not call you

smart at home. And Dobson called you 'a dandy brick,' and I was selfishly glad, because I know, Amily, as soon as you make some more money you will send for me. The pink gingham dress you sent me, made ready to fit me, was so pretty, and I thank you, Amily. Body thinks you are rich now almost. You ought to have let Mrs. Miller give you something for finding her baby. I know she would have given you a grand pearl necklace or a diamond ring, and if you did not want it you could have sent it to me. Amily, I wrote you in my last letter that brother Tao is going to have me come to St. Louis in September, and he is going to put me in the Sacred Heart Convent. That is awful good of him, but why can't I just stay here and go to Possum Trot next winter, and be smart like you are? Then maybe I could write books and do things too. I don't like the idea of being shut up in that convent, and as Jane doesn't think as much about me as she does of you, and won't have me at her house very much, I am looking forward to it like a prison. I know you said it was the best and the finest opportunity for me. I wish I could see it like you do, but I can't. Dobson will have a better time; he will live with Sis Jane and Tao, and go to school. Tao said the public schools are the best for boys. I don't see why I could not stay there too and go to school with Dobson. Now, Amily, you told me not to complain, but to be grateful for this opportunity; few girls were so fortunate. I will try to thank Brother Tao. I guess you are so busy you won't have time to read any more so I had better close. Body says she sends her heart full of love to her child. Dobson and I send you kisses with our love.

"Devotedly,

YOUR SISTER BETH."

Amily read and reread it, kissed it, then tore it up and threw it in the waste basket, and went on with her work. She said to herself: "Oh, how I would have appreciated the advantage of going to a convent to school! Beth, dear child, cannot realize this blessing thrust upon her. My little Possum Trot training, mother's example, and observation were my only teachers. I will profit by them with the good God's will."

Next morning she was feeling so well and working very hard to finish her task when she heard someone asking for her, and she opened the door to meet the outstretched hand of the beautiful and accomplished Mrs. Miller.

"You see I have not forgotten you," she said.

"I am so delighted that you have not," replied Amily. "Tell me about my lovely little runaway. How is she? Has she forgotten me? Bless her pretty little soul, she hugged up to me and loved me till she saw you and her father."

"Yes, we have talked to her of you and we think she must understand us. We could not send the nurse away, she was so distressed and loves Mary so. She told us she stopped to talk to her beau only a moment and looked for little Mary and she was not by her side as she thought, the little thing having wandered into the shrubbery and soon out of sight. Of course Nurse began to be frightened and went among the nurses and crowd while our baby was wandering away to you. Tell me, dear Miss Freelanhsen, why you are located in these surroundings? You are entirely above this place."

"Mrs. Miller, I am here because I had to get the cheapest place I could, and as soon as ever I make

a little more I shall get a place in a respectable neighborhood."

"I am leaving the city next week. We go to Narragansett Pier, where we usually spend the three hot months. We have the same apartments from season to season, at the New Mathison Hotel. Why don't you go down there? The city is getting very warm now, and you could get plenty of lace mending and mending of children's clothes. I will recommend you to my friends and I can get you in at a very low rate, and I will want most of your time mending our own things."

"Oh, you are too good to me!" exclaimed Amily. "Do you think I could make my expenses down there?"

"I am sure of it, and I would be glad if you would go down with us one week from to-day."

"Oh, I will be delighted! I have not been used to the confinement of the house and working so late nights. I have been so afraid of getting sick in this big city, where I am a stranger, and I know that change to the seashore would do me a lot of good, if you think I can make enough to defray my expenses."

"Don't worry about that," replied Mrs. Miller. "We will see to that. Can you be ready to go one week from to-day?"

"Yes," said Amily. "I have only one day's work on the lace I am doing for Pigot's, and that is all that would keep me. I could be ready in half an hour if I had not to finish this piece of work."

"Very well," said Mrs. Miller. "I will send either my carriage or auto after you. We leave on the ten o'clock train."

"I shall be ready, and how shall I ever be able to thank you?"

"That is all right. You have already put us in your debt forever."

The tears came to Amily's eyes and made them glisten, but she did not let them drop. She had long since said, "I cannot afford the luxury of tears." She worked hard and finished her work the following day. After Madam Pigot had paid her, she was turning to leave when the French woman said: "Are you not going to take more work to-day?"

"No. I am leaving the city for three months and shall not be back till cool weather."

"Oh, I thought you were going to work for me permanently or I don't think I should have been so liberal in paying you such a high price," said Madam.

"Madam, I did the work very reasonably, as it was very fine lace and I am sure you could not have gotten it done for less."

"Miss Freelanhsen, that is all right. I shall not begrudge the money, for you are a nice girl, and if you will come to me as soon as you come back to the city I will give you more for your work than the rest. Now, my dear, won't you stop and have a demi-tasse and a bun with me?"

"No, thank you, I am in a hurry, as I have a few things to get before I leave the city."

Then she shook hands and promised to come to her first when she returned to the city.

Amily went to S——'s and asked to see a white sailor hat, and when they told her the cheapest was three dollars she thought, "maybe they don't wear hats there, as I have heard they carry parasols a great deal."

So she concluded to travel down in her litle, plain

hat which she had worn from home. She had a good-looking black parasol and she could do without the sailor hat: "I have done well to make a little more than my expenses since I came here," she was thinking, "but I am not satisfied. I have to do something after I have laid up a little more than my treasured one thousand that Mr. Lorraine Weicliff gave me. I wonder why he has never answered my letter I wrote to thank him. I know he said he was going to Monte Carlo. If he had written, Beth would have sent it on to me."

Amily paid her room rent and packed her little trunk and dressed in the plain tailored suit and black velvet winter hat. She had bought a white chiffon veil, which covered the hat, and she looked every inch a lady in that cheap gray suit, as she stood by that one little window.

Ginger came in and said: "Miss Freelanhsen, I hate to see you go away. You are the only person whom people call respectable who has tried to show me the right way to live, and I have been thinking about what you have told me. I came home now to tell you not to give me up. I am going to try to give up my fellow. That's the first step you told me. When I told him he cursed you and me, too, and I felt awful bad at first. I cursed and cried, too, and it was so awful hard that I 'most broke over when he said he really liked me."

Amily put her hand on her shoulder and said: "You are on the right track, Ginger. You will be so much happier when you can have your own self-respect, and your young man will love you instead of like you, if you live a good life."

Ginger broke down and said: "I could do it if you were here to back me up. Now when you have made

me think and helped me, and I love you, then you go away and I am afraid I cannot hold out."

"Oh, yes you can, Ginger. I know you are a good girl at heart. Propinquity has been your ruin. Now rise above your associates."

She promised to try, and Amily told her she had left some gifts for her. About that time they heard some one honk and Amily said, "Good-by, dear Ginger. You have been good and kind and considerate of me, I shall not forget to pray for you."

She placed a silver dollar in Ginger's hand when she told her good-by. "I hate to take your money," said Ginger.

"Oh, never mind, Ginger; buy yourself a treat and remember me."

The chauffeur was at the door for the trunk and Amily ran down the steps to the auto, Ginger following her. When the machine started she said, "God bless you, Ginger!" and the last she saw was the girl with tears running down her homely, freckled face.

As the machine sped along Amily forgot everything and was saying to herself: "Oh, if I have planted a good seed in that rocky soil I will have lived for some good anyway."

When she alighted from the machine Captain Miller and Mrs. Miller, with the nurse and baby, were there and soon they were on their way to Narragansett Pier. They had the drawing-room and two other compartments. Amily's bag and umbrella had been placed in a berth near the drawing-room where Mrs. Miller was located. She had fixed herself very comfortably when the little baby, Mary Miller, spied her, and the nurse had to bring her to Amily. The child recognized her as soon as she saw her and Amily caressed and

petted the baby till she got sleepy and the nurse took her away.

"Miss Freelanhsen," said Captain Miller, "you certainly have a charm for our little Mary. She has been fretful and we have not gotten her to sleep in the morning since the weather has been so warm."

"She does seem to like to be with me," said Amily. "I am so glad."

He sat down in the seat by her and talked of the scenery along the line of their road. Finally he said: "Miss Freelanhsen, are you related to General Freelanhsen, of the Army?"

"Really, I cannot say. My father was English, and if he had any relation in America he never told us."

"I thought the Freelanhsens were German."

"Yes; my father always said he was an Englishman with a Dutch name. I think I am descended from the branch that were English, and his father's estates were near Redich, England,—the needle factories."

The Captain bowed and said: "I know they are an English branch, and I have heard that the English had confiscated the estates and abolished the title."

"So I have heard my father say," replied Amily.

"Your father is not living?"

"No; he died about a year ago in the Ozark mountains of Arkansas."

"My wife told me you were making your living in New York."

"I have been in New York very nearly since he died," said Amily.

"You will find it an uphill business in New York," he said.

"Yes, I realized that before I came. I am very thankful to say I have done very well, as I have not

starved and died in the streets, as my Brother Tao prophesied."

"You are to be congratulated indeed," he answered.

When he had talked on the Captain saw that she was to the manner born, a true lady, and his manner changed toward her, lifting his hat when he left her to go to the smoker. She did not notice the change, as she took deference shown her as a matter of course. She had not as yet been thrown with snobs, and knew nothing about them.

CHAPTER VI

WHEN they had been shown to their rooms at the hotel Amily found they had assigned her to a small but pretty room near the apartments of Captain and Mrs. Miller. She was perfectly delighted as she saw the ocean and the white caps from her window. She had never seen the ocean till now. She put her things in the room and hurried out down to the rock wall in front of the hotel. She sat on the wall watching the waves lash the rocks below her. She forgot everything else till someone said: "You must love the sea, as I have been here beside you for several moments and spoken to you. This is the second time, and you have not seen or known there was anyone else at Narragansett but yourself."

Amily answered: "I may have heard you at first, but I am not in the habit of talking with gentlemen I have not been properly introduced to."

"Oh, I have watched you and picked my chance to speak to you since I saw you come into the hotel with the Millers."

"How dare you address me in this familiar way?"

"Oh, don't be offended! You are so pretty, and I don't mean any disrespect, even if you are a lady's maid."

"You are certainly mistaken. I am not a maid to the Millers or anyone else. You will excuse me," and she tossed her head and started on further down towards

the Casino. He followed saying: "You are not a friend, as they allow you to look out for yourself."

"That is no affair of yours, sir, and I refuse to speak another word to you, as I recognize you are not a gentleman."

"Well, my pretty, brown-eyed sweetheart, we will see. You don't realize that I am a Banderwelt, Adolphus R., and you and I could have many pleasant strolls by the sea moonlight evenings, and you know I can make you some handsome gifts, such as a diamond now and then."

"How dare you! If you do not leave me at once I shall call on Captain Miller to protect me from insult."

He sauntered on and, as a parting shot, said; "Oh, I see now; not a maid, but a little sweetheart of the Captain's."

Her face flamed and she hurried on, leaving him, he stopping at the Casino. Far down the beach below Sherry's Pavilion she sat down in the sand and watched the gulls. She was alone but for them. The big waves would come almost to her feet and break, and leave the sand so smooth again.

"That is one of the things I was warned against by my dear good guardian angel, Jane Red. I hope I succeeded in showing myself a lady of the first water, as he showed himself to be a cur. He will surely not dare to insult me again. I presume he judged me by my plain clothes, the Millers being so stylishly clothed. Of course he is not a gentleman and would not know real ladies."

She sauntered back to the hotel to lunch and there found the Millers with friends. She had rearranged her hair and brushed her suit, leaving off the coat. She looked neat, and her walk on the beach had left her

rosy and pretty. She was given a table next to the Millers. When she took her seat they recognized her by a bow, and Mrs. Miller smiled sweetly at her. Mr. Banderwelt noticed that, and gave her an impertinent stare when she took not the slightest notice of his very elaborate bow.

He was lunching with the Millers, and in the most casual way said to Mrs. Miller: "Your little friend at the next table is very pretty. Won't you present me?"

Mrs. Miller blushed just a little and corrected him saying: "Rather my protégée, and some time when we know each other better, I hope she will honor me by her friendship." She looked at her husband and said: "You must tell Mr. Banderwelt about the escapade of your young daughter and how we became acquainted with Miss Freelanhsen."

After that they forgot all about Amily and she got up and was out before they had half finished. She strolled along up the beach towards Green's Inn. When she got even with the inn a woman spoke to her saying, "Would you like to have me read you palm? I could tell you a great future if you would let me try."

"No, I think not, thank you," replied Amily.

"The price is only two dollars," said the woman.

Amily went on the gallery of the hotel, the woman following, it looked so inviting and was filled with beautifully dressed people. A bevy of young girls came by and she heard the woman ask to read their palms. One girl looked at Amily and said, "If it is this girl, I will let her read mine."

"No," replied Amily, "I have not practiced palmistry, although I have studied it, and I am not with this person, although we happened to come up the steps together."

Some of the girls were having the woman read their palms and Amily walked away. The first girl followed, saying: "If you have studied palmistry, why don't you read my hand? I know you could tell me something nice."

"I don't mind reading your hand. I can only tell the most important and prominent lines. I will take up the minor lines this winter."

She had led Amily to a secluded part of the big shaded veranda and they sat down on a bamboo settee together. Amily took the jeweled hand in hers and began to tell what she saw there. The young girl was delighted, and when she told her she would marry happily as a final the girl offered to pay her what the real palmist had charged the others.

Amily smiled and said: "I am glad to have read your hand if you are pleased, but I cannot charge you for it."

The girl looked at Amily's cheap clothes, but saw that she was a lady. She smiled and said: "Oh, how nice to have this gift! I should love to reward you for the pleasure you have given me, and I am so anxious to have you read my mother's hand too. If you will not let me pay you, of course I cannot ask you."

"I am not above taking money for work, as I am poor and have to work for my living. I came here from New York because the weather is so hot there now that I was afraid of becoming sick, and a very kind lady told me I ought to come here, and she promised to give me all her mending, and also get her friends here to give me their laces to mend. I think I must do it very well, as I have been mending fine lace for Pigot's in New York, a very well-known house."

"You don't in the least look like one of those working girls in New York."

"I have only been one of them since the early spring," answered Amily.

The girl then called to her friends: "Oh, girls, this young lady knows something of palmistry. She read my hand and told me my disposition perfectly, and a lot of other truths. Oh, she is just fine, even if she isn't a professional."

The woman scowled at her and said: "You better be very careful about practicing palmistry here without license, miss."

The young girl stepped forward and said: "She would not take money for it, so you have no case." She laughed at the woman, who was furious. Amily did not answer her at all, and one of the girls, a beauty with dark hair and eyes, said: "I wish to speak with you a moment. Girls, wait for me." She walked away from the rest with Amily and she said: "I am to have a dinner for my young lady and gentlemen friends next Monday night, and I have been at a loss to know how to entertain them after dinner. All the rest who have given dinners have dances afterwards. I want to have something different. Won't you come and read their palms? It will be great fun, and I will take them for a dip in the surf afterwards. Oh, please, I will pay you well."

"I have never done anything like that," said Amily.

"Yes, I know, but you will just this once for me."

"I don't know," said Amily; "let me think."

"You need not think. I will furnish the costume. Of course you must dress in some fantastic way."

"I would not like to dress as a professional," said Amily.

"Oh, well, I could have a dear little cabinet, and you need not be seen, only in semi-darkness."

"I will gladly help you out if I will not be seen."

"That will be all the more mysterious, and will be so unique and unusual. Where are you stopping?" she then asked.

Amily told her at the Mathison Hotel, giving her name and room number. The girl wrote it down, then going back to the group of girls she said: "Now, I will join you in a little game of bridge, if you are all still in the notion, though I think it is a little late and we had better go and rest for the Mathison hop to-night." So they went away, leaving Amily alone.

"That is a suggestion," she thought. "I have not rested one moment since I came to this fascinating place."

She went back to the hotel and met the nurse with little Mary Miller. She stopped to play with the child and caress her, and then she went to her room and made herself comfortable in a lounging gown of simple make and material. Then she sat by her window to write to Beth. "I must not tell Beth any of my affairs," she thought, "for she thinks now that I ought to have her with me and that I am making money and am already independent."

After finishing the letter to Beth and Body, she rested till it was time to take a bath and dress for dinner. She had seen very little of Mrs. Miller since she had arrived at the Pier, as she had so many friends there and her time was so taken up with them that she had not had much time for anything.

Amily looked so fresh and sweet when she was dressed that most people would have called her pretty. She went out on the big veranda where hundreds were collected, dressed for dinner. Amily found an easy chair in a secluded corner of the porch, where she could

see the boats and bathers. She sat there till the lights were turned on and some had come out after their dinner. She was about to go in when Mrs. Miller came to her and said: "Oh, Miss Freelanhsen, I have been so busy getting settled and meeting friends that I feel I have neglected you shamefully."

"Not at all, Mrs. Miller, you have been very kind to me and I appreciate it very much. I could not stay at this lovely place if you had not gotten me such a low rate. I have meant to tell you that I met a very charming young lady up on the hotel gallery of Green's Inn. I read her palm and she asked me to read the palms of her dinner guests Monday night, for pay. I have never done that kind of work and I told her I had never practiced palmistry, only studied it. She was so pleased with what I told her, and insisted so hard, I could not refuse her."

"Did she include you in her dinner guests?"

"No; I could not expect that, as we were not introduced."

Amily went on to tell how she came to read the hand of Miss Fay. When she called the name, Mrs. Miller exclaimed, "Oh, Vera Fay! that's her dinner party that they are making so many preparations for at the Casino. They have postponed the usual Monday hop for her dinner."

"She wished me to come in costume," said Amily. "Of course she offered to furnish that. I told her I would prefer to come incognito."

"That will be very nice. I will call up Miss Vera Fay and tell her that you are under my chaperonage and if she will call I will introduce her in the proper way. By the way, Mr. A. R. Banderwelt, a very fine, young gentleman friend of ours, is here at our hotel

and has asked us to introduce him to you. We told him we would, with your consent."

Aimly turned red in the face and said: "I do not wish to meet Mr. Banderwelt."

"Miss Freelanhsen, he is considered a great beau and catch in New York, and he has about ten millions in his own right."

"Mrs. Miller, I have been brought up to never consider money. I don't consider him a gentleman in spite of his millions."

"My dear, how can you judge when you have never seen him?"

"Yes, but I have seen him. The first day we got here he said he was on the porch when we drove up and mistook me for your maid—judged me by my very plain clothes. He spoke to me by the rock wall out in front of the hotel soon after we arrived. I had strolled out to look at the ocean and watch the white caps roll in. It was the first time I had seen the ocean, and I sat on the wall rapt in watching when I was startled and surprised to be accosted by a strange young man."

Amily went on to tell all that had passed between them, Mrs. Miller excusing him by saying that so many girls, maids and nurses are so free to gossip with anyone who will talk to them. "I am glad, though, that you repulsed him. He seems to respect you for it, as he must have seen at once that you are a lady, and has asked to be properly introduced," said Mrs. Miller.

"I will not meet him if I can avoid it," said Amily.

"You should not be too hard on him, for no girl who has the slightest pretensions to good looks need go looking for temptations. It is waiting for her at every turn. The wonder is, not that so many take the primrose path, but that there are any at all—as there are,

God be praised—who have the courage and strength to fight their way along the straight and narrow path. Mr. Banderwelt is a fine fellow, and any girl in New York would be proud of his attentions.”

“I presume I am old-fashioned,” answered Amily, “as I cannot feel flattered by the notice he has taken of me.”

“Well, we won’t discuss Mr. Banderwelt. I am sure you will think better of him after you know him.”

Amily did not respond to this.

“I will go now and telephone to Vera Fay,” said Mrs. Miller.

The very next day Miss Fay called upon Mrs. Miller and Amily, and after they had discussed the topics of the day Mrs. Miller said: “I am awfully sorry, Vera, that I had to decline the invitation to your dinner. I know it will be the thing of the season, as you entertain your guests as they prefer to be entertained, some dancing and some bathing. I think it will be the best of all to let those that wish have their palms read by Miss Freelanhsen.”

“I am sorry I cannot include you in the dinner list, as I already have covers for over one hundred,” Miss Fay said to Amily.

“You are very kind to say so, though I could not accept.”

“Oh, you will have dinner with my mother and some older people later, won’t you?” said Miss Fay.

“No, thank you, I cannot accept invitations, even if I should have them, for I know what a working girl may expect from society. And as I have promised to come to you for a money consideration, of course it will be purely business, and I shall not expect any courtesy from you. You will feel better knowing you are paying me for what I do and that I expect nothing else.”

Mrs. Miller had explained to most of her friends what she was to Amily, that she considered her a sort of protégée; that Amily had found and taken care of her lost baby and would not take pay for it, and as she could get a very low rate for her at the hotel had advised her to come to Narragansett. Also, she had promised to recommend her to her friends to get mending of fine fabrics and lace to do. Mrs. Miller had been so busy with society that she had almost forgotten Amily, and as Amily did not presume and had rather kept out of her way Mrs. Miller felt that she had neglected her. She wished to be sought rather than intrude, and when Mr. Banderwelt had asked to be introduced, Mrs. Miller said to her husband: "I fear that I have neglected my pretty protégée; I have been too busy to think of her. Mr. Banderwelt seems to admire her. He mistook her for my maid and was tactless enough to let her know it. She says she will not meet him, and it makes it awkward for me, as I shall not know what to tell him."

"Don't worry, dear," said her husband. "She will change her mind when she hears he has ten or twelve millions of dollars."

"Don't be so mercenary, my dear. I have told her that, and she still refused."

"I can understand that, for she told me who she was—I mean about her father being descended from the English branch of the Freelanhsens at Redich, England. I believe I have heard General Freelanhsen of the Army speak of Freelanhsen Hall, Redich, one of the estates of the family. He visits there sometimes for the shooting. She is a titled person, if she had her rights. I believe most of the estates of Germany and England were confiscated after the Reformation, and only a minor part has been restored to

them. I think they are all poor. The General came to America with his father when he was a mere boy. He keeps in touch with the German branch. He told me last year when we were in London together that he had promised the old Lord Freelanhsen to come out to the Hall at Redich for the shooting."

"Maybe Miss Freelanhsen is an impostor."

"No, I wouldn't say that, for I think she is a lady. It is written all over her. She could never do a thing like that, or I am no judge of good blood."

"That may be," answered Mrs. Miller, "but she certainly is very foolish to turn Mr. A. R. Banderwelt down when half the girls in New York would give their heads for him."

"She is a different product—from the Ozarks in Arkansas. But we have discussed Miss Freelanhsen long enough. Our auto is honking for us. Are you ready?"

"Yes, I brought my auto coat and hat down with me. I will step in and put them on. Had we not better ask Miss Freelanhsen to go with us this morning on our ride to Point Judith? We will call by and get Dorothy Colgate. Do you think Miss Colgate will care to meet our protégée?"

"Well, if you have taken her up you can launch her."

"She refuses to be launched," said Mrs. Miller.

"Well, she is right. She has no means and has to work for her living, and has not sufficient wardrobe. Could you not lend some of your very elaborate ones?"

"Yes, I have plenty to spare, but she is so proud and high and mighty that not even I dare offer her charity." She walked over where Amily sat in a big easy chair mending some soft, beautiful material, a ball gown of lingerie for one of Mrs. Miller's friends.

She arose when she was invited to go for the auto ride.

"You are too kind and I thank you awfully. You see I am slaving this morning," pointing to her work.

"Yes, I see. I cannot let you slave yourself sick. I would have it on my conscience. Now put up that work. We want to show you one of the prettiest views and drives about Narragansett."

She insisted so hard that Amily could not refuse without being rude, and no one could ever accuse her of that. She smilingly arose and got her hat and veil and in a few minutes joined them. When she got to the machine Mr. Banderwelt was there, talking with Captain Miller, who turned and introduced them. Amily looked Banderwelt in the eyes, and if she inclined her head it was so slight it was not perceptible.

Mr. Banderwelt tried to take no notice of the cut. His face and neck turned a bluish red and he talked on to the Millers, wishing them a fine ride. Captain Miller said: "Banderwelt, sorry we haven't another seat; we are to stop by for Miss Dorothy Colgate. My wife telephoned her to be ready and we will take up Richmond Cline at the Inn."

The machine started as he was explaining, and in a moment dashed around the curve and past the Casino, where a bevy of young girls recognized the Millers and waved to them. The bright red and gold machine, with the gayly equipped outfit and the two pretty women made a picture worth looking at. Amily caught the spirit of the bright and beautiful morning and her gay companions. She was so natural and so at ease that the proud Miss Colgate could not hold herself aloof as she first thought to do. When she was introduced to Amily she took in at a glance the winter velvet hat

covered with the white chiffon veil, the darned shirt waist, and the cheap skirt. But Amily had grown so animated, the sweet soft breeze blowing her little stray locks into ringlets and making her cheeks so rosy, that she looked so pretty and wholesome and easy in her manner that the proud girl at her side had to unbend. On the return trip she was very chatty with her vis-à-vis, Richard Cline, and would occasionally include Amily in the conversation.

Mr. Cline referred to Miss Vera Fay's dinner and spoke of it as a matter of course that all the party would be present. Mrs. Miller said: "Captain and myself are very sorry we had to decline, as we had a previous engagement to go over to a dinner dance at Newport. Miss Freelanhsen will have to represent us."

Miss Colgate raised her big, black eyes to Amily, and said, "I will see you then at Vera Fay's dinner. I presume it will be very *recherché*."

"Yes, I am going incognito. I go as a palmist, not as a guest."

Miss Colgate raised her brows and seemed to freeze towards Amily. Mrs. Miller saw her manner change and she said: "Miss Freelanhsen is so clever. She has studied palmistry some and Miss Fay heard her say so, and she insisted on her reading her palm. She was so pleased with what she read in her hand that she made her promise to read the hands of her friends Monday evening. She thinks, as I do, that it will be so out of the usual and be such fun, and I hate to miss it."

"Miss Freelanhsen," Richard Cline intercepted, "that is a gift I should love to possess, as it makes one so very popular. I hope you will favor me by reading a great future for me, and I hope our little hostess will place me next to you at dinner."

"I shall not be at dinner. I had to decline Miss Fay's kind invitation, as I could not accept it. I am going for a money consideration. Does it not sound mercenary? But we working girls who have our own living to make must think of the mercenary side, and not be flattered and carried away from business by a little attention society might condescend to pay us on rare occasions."

Miss Colgate turned her face to Richard Cline and ignored the presence of Amily after that. Captain Miller exerted himself to point out all the interesting views and expatiated on the beauties of Point Judith and the golf links, telling Amily that Beaver Tail lighthouse, which they were passing, was the first lighthouse on the Pier.

Amily chatted on in her brightest way, seeming to forget Miss Colgate and Mr. Cline entirely, till they were at the Colgate summer palace. When Mr. Cline lifted Miss Colgate out she was all smiles and was overpowering in her thanks to the Millers for the pleasure of the auto ride. Turning to Amily, she bowed slightly, and Amily returned the bow in the same manner as it was given.

When they arrived at the hotel Amily told the Millers the pleasure they had given her and thanked them over and over, and said: "That was my first auto ride on the Beach, and you can never know the pleasure you have given me this morning. I will work to-night to finish Mrs. Leed's gown, she wants to wear it to-morrow to a luncheon. I am willing to work half the night for this treat you have given me."

"Oh, don't mention it. We enjoyed it very much too, although we have taken it so many times. It is a ride one never tires of. We will just have time to rest a

moment and dress for lunch. I will see you at lunch, won't I?"

Amily realized Mrs. Miller was over-gracious to make up to her for Miss Colgate's snobbishness and want of tact. Amily took her work after lunch and went up to what they call the rocks and sat down in the shade of a big boulder where the cool breeze was blowing. She was so intent on her sewing she did not see or hear the steps of a handsome boy about twelve years old.

"I came up here to see what was behind this big rock 'cause my dog, Snip, kept his ears pointed up here, and when I wanted to go on with the others he wanted to come up here. Did you hear him whine and bark?"

"No. The waves rolling in and dashing against the boulders made such a noise I did not hear you till you spoke and your dog, Snip, barked. Now that you have found what was behind the rock, what do you propose to do?"

"Oh, nothing, I just wanted to see why you come up here all alone to sew."

"Just to be alone with the wind and waves," answered Amily.

"Then Snip and I better be going," he said, "as you want to be alone."

"I don't mind you. I rather like to have you and Snip, I am so much alone."

"My sisters come up here to spoon with their men friends. Don't you too? I mean when it's moonlight," said the boy.

"No, I have no men friends, and I don't think I have any other kind either."

"Where do you live and what is your name?" asked the boy.

"My name is Amily Freelanhsen, and when I am at

home I live in the Ozarks of Arkansas. Now what is your name?"

"I am Charles Renselear, Jr., of New York, and my two sisters are considered the belles of Narragansett. Don't you know Madge and Vessie Renselear? They are awfully pretty and they are swell dressers. I think you are prettier than they are, 'cause you are nice. I would love to see you dressed out in Madge's togs, you would have her beat a mile."

"I am glad you like my looks, and I like you too. Let's you and me be friends. Won't you be my little friend? I need one good, true little friend, and I believe you would be a true one or no friend at all."

"You bet your life I can be true," he said.

"Then give me your hand on that. We are friends, are we not?"

"I will sure stand up for you," he promised.

"Maybe your mother and sisters would not like you to be a friend to a girl who has no money and has to make her own living."

"Yes, my mother and sisters hate shop girls. I have heard them say so. But you are not a shop girl; you are different," he said.

"How do you know I am not a shop girl?" asked Amily.

"I don't know how I know, I just know you are different."

"Thank you, dear, for taking me on trust."

He sat at her feet and watched her sew for a while.

"Do you go in bathing down at Sherry's Beach? I go in at eleven o'clock every day and I could show you how to float and swim too, if you don't know how already."

"I have never been in the surf in my life," Amily

answered, "and I know it is great sport. I watch the bathers, and it seems delightful. I have only been in our beautiful clear creeks. I learned to swim when I was only ten. We have a beautiful stream running right back of our house, only a few hundred yards, and in summer my brother Dobson, who is about your size and age, and my sister Beth, younger than I, used to play in that little creek every day. Some parts of it are quite deep and yet you can see the fish lying on the very bottom, and the shells and pebbles, and bits of crystal which look like jewels. One can swim there, I should think, more easily than among those big breakers."

"Oh, how I would love to go there and wade and fish in that pretty clear river," said the boy.

"Maybe you will some time, for it is very near the Hot Springs of Arkansas, and everyone with money goes there some time or other," answered Amily.

"I believe my mother has a lot of money, and I know she took my father there when he had the rheumatism, which at last killed him. Mother and my sisters never tell of the beautiful things they see when they go places. When you tell me, I could see those fishes at the bottom of that pretty stream. If I ever go to the Hot Springs when I grow up, I surely will find that little stream and that Possum Trot where your brother and sister are at school. I wish my mother would send me there next winter instead of to Lawrenceville, the preparatory to Princeton. They are determined that I shall be a Princeton man because my father was."

Amily finally arose. "See the sun has gone down and we did not know it, and it will be dark before we can get down to my hotel."

"I live at our summer cottage above the rock where

you see that stone gate on the right of the road. It is called Stoneton," said the boy.

They walked on till they came out to the road, and the gallant boy said, "I am going to your hotel with you."

"No," said Amily, "your family may be anxious about you. We have been up here together since about two o'clock, and we did not realize how the hours were flying."

The boy spoke in a manly way. "A few moments more won't matter, and I want to see my new friend to the hotel."

When they arrived some were going into dinner. She patted the boy on the shoulder and thanked him for bringing her home and he said: "Won't you come on the rocks with me again, and won't you go in bathing with me?"

"I will tell you about my going in bathing with you when we meet on the rocks to-morrow."

She came on through the foyer and she met the gaze of several of the young men about the hotel. Among them was Banderwelt. She ran to her room after she had passed out of their sight, and bathed her face and brushed her hair, and changed her waist to a snowy one, though plain, and placed a ribbon at her throat. She looked so fresh that she was really pretty. When she got to the dining-room the tables were nearly all filled. Captain Miller saw her and went over and asked her to join them. "We have just taken our seats," he said. She could not refuse, and when Mrs. Miller greeted her, she said, "You look so fresh and bright I know you have been asleep and are so bright from your good rest. I really ought to sleep in the afternoons. We have been out on the Renselears' yacht all after-

noon. The sea was a bit choppy and I don't feel my best to-night, consequently my envy of your good looks."

Amily blushed and answered: "I have had a most delightful afternoon. I took some mending I had, and went up on the rocks to work. I found the most secluded nook, where the cool breeze was delightful. I had not worked long when I was joined by a lovely boy of about twelve years of age. He introduced himself and we soon became the very best of friends. He talked to me while I worked and I think I found out more about the Pier and Newport than I would if I had been here for years. He told me his mother has her summer home here and they spend all their summers here. He surely is a most interesting child."

"What did you say his name was?" asked Mrs. Miller.

"Charles Renselear," answered Amily.

Capt. Miller said, "Indeed he is a fine manly little fellow, and his mother is a delightful person, to say nothing of his two beautiful sisters and his brother Jack. We have been their guests this afternoon on Jack's yacht. I wish you knew Charles' mother. I am you sure you would like her; she is a most estimable lady."

"I dare say she is," responded Amily, "having such a lovely boy."

The Captain smiled and said: "Miss Freelanhsen, you might add 'boys' if you knew Jack. He is a great fellow, and a beau at the Pier and Newport."

CHAPTER VII

WHEN they were about through dinner and ready for the dessert Mr. Banderwelt came to their table, and they invited him to have a seat and have dessert with them. He accepted, saying: "I dined alone and had cut out the dessert. Now that I am honored with such charming company I will be glad to take it, thank you."

He turned to Amily and said: "I saw you on the rocks with a gallant escort this evening—Master Charles Renselear."

She was very reserved and said, "Yes, I was on the rocks." Then Mrs. Miller, with her fine tact, came to Amily's rescue and relieved her from farther conversation. Amily was very charming to Captain Miller. When they had finished and strolled out on the wide piazza, the Captain and his wife had fallen behind, throwing Amily with Banderwelt. She walked by his side in the Millers' wake till they were out of their hearing when Banderwelt broke the silence by saying: "Miss Freelanhsen, you have not forgiven me for my stupid blunder the first day you came. I am very sorry and beg a thousand pardons." She did not answer and he said: "Won't you forgive me for my mistake?"

"I have nothing to forgive," answered Amily. "You were liable to the mistake. Not being a gentleman, you would not recognize a true lady. I refused to be presented to you, but you know how you forced yourself on me, and to save the Captain and Mrs. Miller an em-

barrassing situation I very slightly inclined my head in acknowledgment. If you had been a true gentleman, you would have spared me this interview. Please, in the future, spare me. You have forced me to speak very plainly to you, and I wish to spare you too. In the future I shall not recognize you unless it will embarrass my hostess."

He smiled a diabolical grin and said: "My little lady, I fear, is already being spoiled by her friend, Mrs. Miller. You are playing a fine game, and I see it because I want you myself, and am a little jealous. But take care, my grand lady, that you don't regret throwing A. J. Banderwelt over."

"I know what you mean. I know you are a millionaire, but were you a thousand times a millionaire it would not make the slightest difference to me."

With that she turned and met the Millers and bade them good-night. She excused herself by saying, "I will have a little finishing to do on my work, and I can do that to-night if I go in now. I will see you in the morning."

"By the way, Miss Freelanhsen, we are going in the auto to Peace Dale to-morrow to church, and we would like you to go, too, in our car. The ride is beautiful and I am sure you will enjoy it. A great many ride there from here Sunday mornings, not so much to hear the sermon as for the ride, and to see Peace Dale. There is not a sound, no street cars, dirt streets, and the only sound that disturbs the quietude is the honk of our machine which scatters the Dago children and chickens. It is amusing, and one cannot imagine there is a place like that in America, especially so near Narragansett. The place certainly has the right name."

"Thanks, I would love to go, and you have already

given me so much pleasure that I shall never get out of your debt."

"We are delighted to give you pleasure, so be ready, dear," said kind-hearted Mrs. Miller. After Amily had passed on Captain Miller said to his wife: "Really, I have begun to think that Banderwelt is a cad. That girl shows him plainly she will have none of him and he is so insistent that he pretends not to see her rebuffs."

"Well, dear," replied his wife, "there is an excuse. The poor fellow is madly in love with her, and he was so very unfortunate as to offend her the first time he saw her."

Captain Miller said: "She is a fine, high-strung girl, full of spirit, and he must have been insulting or she would try to tolerate him on your account. Few women in our set would turn him down. He told me he apologized to her, but she would not accept his apology."

"She certainly is very foolish. Just think what he could do for her. He could give her a palace and a yacht, and anything money could buy, and she is having to work for her living," said Mrs. Miller.

"I don't think money would cut the least figure with her, if I am any judge of character."

The next morning they started from the hotel about half-past ten o'clock, and they expected to get to Peace Dale in time for the sermon, and back to the New Mathison Hotel in time to dress for one o'clock lunch. They passed several autos on the way. When they arrived at Peace Dale they said: "The village is certainly asleep."

It certainly was.

Just then they heard the church bell and no other sound. Then there was a stir of people wending their way to the little old black church in a grove of large

old elms. It was a quaint scene in these times of advancement.

Captain Miller said: "Time has stood still in this dale." When Amily took her seat within the church and the trembling voice of the white-haired old man in homespun clothes commenced his sermon, she felt as if she were home in Arkansas at the dear little log church at Possum Trot. She felt very devout and paid the strictest attention to every word of the sermon. The text was, "Whatever ye would have men do to you, do ye also to them."

Mrs. Miller was very much bored and some other fashionable people from the Pier were restless and occasionally whispered to each other. But Amily was enwrapt, not missing a word. The big tears came to her eyes and rolled down her cheeks. Some of the young people looked at her with scorn. But she was unconscious of everything about her till the old minister pronounced the benediction. Going back, one of the party said: "Miss Freelanhsen, how did you like the sermon? All of our party seemed so bored but you. We think you are very devout."

"No, I fear I am hardly that. I confess I am so old-fashioned that I love to hear a good old-time sermon by one of those old and truly reverential preachers. I know he is a good, pure man, and he is so feeble and trembly that you just must respect his earnestness and sincerity."

Mrs. Miller yawned and said: "I could have endured it with more patience if he had only used good English."

Amily answered: "You know I am from the Ozark Mountains of Arkansas, and there are very few people there who have had the advantage of a good education.

I have never known truer Christians or more honest people than they are."

"You are not a sample of that type," said Mrs. Miller.

"Thank you," answered Amily. "My father was a highly educated man and took his little family to live in the Ozarks to hide his poverty and to be away from the world he had lost confidence in. We were sent to the village school and he taught us at home. My oldest brother, living in St. Louis, married a good and highly educated lady of great refinement, and we had the advantage of her society six months of the year. Once in a while I would spend a month with her. My mother died when I was a small girl, still I remember her teachings, she being a true Christian. You see I have a perfect right to be devout," she said, laughingly.

There was a silence for a few minutes, and Captain Miller told the chauffeur to hurry up a bit, as he wanted a rest before lunch. They drove so fast there was not much chance for further conversation. Soon they were at the New Mathison, the party dispersed, promising to be in time for lunch. Amily went to her room and took out her little old Bible and opened to some dear passages, marked by her mother. She read for a while, then changed the ribbon at her throat and brushed her pretty hair, which was her crowning glory, and she thought her only beauty. It was dressed in the reigning mode, a large natural coronet above her high white brow, and tiny natural baby curls flying about her face. When she entered the dining-room the Millers were already seated with Mr. Cline and Mr. Banderwelt and evidently discussing a subject more interesting than the weather.

Captain Miller came forward to meet her and said,

"Come, your place is waiting for you. We have just had some cold champagne. I know it is useless to ask you to join us in wine because you always refuse."

"Yes, that is due to my old-fashioned bringing up."

Captain Miller said to her before they reached the table: "We men rather admire seeing a very young girl refuse wine, although most of our young ladies drink it."

Amily was given a seat next to Mr. Miller. She saw Mr. Banderwelt, but took not the slightest notice of his beaming smile and greeting. She talked to Mr. Cline, so the others would not see that she did not recognize Banderwelt. He was very gay, and talkative through lunch and would talk at Amily, though not directly to her. He saw she did not in the least try to avoid him; he also saw she was determined not to notice him in any way, as far as she could without being rude.

The conversation turned to Miss Fay's dinner party and the Millers expressed their regret at not being able to attend on account of a previous engagement. Mr. Banderwelt remarked, while looking at Amily, "Well, the Millers will be represented."

Mrs. Miller quickly responded, "Yes, I am glad Miss Freelanhsen can go. We are proud to have her go as our representative."

Amily raised her very expressive eyes to her hostess, which showed her appreciation of her saving her an embarrassing situation. With that they rose from the table and all retired to a cozy corner of the veranda. Mr. Cline got a rocker for Amily and one for himself. The others strolled up and down.

They sat where they had a fine view of the open sea, Mr. Cline pointing out the different yachts, telling her of their colors and their owners. One, finer than the rest, was pointed out as the private yacht of A. J. Ban-

derwelt. Amily did not say anything. Then he went on to tell of Mr. Banderwelt's great wealth and his popularity, and also told her of a gay party he had made up for a cruise on the Mediterranean Sea. That they expected to go about the close of the season here. Amily was so silent he thought she had not heard.

"I feel I am fortunate in being invited to go," he said. "I always enjoy his hospitality, he is so lavish and liberal. By the way, Miss Freelanhsen, he told me some days since how much he admired you."

"Indeed," was her only reply.

The conversation turned to Miss Fay's dinner and he asked to be her escort to the Casino. She laughingly declined, saying, "I have a previous engagement with Master Charles Renselear."

"I did not know Miss Fay included juveniles in her dinner," he said.

"I don't think she does," Amily answered. "I go incognito, and my little escort only goes with me and returns to take me to my hotel. I go in a sort of professional way, to read your palms."

She laughed a good, hearty laugh when she saw his surprise.

"I presume Miss Fay is aiding a little side charity for some good and noble cause," said he.

"No, oh, no! I am the charity. I am doing it for money. I work for my own living and she will pay me for reading your hands. You can be sure I will do my very best, and I hope and I dare say I will read an envious future for you."

"I shall be delighted to have you read my palm in any case."

"Thanks, awfully," replied Amily.

"By the way, Miss Freelanhsen, I believe I know a

connection of yours, General Freelanhsen, of the Army. Captain Miller told me he was a connection."

"Really, I don't know," responded Amily. "My father was from the English, and the General is German, I think. I only know that through Captain Miller."

CHAPTER VIII

THE night of the dinner Amily dressed herself in a plain black lace dress, one of Jane Red Raimy's cast-off ones, that Amily had made over, taking off the fancy trimmings and making it fit her well. She was very pretty when she was dressed and her little escort had brought her a bunch of lovely, pure white gardenias, or, in other words, white Cape jasmines. She placed one at the side of her coiffure and a bunch of three or four at her belt. When Master Renselear saw her he said, "How those flowers become you! I selected them because they were so pure and white, and I thought would suit you better than orchids. Our girls like orchids because they are the most expensive flowers, but these pretty white waxlike things suit you best of all."

"I am so glad you selected them for me," replied Amily. "They are a Southern flower and one that grows in most of the Coast States without cultivation. On Galveston Island, I hear, they grow spontaneously all over the island, with the oleanders."

Master Charles then surveyed her from head to foot and said: "You are pretty, and these flowers suit you better than diamonds."

"Thank you, dear," she answered. "If other people could see me through your eyes I would be popular."

"By the way, I told my mother about you, and about our friendship compact. She told my sisters that I had

mighty good judgment and was willing to let me choose my own friends. She promised to call on you when she comes down to the Mathison to call on the Millers, Hollands, Sloans, and some other friends of ours from New York who are stopping here."

"She is very good to take me on trust," she said.

"I told her you were a friend of Captain and Mrs. Miller," he said.

"My dear, I am hardly that; I am a kind of protégée. In other words, they think I did them a service and they offered to be responsible for me. Some people think a lady could not be a true lady and work for her living, so you should have told her."

"My mother is not that kind. I told her you were going to take pay for reading palms to-night, and it did not seem to make any difference with her. My sisters did not relish that part of it over-much; but if they once know you they won't mind that either."

"I hope not," said Amily.

They had now arrived at the Casino, and it was a gay scene, with music, thousands of lights, flowers, handsome men and gayly dressed butterflies of fashion. It was a beautiful picture, one Amily had never seen before, and one she would not forget. "Here I am in it all, but not quite of it," she thought. "I must go on, on; I cannot stop now. This has been my life's ambition, to be in that enchanted circle." As she came forward Miss Fay met her and the youth. She cordially shook her hand and said, "Come with me, Miss Freelanhsen, I will show you the mysterious little bower fixed for you. Master Charles, will you come too?"

"Yes, thank you, I will see it, if Miss Freelanhsen has no objections," he answered.

"Certainly, come."

They saw a fairy bower made of gauze network and big hydrangeas, with red subdued lights shining through, leaving the interior in semi-darkness. Two chairs draped with red covering were inside. Upon approaching, both Amily and Charles exclaimed, "How beautiful!"

"I am so glad you like it," returned Miss Fay. "I meant to consult you about it, but I had so many things to think of I really could not do it. You said you wanted to be incognito, and I thought of this. I will have an Italian harpist playing low music while you are here. I thought if anyone wanted to have you tell the past and future before dinner it would be well for you to be here."

"Yes, I agree with you. I will take my place for you to see the effect before you have to go back to your guests."

"And, dear Master Charles, won't you remain with Miss Freelanhsen till she is engaged?" asked Miss Fay.

"With pleasure," he answered.

Miss Fay ran back to her guests scattered all around the Casino. It was almost eight o'clock, the hour for dinner, and Amily talked to Charles and they forgot everyone else. Suddenly Amily raised her eyes, to meet those of Mr. Banderwelt. He took no further notice and went on in to dinner. When the guests were all seated, the music playing, the gay laughter, and tinkle of glasses and pop of corks drowning their voices, Charles said: "Don't you like Mr. Banderwelt? He gave you a queer look as he passed us. People say he is in love with you."

"No, he is not in love with me. And in answer to your first question, I really don't like him."

"Don't you? He is a good fellow to us. He took us

all on a dandy cruise in his big fine yacht. It was a corking trip. Our yacht is a tub compared to his. Now he has invited mother, sisters and me to go with him to cruise in the Mediterranean this winter, after the season is over here."

"That is very good of him to include you in his invitation, as children are usually left out."

"Yes; he had to include me, as mother won't go without me."

Amily sat by Charles talking in this semi-darkness. On the little table in front of her was a droplight under a very dark drooping shade, which hid her identity entirely. They heard the dinner guests coming out and Charles said: "Miss Amily," she had told him to call her that, "you might just as well begin on me, just to get your hand in."

"Very well," she answered. He gave her his hand and she turned on the light. While she was telling him what a good hand he had, and some characteristics, several of the party strolled that way. A military young man with a beautiful girl came up and Charles introduced them.

The young Chester Sloan said to the girl with him: "You have Miss Freelanhsen read your hand first," and she went inside to Amily. Charles talked with the Captain, and in a few moments there was a crowd around the booth waiting their turn. When Miss Starr came out the other girls and men crowded around about her asking, "What has the future in store for you? Was the past true?"

"Yes, oh, yes! She told me my past perfectly, and the future is flattering indeed."

Soon others who had been in were discussing their fortunes. Amily read Captain Cline's hand, and he

complimented her on her success and then said: "I think you must be tired now. Can't you take a stroll with me on the beach in this moonlight?"

"No; I think I must keep to my post till Miss Fay relieves me. She has not been here yet."

"I will find her and bring her to have her hand read."

He went away, leaving her alone. She had turned off the light when someone said: "I have been waiting my turn. Have you no pretty things to tell me while you read my palm? You seem to be a clairvoyant, as I have heard some wonderful things you have been telling these guests of Miss Fay. I will be content if you will just hold my hand as you did some others," saying this in a sneering manner. Recognizing in this latest comer Banderwelt, Amily arose and said: "I read only the hands of gentlemen and ladies, and you will excuse me."

"You seem to take a delight in telling me I am not a gentleman. I don't mind you doing it. I know I have seemed rude to you for a mistake I made when I first saw you. I have apologized, and you would not accept. Now I will tell you this. I have been watching you, and I know how proud and ambitious you are and how I hurt your pride by taking you for a servant. I am very sorry. I would go on my knees if you will forgive me."

She could not get past him to get out of the booth, but she would not deign to answer him. He was so wrought up by her silence that he almost forgot where he was and he put his face near hers and hissed at her: "I love you. I have told few women this. I have not had to. They fly to my arms if I will only let them."

He tried to take her hand, but she pushed by him, overturning the table as she went, and flying into the arms of Miss Fay and her escort.

"Oh, dear Miss Freelanhsen!" said Miss Fay, "I ought to have come to relieve you long ago, but I was detained. I hope you are not tired and worn out."

She presented Mr. Bonny Plimpton and said: "You will read our hands some other time, as it is late and I see you have closed."

"No; I can open again," Amily answered.

Mr. Banderwelt spoke up and said: "She had so much to tell me that I kept her against her will, I fear."

"I shan't mind," returned Miss Fay, "for I know you were having a pleasant evening with such good company as Mr. Banderwelt."

Amily did not reply, as she was saved that by the arrival of Charles Renselaer, who, true to his promise, had returned to escort her to her hotel. She went to meet him, telling Miss Fay and Mr. Bonny Plimpton good-night. Fearing that Banderwelt would follow her, she said to Charles, "Let's hurry."

"You are tired out," he said. "I knew you would be, with all those stupid people about you, and Mr. Banderwelt was with you when I came."

"Yes, he was the greatest bore of them all."

She had not told Charles how she detested Banderwelt, and the boy looked at her in surprise.

"I was glad he was with you, because I was sure you would be glad too. Every girl at this Pier would have been delighted to have had him single her out to talk to. You know he is the greatest catch at the Pier, and I thought my mother had her eye on him for sister Daisy, when she accepted his invitation to cruise the Mediterranean this fall. I heard her telling Daisy about all the money he had, and what a good catch he was."

"Well, dear, I just don't fancy him, and I presume I am so poor that I don't appreciate his money."

"You are so plucky," returned the boy. "You are not ashamed to work for money, and that makes you independent. If you were a boy I bet you would soon make plenty of money. Mother says I will never have to think about working to make money, that I will have all and more than I can spend. I would rather make some myself. I am going in for civil engineering, and I am going to do things. I love the study, and I shall work some day, see if I don't. Some of these millionaires have more trouble spending their money than some people have making it. They get tired of everything, and some of them shoot themselves, others have ennui and yawn themselves to death. They are always bored, nothing interests them, and mother told me it was because they are so idle. When I told her that I did not want to be like that she let me go in for civil engineering."

"You are right, Charles, the idle people are not happy."

When she bade him good-night the clock on the Casino tower struck one o'clock. She said, "There, it is one o'clock. I am sorry you stayed up to take me home."

"Oh, that's all right. I am often up as late as that, and see," looking back towards the Casino, "they are just beginning to leave—that is, some of them."

He saw her to the elevator and, lifting his hat, said: "Remember our rendezvous on the rocks. Will you come to-morrow?"

"Yes, dear, at the usual time," she answered.

The next morning she was up at the usual time and out on the beach for a run up and down on the sand before breakfast.

When she went back, into the dining-room, there

were very few people in, just a few men and no women. The men stared at her, though hardly to their censure, for Amily really was worth looking at, with her good health and beautiful, fearless eyes, rosy cheeks, and pearls for teeth. She looked as pure and fresh as a dewdrop. Finishing breakfast she went out on the piazza, finding an easy chair in a secluded corner and began to sew, mending little clothes for some of Mrs. Miller's friends.

"If I can do this work so well," her thoughts ran, "why go back to New York when I leave this place? I have my thousand dollars that Mr. Weicliff gave me, or loaned me, and my own one hundred that Body gave me. I have done awfully well not to be obliged to touch it, and I don't know how much Miss Fay will give me. I will not make a charge. I will tell her to pay me what she thinks would be reasonable. She seems to be a nice, sensible girl and I know she will pay me well—at least ten dollars. These rich people have been very good to me and have paid me awfully well for my work. I know of course that I owe it all to Captain and Mrs. Miller, for if I had not had them to recommend me to those people I should have had to go back to New York. And oh, I shudder when I think of the place I had to stay and sew in, and that awful heat, and those people I had to see and hear. Poor Ginger! I cannot help thinking of her. I do believe she has good in her and will rise above that sinful life when she is a little older and can see the consequences of a misspent life. I wish I could have done more to help her. I believe I at least made her think, and that is something accomplished in the right direction."

While Amily sat thus soliloquizing, Mr. Plimpton came up to her and said: "You are a very industrious

young lady, sewing so early, and being the only one in the breakfast-room at eight o'clock."

"I don't deserve the credit," she answered. "I have always lived in the country, and my father always had his breakfast at seven and he required each of his children to be present. You see it is force of habit."

"Your dissipation last night does not tell on you, you look as fresh as a rose."

"Thank you," she said, "I am so well and strong, and I retired at one o'clock sharp."

"I saw you as you passed to the elevator with Master Charles. He seems to be a great favorite of yours, as you grant him the honor of your society and refuse the advances of all the others. Will you put that work by and come with me for a walk to Sherry's and a dip in the surf at eleven?"

"I will walk to Sherry's and listen to the music with you, but I cannot go bathing with you, as I made a compact with my little friend, Charles, to go bathing with no one but him."

"I shall tell him he is a selfish fellow to monopolize you like that, and the men here will feel like shooting him."

"Oh, no, don't tell him that! He is such a dear and so unselfish. He was my first friend at Narragansett, and took me on trust as we met on the rocks, and we swore our friendship forever. Even when I told him I was so poor, that I had to work for my living, it did not frighten him away from me. Do you blame me now for proving true?" she said, showing her pearly teeth in a joyous laugh.

"Well, I don't think you gave the others a fair chance," he answered. "Banderwelt shows he is daffy about you. Everyone knows that, and they say you

gave him the 'grand go by.' Some more timid fellows think if you turn him down there is little chance for the rest of us."

When they got to Sherry's the band was playing and the pavilion was nearly filled, as everyone goes to the beach at eleven, either to bathe or to see the others and listen to the music.

They got a seat where they could watch the bathers and Amily's companion said: "Miss Freelanhsen, may I ask where you are going after you leave the Pier? If you go back to New York, I want you to count me one of your friends and let me call. I hold a box for the grand opera season, and would be delighted to include you as a guest."

"Mr. Plimpton, you do me great honor, and I do so heartily thank you." He saw a tear shine on her long lashes, as she was touched by his kindness. She knew she had made it quite clear to him that she was not in society. "I am thinking of going to London in a week or ten days after I return to New York. Captain and Mrs. Miller have promised to meet me there about the middle of October. They are going with a party on a private yacht, and expect to leave the party there and will join me. They have been most kind to me and they fancy they are indebted to me, so try to do every kindness possible. I shall travel to London alone. You know we Americans are so independent we can take care of ourselves."

"I dare say you can take care of yourself," he answered.

Someone was taking seats next to them and Mr. Plimpton, rising, said, "Miss Colgate, won't you take my seat? You can see much better here."

She started to take the seat and, seeing Amily, she

tossed her pretty head and said: "Thank you; this is a very good place."

Plimpton introduced her to Miss Freelanhsen, and she scarcely acknowledged it, turning from her and beginning to talk to someone on the other side of the railing. Amily took no notice of the cut. She was just as bright and entertaining as ever.

Soon they were joined by Charles, his mother, and two sisters. Charles got a seat next to Amily for his mother and soon they were talking together like old friends.

"I received your and your daughters' cards," Amily said, "I am very sorry I was out of the hotel and missed you."

"Yes; we were anxious to know you. Charles told us so much about you, we could not help wanting to meet you."

"He is a grand boy, and a true friend. We met by chance, as he has doubtless told you. I was so lonely and needed a friend then. Mrs. Miller was the only person I knew, and her time was so taken up with her friends that I scarcely had a chance to see her. You can never know what the friendship of your boy meant to me. You would have to be a castaway in a strange land yourself to know how good it feels to be counted in and taken up even by a youth."

Mr. Plimpton was talking with Miss Colgate, but he heard what Amily said and his heart went out to the brave, proud, little woman. Just now she seemed that, though before she appeared a mere girl. At times when he had seen her with Charles running on the beach he thought her a perfect child. He felt that he was falling in love with her.

When they started back to the hotel, of course they

had to stop at the Casino for an ice,—everyone did that,—and they were soon joined by Captain Miller and quite a party of friends. They were all talking about the season's closing, and where each expected to spend the coming winter.

“I think most of our party are going across the pond,” Mr. Plimpton remarked.

“Yes,” said Miss Colgate, “but that does not mean to spend the winter.”

“I think it amounts to the same,” he answered, “for when Americans get to London and Paris they are hard to get away. They just stay on, on. Some stay on the bare hope that they may be presented to royalty, and mothers with daughters stay and work in every way to get their daughters introduced at her Majesty's drawing-room. If a girl is so fortunate—or unfortunate—as to be introduced at Court she then thinks she may catch a title. Poor things! they scheme with their mamas to catch a duke, lord, or any old rusty title, and they pull hard on papa's purse strings. He will not squeal, though, as long as mama writes that they have a title in tow, no matter how impoverished and rusty that crown! Oh, these true Americans, lovers of independence and liberty—what a farce!”

CHAPTER IX

THE usual Monday night hop at the New Mathison was to be that night, and someone said, "Did you know that the Spanish count, Batas Beamer, will come over from Newport to the dance to-night? He is staying with the Hazzards in their cottage for a fortnight."

Some had met him, while the majority had not.

"The Hazzards are keeping him quite to themselves," Miss Renselear said. "They are afraid to let him see too many of the Americans. They invited him over here for Verra, and they are not going to let him escape. Verra is no longer young, and her father's millions and her beauty have failed so far to capture a title. This is the last chance."

Mr. Plimpton said: "She will not sell herself to that old popinjay, with his red nose, bald head, and bad eyes."

"Yes, but there are only about twenty lives between him and the throne, and Count Battas Beamer needs money awfully, and old Hazzard has the money to pay for that title."

Amily listened till she was disgusted, and was glad when it was time to go back to the hotel to lunch. When lunch was over they sat on the piazza watching the people and baggage leaving, going to their homes. The cold sea winds that had been blowing for a few days had scattered the crowd considerably, the Millers themselves making ready for an early departure.

"Miss Freelanhsen," said Mrs. Miller, in discussing their plans, "I do wish you would reconsider Mr. Banderwelt's invitation to go with us on his yacht. It has been so nice having you with us here that we shall miss you terribly. I am glad, however, that we meet later in London. Do you know that any other girl would be *so* flattered by that invitation! and, my dear, we are such good friends now,—I mean you and I,—that I don't mind talking plainly to you,—not too plainly, I hope, for I talk as a mother would."

"Thank you, my dear friends, you are privileged to talk as you will."

"I will say this, that Mr. Banderwelt is very much in love with you, and all his friends here know it. Everyone can see it but you. He is a very fine fellow, but is unfortunate in being blunt, and says things without thinking. He has told me how badly you treat him, still he forgives you and has asked me to urge you to be my guest on his yacht on this cruise with all the other guests."

"You are too good to plead for him and defend him as you do. As for his mistaking me for your maid, I don't in the least mind that; but I have a perfect antipathy to him, and I could not respect myself if I accepted his invitation. I thank you a thousand times, and I pray God bless you and your husband for your great kindness to me. I fear I shall never be able to repay you."

"Will you be ready to go back to the city with us next Thursday?" asked Mrs. Miller. "I want you to go home with us and remain till you sail. It is nice your ship sails one day before we go, so we can see you off. Captain Miller joins me in inviting you to remain with us while you are in New York as our guest. I will have

some shopping and getting ready to do, and you will be a great help to me besides."

Tears came to Amily's eyes and she said: "You are too good to me, a stranger who has no claim on you."

"Yes, indeed, you have a claim on us. Did you not find and give us back our baby, Mary, and now we have been with you long enough to know you and love you for your own true worth. We are satisfied you are to the manner born, and if you would have taken advantage of all the attention paid you here you could have been the most popular girl at the Pier and captivated the big catch of the several seasons."

Amily blushed scarlet, and again thanking Mrs. Miller she ran to her room to cry a little for the first time since she had been here.

She had not heretofore indulged in tears, for she had said when she left the Ozarks that she would leave tears behind. No more weeping for her, as tears were useless and did no good. But now she had a good cry, and it helped her. She could not cry at an unkindness, but gentleness and kindness touched her as nothing else did. She cried long and well, then got up and read a letter that had come from Beth. She read it over and over. Beth was reconciled to going to St. Louis to the Sacred Heart Convent, and Dobson was delighted to go. They hated to leave dear old Body, who was going to have her grandchild Dilsy come from Georgia to live with her, and she was happy over that. She had never seen her son's child, who was now a woman grown, and Tao was very glad to have her stay and take care of the old place. Besides, they had intended always to take care of the old black servant like one of the family. She had been so loyal and true, and Tao had written for her grandchild, who had been a servant in the family of one

of Tao's relatives or connections,—Captain Neil Connally of Atlanta.

Amily was so glad her sister and little brother were going to school in St. Louis, where Tao could look after them. She sat down and wrote a long letter to Body and one to Beth and Dobson, telling them that she would sail for London in about ten or twelve days, and would not write again till she wrote from London.

Thursday they were all packed and ready waiting for the auto to take them to the station, and were telling each other good-by, when Charles Renselear came to Amily with a box of candy, a book and some roses. "Now you promised to answer my letters and let me come to see you when we are in London," he said. "Mr. Banderwelt says that we will be there about a week or perhaps a little longer,—perhaps two weeks; it depends on what there is doing in the way of amusements."

"I will be very glad to see you again in London or anywhere, my dear, good little friend. I shall never be able to thank you for your numberless kindnesses and little attentions." She held his hand where they stood, in the foyer of the hotel, before all the crowd of people.

"May I kiss you good-by?" he said. "It will be months before we meet again."

She put her lips for him to kiss, and he kissed her heartily and in a natural, boyish way. Mr. Cline and Mr. Plimpton said, "You are quite partial, Miss Free-lanhsen. You make us envy Charles very much."

She laughed, showing her fine teeth, like rows of pearls. When all had said good-by and were in the car, she, Captain and Mrs. Miller, maid, nurse, and baby, she waved with the others. When she saw Mr. Banderwelt lift his hat to her, she knew it was to her, as he was

looking straight into her eyes. The machine passed under the porte-cochère of the Casino and soon was out of sight. When they arrived at the station their trains was almost ready to start and they had to hurry. When they were about to step into the coach an auto rushed up with Charles and Mr. Plimpton. These two jumped out and ran to see the party off, Mr. Plimpton giving Amily a box of flowers and promising to call on her at Captain Miller's, and as the train moved along they walked the length of the platform talking to them, and waved as long as the train was in sight.

When they arrived at West End Avenue, the Millers' beautiful city home, Amily was given a pretty room with a private bath, and was told to rest and dress for seven o'clock dinner, and that they would go to the New Amsterdam Theater to see Maud Adams that evening, who had been playing there for several weeks.

She took a bath and did a lot of manicuring and hair dressing, that is, for her, and got out her only pretense to a dinner gown, the made-over black lace of Jane Rainy's. When she was dressed she opened Mr. Plimpton's flowers, and as they were white carnations she pinned some at her belt and placed two or three at the side of her head, back of her ear.

The high low-round neck was relieved with a very slender old-fashioned chain close around her pretty white neck. On this chain was a very old turquoise locket, her only jewelry. When she went into dinner Mrs. Miller exclaimed, "Amily, how pretty you are to-night!"

She blushed deeply, as her best loved ones at home had never told her she was pretty, and she had never for a moment in her life believed herself pretty. They talked all through dinner about their European trip,

and were so sorry that Amily could not be one of the party on the yacht.

Then, discussing Amily's plans, Mrs. Miller said: "You must have a heavy coat for the steamer."

"I thought the coat to my suit would do with my red sweater," Amily answered.

"We will see. You must let me give you your steamer rug, as we get them of a wholesale place much cheaper than you could buy one."

"You are kind indeed," answered Amily.

"Won't you be ready to go shopping with me to-morrow morning? We will try to get down town as early as nine o'clock."

When they went to the theater Amily took her white chiffon veil from her hat and wore it over her head. Mrs. Miller, with her jewelry and one hundred-and-fifty dollar gown, did not look better dressed. Amily was a natural artist, she wore her clothes so well.

They were so entertained with the play that they did not look about till the curtain dropped on the second act. Then Amily had a chance to view the New York fashionables, Mrs. Miller telling her who the occupants of the different boxes were. They noticed a man in the opposite box with opera glasses drawn on their box, and when they looked in his direction Amily thought she had seen him before. At first she could not place him, then finally it came to her mind that he was young Howard, the son of Augusta Howard, her first benefactress in New York. When the curtain had dropped and they were in the foyer, Mr. Howard came forward and greeted the Millers as old acquaintances and, turning to Amily said: "How do you do, Miss Freelanhsen? I thought you were at Narragansett. You told me when I saw you last that you were about to start, to remain

till the season closed. Consequently, I did not expect to see you for ten days yet."

Mrs. Miller relieved Amily by saying: "Yes, we are back a bit early, as we are to sail for the other side in a few days."

"It is needless to ask if you had a successful season," he then said.

Mrs. Miller did not quite catch his drift, and said: "Oh, yes, she was a success indeed. If you could have seen all the lovesick swains who followed her to the train, you would agree that she was a success."

Amily blushed and said: "Oh, you mean my business! Yes, I was very successful in that, far beyond my wildest expectations."

Mrs. Miller was surprised at Amily's knowing Mr. Howard, and, too, that he should know she was working for her own living. "I did not know that you were friends," she said. "I am delighted, for Miss Freelan-hisen has so few acquaintances here. Won't you come to dinner to-morrow evening? We are to have Mr. Cline and Mr. Plimpton with us. They come down from the Pier to see Amily off, on her sail for Europe."

"I shall be delighted to come, I assure you," he responded.

In the auto going home, Amily explained how she had met Howard. Next morning Amily was ready for shopping, as she went to her breakfast in all but her hat and gloves. "How nice of you to remember our engagement," exclaimed Mrs. Miller. "I shall be ready in a few moments after we have finished breakfast."

She spoke to the butler, telling him to tell the chauffeur to have the auto at the door by that time. While they were speeding downtown they went through Central Park, and it was a perfectly delightful ride. They

had the nurse and baby with them. Amily was so fond of the beautiful child that she would beg to sit by her in the car.

When they had shopped at one of the larger emporiums, Amily wished to be driven to a place not so expensive, so they drove to Broadway, where she bought a few white shirt waists, a shaggy tam-o'-shanter steamer hat and a few other things. While Mrs. Miller waited for her she went over to get some toilet things, and as she was waiting for her change someone touched her on the shoulder and in a low, delighted voice said: "Howdy, dear Miss Freelanhsen!" and Amily saw Ginger, her old roommate, by her side. She shook her hand and said she was so glad to see her so much improved.

Ginger blushed and said: "Miss Freelanhsen, I have wanted to see you to thank you for what you said and did for me. I told my fellow all you said. He was mad at first, but I held out good and strong, like you told me to. I stopped drinking and I don't cuss now, and he came around, like you said he would if he really loved me. So I guess he did, because one night when I went out to supper with him he said I was so respectable he wanted me for the rest of his natural life. We went to the Little Church Around the Corner and got married. He never told me he had the license in his pocket all the time."

"Dear Ginger, I am so glad you are so happy! I hope you will always be happy," said Amily.

"Yes, I have you to thank the rest of my life. We have a room close by the bridge, and I still hold my job. We cook our dinner on our little stove we got here for a dollar. We are sure going to save money and some day we might own a home."

"Yes, Ginger, you have started right," said Amily.

"And we've both got you to love and thank," said Ginger.

"Don't think of that, Ginger, only remember that I shall always be thankful if I have been the means of your living a good life, and I pray you will live to be a good and useful woman. I must tell you good-by now."

"Can't I come to see you some time, Miss Freelan-hisen?"

"Yes, if I ever come to New York again. Now, I am about to sail for Europe."

"Oh," poor Ginger cried, "I hate to think the one person in the world that cares whether I go to the devil or not is going so far away from me. Who will tell me the right thing to do?"

"Dear Ginger, your conscience will tell you." Amily bade her good-by again, and went to find Mrs. Miller. When she found her she said: "I hope you did not get tired of waiting. I met a poor unfortunate girl with whom I roomed in that awful downtown place you found when you came to see me in New York. I hated it, but I had to stay there, as I could not make enough to stay in a better place."

"You were very successful at the Pier, were you not?"

"I know that, and have you to thank, as I know I should not have gotten anything to do if you had not asked your friends to give me their mending, and they did for your sake."

"Yes, but I did not ask Miss Fay to give you fifty dollars, and I did not ask all those young men to fall in love with you."

"Dear Mrs. Miller, you flatter me, and they all paid me the attention they did because you took me up. One of those great catches went so far as to insult me when

he thought I was only your maid, but when you introduced me as your friend, he went so far as to tell me how he loved me. Oh, bah, for such love!"

"Really, he meant it. I have known him a long time and half of the mothers of this city have thrown their daughters at his head, and he still was not touched. He told me of his mistake, and how sorry he was, and apologized to me, and told me he had done the same to you, and that you would not forgive him. He is a blunt, bungling sort of phlegmatic man. In this instance I believe he did bungle, still I believe him when he told me that you are the only girl he had really fallen in love with. I think you will make the mistake of your life if you don't reconsider about him and give him a chance to prove what he professes."

Amily did not say anything more, only changed the subject. They went to Altman's and made some more purchases, and Mrs. Miller said, "We will lunch at Sherry's. I promised my husband I would meet him there at one o'clock."

When they went into the palm room, Captain Miller was there waiting for them, and they all sat down to a course luncheon. While the Captain was talking about something to his wife Amily was thinking about herself. She, the guest of these aristocratic rich people, and working for her own living, and they knowing it too! She had seen so much snobbishness at the Pier among the very rich that she wondered at the kindness shown her, and she thought: "When they see me on my way over the ocean they will wash their hands of me. They felt that they were indebted to me for taking care of their lost baby, and they will feel they have repaid the obligation. Oh, I shall prize their friendship as long as I live, and I hope when I am launched on the wave of big

London's breadwinners I can find another to take me on trust and see the true lady in me as I feel I am and shall always try to carry out." Her train of thought was broken by hearing Captain Miller's voice:

"I fear you were far from us just now. I spoke to you the second time before you heard me."

"I beg your pardon. I was dreaming and wondering if in all my life I shall ever find any others who will be as good and kind to me as you. I have written to my brother in St. Louis to tell him how kind you have been, and I am sure he will write you his appreciation. He and his good wife were much opposed to my coming away from home to make my own way in the world. When my father died a year ago he left very little to educate my younger sister and brother, and I wanted to be independent. I could not live and be dependent on my brother or anyone. I did not tell my brother, for sure, that I was coming to New York, and I fear he has not forgiven me yet.

"My old black mammy nurse gave me her savings of years past, and a friend of my father's, when he heard of my father's death, sent me a present of, to me, a large check, though to the rich it would be only a trifle. I wrote and told him I would accept the money only as a loan, and thanks to you both, I have not encroached upon it yet.

"Your rich friends have paid me so much more than I could ever have thought of charging them for my work. In London I hope to get the same flattering recommendation you have so kindly given me to your American acquaintances and friends. I have no fear that I shall starve," she added, laughingly.

"I am most assured we are glad we had a chance to assist you, even in a small way, and only sorry you will

not let us do more," said Mrs. Miller. "I don't think you need fear when you have a chance to marry a multimillionaire, and just for a little foolish sentiment you pass him up. Dear, I am speaking plainly to you, as I should to my sister, and I know you will see how interested we both are in your future. I have acknowledged you to be my friend, and as such I shall regard you, and I shall call you Amily."

"I am so glad," Amily answered. "I have wanted you to from the first, but I would not presume."

"Dear, dear, you are very proud, and I rather think that is one of your greatest charms, so I will not censure you. Still, I do think you are not quite fair with some one of your admirers."

"We will go, if you are both ready," Captain Miller interrupted. "We will drive back by the bank, as I have one moment to spend there, and it will save me another drive downtown."

"We will be so glad to have the extra ride, and we will call for you in half an hour," said Mrs. Miller. "I wish to stop at Lord & Taylor's for something I have just thought of."

They took the elevator and were shown to the suit department, and Mrs. Miller asked to be shown some tailor suits of the best quality. Then she said to Amily: "I want to make you a present of a suit and hat, dear. I don't think your gray suit will be quite heavy enough for your trip. I thought of it yesterday while we were dining, and I saw it was not heavy."

She selected a beautiful dark blue of the best quality and it just fit, except for the skirt having to be one inch shorter. When they saw all the beautiful millinery it was not easy to decide. At last they took a lovely blue felt with a lighter blue plume, and Amily was a picture

in it. Mrs. Miller and the saleswoman complimented her enough to turn her head.

“Mrs. Miller, you should not give me these expensive things, and pay such extravagant compliments to me. You will spoil me beyond everything.”

“Well, dear, I don’t mind if I do spoil you a little bit. You are entirely too correct, anyway, and some spoiling will be a good thing for you.”

CHAPTER X

"WELL, to-morrow you sail," said Mrs. Miller, "and I shall miss you so."

"You sail only one week from to-morrow," answered Amily, "and you will be so busy you won't have time to miss me, and you have so many old friends that will come to see you before you go."

"Yes, a great many will call and leave cards. I shall see very few, if any, in this society life we lead. We really have no intimates. I mean the intimacy you and I have led since we have been friends. When we tell each other all our inner life and our past, as you have done, I feel that I have known you all my life, and loved you too. I cannot help being disappointed and provoked that you are not to go with us on Mr. Banderwelt's yacht, and you have had invitations through us as well as from the host himself. Well, we won't talk of that now. I will write you all our plans and will be sure to join you in London. You must make yourself pretty as you can to-night, as you know I have this farewell dinner party for you. Our friends of the Pier will be with us, that is, our party of the White Wings yacht. You have not met Chauncey Roosevelt. He is delightful. I am so glad he is to be with us on the White Wings, and I want you to meet him. I am sure you will be pleased with him; everybody is."

"I dare say I will not be an exception, for I shall like him too."

That night Amily was placed next to Chauncey Roosevelt at dinner, and of course he took her in with him. She did indeed like him, as she had predicted she would. He was so unspoiled and as natural as a school-boy, and the same time most polished and elegant.

They carried on the most animated conversation, and Amily was so at home with this big boyish American gentleman that she was brilliant and beautiful. She was telling him about her home in the Ozarks of Arkansas, of the clear and beautiful rivers and creeks, and the wild flowers, and all the natural beauty. He told her in an undertone that she was a fine specimen of the natural beauty, and that he wanted to see a country that produced such natural beauty.

She accused him of flattery, at the same time feeling sure he meant what he said to her. Her color rose and her pretty yellowish brown eyes shone with unusual brilliancy.

Then the hostess rose from the table and led the way to the drawing-room. Mr. Banderwelt was talking to Miss Colgate, who was resplendant in a magnificent Paris gown. She was a splendid type of brunette loveliness, tall and stately, of clear, fine dark skin, with just a tint of color, and hair as black as a raven's wing. With her perfect features she was what one would imagine Cleopatra to have been in the zenith of her popularity and glory, and quite as haughty.

She saw Amily come in from the dining-room with Chauncey Roosevelt, and, joined by Bonny Plimpton and Mr. Cline, she became the center of attraction. She saw that Banderwelt scarcely heard what she was saying to him, his whole attention being given to that group which sat by the window looking out into the conservatory. Finally he made an excuse to take her for a prowling

through the conservatory, and passing he gave Amily a look that went home to her heart, for it was a homesick sort of appeal to her.

She looked away as soon as she could, and tried not to seek him again, but he soon came back alone, leaving Miss Colgate with Captain Miller, who wanted to show her some orchids.

Banderwelt strolled up to the group, and one of the men gave way for him, and he joined in the general conversation. One by one the men dropped away, leaving him alone with Amily. "Don't run away, Miss Free-lanhsen," he said. "I want one or two words with you. I shall not see you again for some time."

"I hope not," she interrupted.

He ignored the interruption.

"I want to say that I know you understand me, and I know, too, that you realize how I do really and truly love you, although you thought I insulted you at our first meeting. Maybe I did not know you as I do now, and perhaps it was intended as you understood it then. Now I know what you are, and I don't mind saying it again—I love you. I always shall. You can scorn my love as you will, and refuse to forgive me, but in spite of your scorn I shall follow you and love you always. There is nothing else for me. You know I am an experienced person as far as women go, and you are the only one I ever have or ever will love. You might just as well get accustomed to the fact."

She tried to pass him without an answer, but she could not without a scene. "How dare you detain me again to insult me," she hissed through her closed lips. "Look out! don't go too far."

He smiled a cynical smile and said in the most jocular way: "May I bring you an ice?"

Mr. Roosevelt now came back to her, in time to save her an answer, saying: "You must not forget that I am to call with my motor car to take you to your steamer to-morrow. I think she sails at eleven sharp. Am I not right? I have arranged for Captain and Mrs. Miller to accompany us."

"That will be delightful, and you are really very kind," answered Amily.

The company was now breaking up and those that would not be at the docks to see Amily sail were bidding her "bon voyage" and saying all kinds of pleasantries.

When Banderwelt, with Miss Colgate, came to say good-night to the hostess, who stood beside Amily, Miss Colgate told how she had enjoyed the evening, and, turning to Amily, gave her a freezing bow. Mr. Banderwelt said: "Mrs. Miller, you must take better care of your little protégée. With so much dissipation she is losing color," Amily having paled as he came near her.

She spoke to someone else and did not hear what Mrs. Miller answered.

Next day Amily was up early and had her packing done, which was not a great task, as she had but one trunk. When she came into breakfast with the family she was so fresh-looking and happy that Captain Miller said: "Dear Miss Amily, I must reprove you for being so apparently happy when you are about to leave us."

She smiled and said: "I am very sorry to leave such dear, good friends. I hope to see you again in a few months. I shall miss you all very much, and sweet baby Mary Miller, how I shall long to hear her joyous laugh and feel her baby fingers clinging to mine in our daily walks and our long noisy romps! I dare not think of it, or I would cry right now," and she passed a small handkerchief over her eyes.

"Don't, dear," said Mrs. Miller; "you must not spoil the brightness of your eyes; you will want to look your best. And I know how stunning you will look in your stylish steamer coat and long veil. You will cause more heartaches than you have already." This with a knowing look at her husband.

Amily laughed, then sighed:

"You flatter me, I assure you."

"We know whereof we speak," said Captain Miller.

Chauncy Roosevelt was in front with his big motor car and when he was ushered into the dining-room where they were having a ten o'clock breakfast, Mrs. Miller would have him sit and have some fruit and coffee, although he said he breakfasted at eight o'clock. They were a merry breakfast party. Baby Mary Miller had been allowed to come to breakfast with the family in honor of Amily's last meal. She was in her high chair by Amily's side and was playing with a very pretty bracelet on her arm that she found under her plate as a parting gift. "From Baby Mary Miller" was engraved on the inside. The outside was carved in Roman gold, and a one caret solitaire diamond of purest water finished the beauty of it.

Captain Miller was the first to remind them that they had very little time to get ready for the docks. They had only their coats and hats to put on and in a few moments they came forth. Amily was a different looking person from the shabbily dressed, timid-looking girl from the Ozarks of Arkansas. Now she looked as the people in New York society did. The change in the dressing of the hair and the beautiful tailored suit and hat had changed her appearance to a beautiful, stylish girl. Oh, the power of clothes! She had always been

at her ease and self-possessed, as the well-born usually are.

When they boarded the steamer a bevy of their friends had preceded them and were there to give them welcome. Mr. Cline, Roosevelt, Plimpton, Howard, the Misses Renselear, with Charles, and some other friends of the Millers whom Amily had not seen before, were all there.

She was glad to see her little friend Charles again, and they were so interested in talking and meeting other friends that the bell had sounded the second time before the party went ashore.

Charles was the last to hold her hand and said, "Bon voyage." She called him back just as he was about to step on the gangplank to leave, and she kissed him and said: "I kiss you because you have been a friend indeed; my first real one at the Pier."

Then he had to run, as they had begun to draw in the bridge. The others accused her of partiality, and she did not have time to deny the charge before the ship was moving slowly away from the dock. Mr. Banderwelt had not been with the party, but when she stood waving she saw him in his big, fine auto, and he waved to her as long as she could see him. She tried not to let him know she saw him.

CHAPTER XI

AMILY sat on the deck till New York was out of sight, and they were well out to sea before she thought of where she was going or what for. She sat thinking, and a sort of homesickness took possession of her. She sat in her steamer chair, placed in the coziest corner, nearest her stateroom.

She had not noticed who was next to her until a deck steward asked if she would have him bring her some beef tea or some refreshments. She did not wish any, and thought she would go to her berth and smooth her hair before lunch. She was astonished to see a big pile of letters and mail, to say nothing of the many packages of candy, flowers, and what not.

She thought she would not open any of them till after lunch. When she started back to her steamer chair she took some of her mail and looked over the outsides. Some were to be opened at mid-ocean, and some right away. Two were from Master Charles Renselear. When she was alone and thinking of him she opened one, saying, "This is the time, for I am thinking of him and how happy he looked when I kissed him at parting. Bless his life."

The letter began:

"MY DEAR AMILY:

"You said for me to call you Amily, and how I hate to have you go on that big ship all by yourself. I know

you can take care of yourself, but I know you will be lonesome and miss me, too (does that sound conceited?). I wish I could be with you on your voyage instead of going with the party on Mr. Banderwelt's yacht.

"Amily, I am going to tell you what I could not tell you to your face. I know how you dislike Mr. Banderwelt, but you have a very wrong impression of him. He is a good fellow, and we all like him so much. My mother is wild for him to marry one of my sisters, and you know she would not give my sister to him if he was not a good catch.

"I know you fancied he was ungentlemanly to you. He told me how sorry he was that you misunderstood him, and he said he was willing to beg pardon on his knees, but that you would not forgive him. He was so anxious to have you on his yacht with us! He told me he asked the Millers to invite you, as you would not go as his guest.

"Amily, he told me also, that you are the only woman he had ever loved, and that he would never love any other. Well, enough of Mr. Banderwelt. I have pleaded his case because I told him I would. He has been so good to me, and particularly since you and I have been such good friends. He said he had not told anyone how he loves you, but all the Narragansett party knew, for he could not hide it.

"My dear, some of the girls were awfully jealous and sneered at you and called you a 'nobody' out of nowhere. They were afraid you would land the big fish of the season at the Pier. I heard them, and they would not believe you had turned him down.

"I will come to your hotel to see you, and take you to the theatre the first night we are in London. And please don't be too proud to accept the present I send

you; it gives me great pleasure to send you the ring as a token of my friendship and love for you. My mother went with me and helped me select it, so I feel certain it is the right kind, and I want to see it on your pretty finger when I meet you.

"I saw that you did not wear a ring, and I will be so flattered and honored if mine is the first you wear. Think over what I have said about Banderwelt. He is better than you think him, and try to be as nice to him as you can for my sake. He is an awful good friend of Mother, and he is so good to me. Won't you do your best to tolerate him for my sake?

"I will have to close this very tame letter for fear of tiring you too much. I send you my love and hope to see you very soon. I am

"Sincerely, your friend,

"CHARLES RENSELEAR."

She read this letter and thought: "I certainly was fortunate to make such friends as the Millers and Charles. I must make myself independent. When I get to London I will get something to do if my lace mending fails me. I cannot accept much more from my true, good friends. I want to put away a little money and get fixed up in London before I go out to Redich to look into my father's ancestral home, and present myself to his family, if any are living thereabouts."

She was so busy with her thoughts that she did not notice the old gentleman who was next to her in his steamer chair and rugs. He had offered to move his chair a little as a ray of sun slanted across her face, but she told him she did not mind the sun in the least, and thanked him. Paying no more attention to her surroundings she looked next over the opaline sea, with its

changing scene of clouds and shadows. The thought came of the old home in the Ozark Mountains, of Body there taking care of the house.

"Will I ever come back to that humble home? Will I be old, tired, and beaten and fly back to it as a haven of rest to die?" She shuddered as she thought of it. "I must put such morbid thoughts from me. I have had a little, though very little, insight into that magic inner circle, and I am fascinated. Am I as anxious to be of it and in it? No, not quite so enthusiastic. I have seen so much of the false, deceptive, and the hypocritical in the short time I have associated with them. I am more determined to rise above the base. One thing sure, I will do right and I will be good. God will help me as He has done so far. Am I dissatisfied? No, not yet; even Adam himself was not satisfied with Paradise."

Just then the old gentleman at her left said: "Will you let me assist you to arise? The second bugle call for dinner has sounded. Did you not hear? Are you a little sick and faint? You have been so still and quiet all afternoon I feared you were ill."

"No, I am very well," she answered.

"I think you are at the Captain's table, are you not?"

"Really, I do not know. I went to lunch when everyone had left the saloon," replied Amily.

"I heard the Captain ask for you and send a deck steward to see if you were well," he said.

"He came, and I told him I was not ready to lunch," she answered.

"Miss Freelanhsen, with your permission, I will introduce myself. I am Seth Slogan, of the Army, retired. My friend, Mr. Banderwelt, told me you were a connection of General Freelanhsen."

"Yes," responded Amily. "I have been told that we

are connected. I don't know him and I don't suppose he ever heard of me. He is German, while I am of English descent. I have heard my father say there was a German branch of his family."

"Mr. Banderwelt explained that to me, and he put you in charge of the captain of the ship, as well as asked me to look after your comforts. I have offered several times to be of service to you, but you were so reserved, and so lost in watching the waves out in mid-ocean I could not get your attention. Your friend will think I have not kept my promise if you do not let me take you in to dinner, at least."

"I will be glad to go to dinner with you," she answered, "but you are mistaken. Mr. Banderwelt is not a friend of mine, only a casual acquaintance, and I am quite sure it was unnecessary for him to go to so much trouble on my account. My friend Captain Miller and his wife did everything for me, securing the best state-room, and placing my steamer chair, and all other little attentions."

He looked at her intently, then said:

"My dear young lady, you are mistaken. Mr. Banderwelt was on board several days ago with me, and he took great pains to find the very best that was to be had. Did you notice your steamer chair is new, and upholstered, while the others are so different? And your stateroom is the very best on the ship, next to the captain's."

"No, I had not thought about that," replied Amily. "This is my first ocean trip, and I take everything as a matter of course."

"Well, we will miss the choice cuts if we delay longer for dinner," he said, "and I want to present you to Captain Boris. He is a fine old captain and a real sea dog."

When he has time he is very interesting with his thrilling stories of his adventures on the deep blue sea."

When they got to the table the captain was taking his dessert and wine. He told Amily how remiss he felt that he had not hunted her up and made her acquaintance ere this.

"I am real busy the first two or three days out, but after that I can see more of the passengers. I deputized Captain Seth Slogan, and if he has failed me he will have to account to me." He laughingly raised his glass of wine and drank the health of Miss Freelanhsen.

There were some other very pleasant people who were introduced, though Amily was sorry to be obliged to meet them, as she wanted to be to herself to enjoy to the fullest the beautiful changing panorama of the sea. It being her maiden trip, she wished to stamp it indelibly on her memory. She knew her power of drawing people to her. She also knew it was the power of her eyes; that if she looked at them they were usually drawn to her, and she tried not to look at them.

One day later on she stood leaning over the railing watching the steerage passengers below. Some were dancing and singing, others sewing and working, and some were seasick and miserable-looking. She stood thanking God in her heart that she was not one of these, when her attention was attracted to a forlorn-looking woman, prematurely old, sitting holding the head of a sick husband, with a crying, sick child of about three years holding to her on the other side.

Amily took in the situation, and her sympathy went out to that woman. She called to the child and tried to hand it ten dollars. Of course she could not hand it, and a young man came up to her and took the money saying, "You have a good heart, miss. I have been watch-

ing these people and they are very poor. The husband, I don't think, can live till they reach his home in England. He wanted to take his wife and child to his father and die with his own people. He says he left home when he was a mere boy, to make his way in a new country, and he did very well till he contracted tuberculosis, working in an ice factory in New York. The poor wife is nearly crazy with despair; she realizes he can only last a few days at best. He really did not have the strength to undertake a voyage across the ocean, but he was so anxious to see his old home and father and mother, and give them his wife and little girl, that he sold all they had to make the trip. I have helped her care for him and take care of the little girl all I could."

There were tears of sympathy in Amily's eyes when he finished speaking. She gave him her ten dollars, not once thinking that she could ill afford to give it. The young man seemed to be of the middle class and to be an educated fellow. He thanked her for these poor people, saying: "The rich can do so much good when they will. While you will not miss this ten dollars as I should one cent, it will give the sick man comforts he could not have without it. I can get him wine from the first cabin, and he needs it to strengthen him, and also good food, for he has a good appetite, as all consumptives have, even in the last stages."

"I wish I were able to do more," said Amily, "but I am not rich, as you imagine. I have my own living to make, too."

He looked at her in great surprise when she said that. She knew he judged her by her clothes. She told him if she could help them in a small way again, she would be glad to do so.

He thanked her again, and went below. She did not

stay to see him give the money to the distracted wife. She had been made so sad, that she went to her berth. She looked at all those beautiful flowers still in the boxes, to be thrown overboard that day, as they could not be kept any longer. As she took out the cards she wondered how much they had cost, and thought how little pleasure they had given her.

She had not taken them out, except for a white rose from Charles' or Captain Miller's box each time she dressed. Then she looked over her mail, all of which had been opened except one big letter, which she took up now and broke the seal. This was the letter:

“MY DARLING:

“I won't begin formally calling you Miss Freelan-hisen, for between you and me there can be no formality. You understand me as I do you. I know each and every expression of your lovely face. I have seen all the hate and scorn you feel for me when you were compelled to smile to avoid a scene. Yet you were brave and bore with me for our mutual friend's sake. I saw all this, which made me love you all the more. I have been trying to get you out of my heart ever since the first time we met on the sea-wall at the Pier. I have, in mind, accused you of all the vices and sins that human flesh is prone to, still I know you are as pure and good as an angel. Oh, how I love you!

“I would rather have your strong hate as my wife than the purest love of any other woman living. I have never said what I can do for you as far as money goes. I would worship you in the first place, and you could make a good man of me. You could mold me like putty in your hands.

“I know all about you, thanks to the power of money.

I have had the best genealogist in New York to look you up as quickly and correctly as possible, then name his own price. Now I know you are of noble lineage. Still, dear, this made not the slightest difference to me. I loved you before I knew this.

“When I insulted you I was madly in love with you. I thought you were like all the rest of the women I had ever known. I could buy any of them if I paid their price. You surprised me, and I thought you would prove to be like all the rest. I watched to see. I knew you would soon find out my social position, and last but not least, my many millions of money. Then I thought I would have you.

“When you told me I was not a gentleman, that you scorned and despised me, you little knew that you were only fanning the flame of my great love for you. When you would not accept my invitation, nor Captain Miller’s, to be his or my guest on my yacht, I knew there was not another girl in New York’s Four Hundred who would have turned down that invitation to cruise for six months.

“You, dear, a poor girl, sewing lace for the rich, can afford to throw over millions, not to say anything of the great love I offer you as my wife. You can go to the ancestral halls of your forefathers and build up grandeurs of an almost extinct race. There is only one old Lady Freelanhsen, sixty-nine years of age, with no money, but an old chateau that is entailed. All but this has been confiscated by the government.

“Your father was next in line. General Freelanhsen of the Army is a descendant of the German side of the house. He is your third cousin. Your brother Tao is the next to succeed after your father. You are the next female after Lady Emily Freelanhsen, now a resident

of Freelanhsen Hall, Redich, England. Consequently you are Lady Amily. I know that won't turn your head.

"If you want the papers proving your right to your title let me know. I will gladly give them to you.

"Try, won't you? to think better of me. I will live up to what you want me to be. There is no use to say you hate me and despise me, and that you always will, and won't speak to me unless forced to, as in the past. I will spare you all I can, but I will see you and be near you whenever I can. No matter where you go or what position you occupy you cannot escape me.

"You will get many steamer letters, books, flowers, fruits and boxes of candy galore. I fancy you will know mine from the rest. I also know their fate, to the bottom of the sea, like this poor letter. Still, I shall be paid to know that your dear hand had touched them to throw them overboard.

"You see I know you thoroughly, don't I? I have lost all interest in everything. I am bored to death with people who used to amuse me. You have spoiled my life already. Oh, I have tried to curse you! I have sworn I would hate you. It is all foolishness. I end by loving you more, if possible, than ever.

"If you will marry me I will settle ten millions on you and you can live where you please and go where you wish. I do not ask your love. I will take you without it and teach you to love me, for 'tis said that love begets love in time. I am aware that you will not even write me a line in answer to this. I will spare you now by saying you are my only love, and will always be the one woman for me.

"Good-by, and God bless you.

"Yours always,

"A. R. BANDERWELT."

She read it to the end, and great big tears came to her eyes. She tore up the letter and scattered it to the winds. "To think that after this letter and all the past insults I have to meet this man on an equal footing. How can I ever speak to him again? I don't believe him. He has no heart; he is a beast. I dare not let anyone know he has made this proposal to me, for if they knew they would all urge me to marry him, to sell myself. He offers a big prize. Beth and Tao would think I was crazy, for I fear dear Tao and Beth are both a little mercenary, and they would never forgive me if I refused an offer like this. Beth would think of all I could do for her and Tao would think of all I could do for the Freelanhsen lost and past glory, to build it up again, buy back the lands and titles."

She lay in the steamer chair, thinking, when Captain Slogan invited her to walk. She arose and took his arm and they promenaded the deck until dinner time. She begged to go and prepare for dinner, and joined him again in a very short time, dressed in a simple white muslin dress, not worthy to be styled a gown, simply made by her own hands in Arkansas, where style is not much thought of. She wore a white flower in her glossy brown hair and one at her belt. She looked every inch a lady, and one would have singled her out as being the best dressed woman at that table, although some of those gowns represented a hundred dollars.

The old captain thought her by far the prettiest girl he had seen for a long time. She was bright and entertaining, but very reserved. After dinner some young gentlemen and a young married belle from Indiana wished to play a game of bridge, and they invited her to join them, as they wanted another lady. She was a good bridge player, and the game had begun when the

lady said: "We ought to make the stakes a little higher than we have played for before."

Amily opened her eyes wide and said: "I did not understand that you played for money; you will have to excuse me."

The lady, thinking she minded the fifty cents per point, said: "Oh, we will make the stakes as low as you like."

"No, you don't understand me," said Amily. "I never would play for money at all, no matter what the limit was."

One of the other men said: "Then you have scruples about it?"

"Yes. That is the way I was brought up, and I cannot change." As she rose from the card table the woman said: "She is a pretty little goody-goody. Watch her; she will strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."

Amily strolled back to her steamer chair to lie and watch the beautiful moonlight on the water. Such bewildering beauty of the night she had never seen. Perhaps it lay in the beholder's eyes. The air was heavy with the fragrance of the sea, so sweet and fresh, with a holy quiet. She was so glad not to have to stay in the cabin and play bridge on a night like this.

She had read of moonlight nights on the ocean. She had never imagined it was as glorious as this. In such an hour, mood, and place was raised the stone where lay buried the soul of this girl. She gave thanks to God for the joy of living. She did not note the passing of time till she heard the watchman on the bridge call two bells and all is well.

She was surprised at the lateness of the hour and rose to go to her berth, when she was startled by someone

by her side saying: "Miss, I have been sent by the woman with the sick husband. The doctor says he is dying and his poor wife begs for you to come to her. She says you have the face of an angel and she thinks you will not refuse to come to her in this terrible ordeal. She says you can comfort her as no one else can, for she knows a good face, and she looked into your eyes that spoke to her heart. I told her the first-class passengers were all asleep and that I could not call you up at this hour, but she insisted so that I could not refuse to come, and I was so glad when the deck steward told me you were out here. Will you go? I will go and protect you. All the people below are asleep and you need have no fear."

"I am not afraid, and I will go with you."

When they got to the miserable bunk the man was about breathing his last breath. Amily put her arm around the poor woman and tried to soothe her. She had grown hysterical and was shrieking till she awoke the sleeping little girl on the pile of rags at her feet.

The child cried too, not realizing what the matter was, but cried because her mother did. Amily took the little girl in her arms and quieted her, and the mother became more calm. Amily found a more comfortable place and put the child down and covered her, then went back to the mother, who had thrown herself on the body of her husband.

The doctor, a hard, gruff man, said: "Miss, he is dead. You had better go. You can do no more and you are out of place here."

"No; I will stay with this poor woman," said Amily. "How long before they bury the body?"

"At once. I have ordered the sailors to sew the man in sailcloth, and that takes only a little while."

"Oh," said Amily, "he is not cold yet. It seems inhuman to bury him so soon."

"We never keep the steerage dead one moment longer than necessary," he answered.

"Then I will remain till after that," she answered.

She tried to take the woman away, but she clung to the body of her dead husband till the sailors pulled her away to begin sewing the sailcloth around him. Amily took her to one side and held her arm about her till they said all was ready.

The plank was lowered and the body placed on it, the ship came to a stop and a steerage passenger volunteered to offer a prayer for the soul of the dead. The officer said, "Very well; be quick about it."

As he finished, they let the body slide into the sea, hardly making a splash. The wife shrieked and fainted; the ship started on its way. Amily called to the doctor to do something for the woman. He placed her in her bunk and, pouring some brandy between her teeth, put some morphine in her arm and said: "She will sleep till morning. Miss, come with me; I am going up now."

She was about to follow him when the young man from the steerage said, "I brought this lady here and I will take her back."

"Thank you," she said, taking his offered arm.

As they went he told her something of himself. "I am a poor medical student. I am going to Berlin to study and practice in the public hospital there. My father and mother died when I was fifteen years old. I have attended the public school and worked nights for my board and books. Lately I have been acting nurse to a sick millionaire of New York, and he paid me well. I hated to leave him, he was so dependent on me. I got him a man as good, if not better, than I, before I left

him. I had to go in the steerage to economize. I met these poor creatures and tried to help them all I could. I know how to nurse and helped the woman nurse her sick husband, and she seemed grateful. That is the main objection to being in the steerage, one sees so much suffering. I am in a manner used to it, still my sympathy was aroused by the young mother trying to care for her child and take care of her husband too. It was a pitiful case. To-morrow I will take up a collection for her."

"Well, come to me and I will give you a little more," she said.

"No, I think you have given enough," he answered. He bade her good-night at her stateroom door, advising her to go to sleep, and not get up for breakfast before ten o'clock.

"Good-night," she answered, "I hope your patient will rest well."

"Have no fear, she will sleep till morning. Again good-night."

When Amily laid her head on her pillow she prayed for that poor woman, and for the success of that good young man, and she was soon asleep.

CHAPTER XII

ABOUT seven o'clock the next morning she was awakened by the roaring of the wind and waves. She looked out and saw big waves, mountain high, and lightning flashing. She dressed and thought to go on deck, but everything was shut down and some of the people were breakfasting, others sick, cuddled up in the cabin and still others frightened and shut in their berths.

She thought of that awful scene she had witnessed, that burial at sea. She could never forget the horror and grewsomeness of it. A few dirty emigrants, she, and that young man trying to console that wife till she fainted. She lived it over again. When she went to breakfast there was no one but the doctor, the young woman of the bridge players, and herself. Some had eaten, some were too sick to eat, and others too scared of the raging storm.

The lady, Mrs. Cammack, asked her if she knew that the ship came to a dead stop last night. "So many have asked me what was the matter," she said.

The doctor answered for Amily, saying, "Yes, the ship came to a standstill for a few moments, about two o'clock, on account of some trouble with the machinery, which they soon fixed."

The lady turned to Amily saying, "Did you awake, Miss Freelanhsen?"

"No," she replied; "I was already awake."

The doctor gave her a look which said, "Don't tell her," so she gave this evasive answer.

When she left the cabin the doctor said: "You understood me. We never tell the passengers when there is a burial at sea, because it causes great excitement, and they sometimes declare there is contagion aboard. You are the only one of the first-class passengers who was below or who knows there was a death. Please don't mention it. How was it you had to witness so unpleasant an affair? Were the people known to you before?"

"No; I gave the woman some money the day before and she sent the young man after me and begged me to come to her in that most trying ordeal. I was glad to go, if I could comfort her in any way. She certainly is to be pitied."

Though the storm still raged in all its fury, Amily was not afraid, notwithstanding it was the most tempestuous morning she had ever witnessed. She found a cozy corner with her book, and she soon forgot the fury of the tempest. Captain Slogan came to her side and said, "You are a brave girl. Everyone seems disturbed over this furious storm but you. Have you no nerves? Even I, an old sea dog that I confess to be, am somewhat uneasy, for really this is a pretty bad storm,—one of the worst I have experienced."

"I always think of what my mother used to quote," she said; "that God is on the sea as well as on the land."

"Your faith is admirable," he answered.

They watched the lightning play and the great peals of thunder sounded each time as if it had struck the ship. The vibration of the steel would shriek and quiver like fiends of the lower regions.

By lunch time it was calm and the sea was as smooth as mirror. After lunch, while they were in their steamer chairs side by side, Captain Slogan was telling her of

another storm he had been in while traveling in the West.

The young man from the steerage came to them. He had collected fifteen dollars for the woman whose husband had died and been buried the night before.

"I did not come to ask you to subscribe," he said; "you have given enough already. I wanted to tell you that the woman is very anxious to see you and thank you in person for your kindness to her. She begs you will see her before we land. She will go to her husband's family and give them the little girl, as her husband wished her to do. She says she will return in a little while to her own people in America. She is schooling herself to part from her child."

Amily told the old captain about the burial. It was the first he had heard that there had been a death. He said he remembered the ship coming to a full stop at midnight, and had asked about it next morning and was told it was nothing but a slight disarrangement with the engine, so he had thought no more about it.

He was very sorry for the poor wife and gave twenty dollars. Amily said she would go back now with the young man, and when they went below the woman came to meet her with outstretched hands.

"My dear good young lady, how sweet and good you are to come! I want to thank you for your care of my little girl and your kindness to me in my great trouble. I know that God in heaven will bless you, as I do. I will pray for you and I will teach my child to love and pray for you as long as she lives. If there were more angels on earth like you it would be a better and kinder world."

"I only did what any woman would do for a sister in distress," answered Amily. "Don't thank me, as I only did my duty." She told her she hoped she would be

happy with her husband's family and arrive there safely, and bidding her good-by she slipped her another piece of money. The young man escorted her back, and she asked him to sit by her for a while and tell her more of himself. She admired him very much, he was such a fine, big, honest fellow, full of life and courage.

He told her his name was Dunbar Warfield, and that his home was in Tarrytown, New York. He was so unembarrassed and so straightforward and sure of himself that she could not help but admire him.

"He is a true type of the honorable self-made American young man," she thought.

He told her how he had struggled to get his education, and what a grand good woman Helen Gould was, as it was through her school for young men he was trying to succeed. "She is doing a great work," he said, "and is a noble Christian woman more to be admired and honored than if she wore a hundred royal crowns."

Amily was so entertained by Dunbar Warfield that she forgot it was getting late. He said, "We get to Dover in the morning and I may not have a chance to see you again. I wish you would give me your card. I will never forget you, and I should like to see your full name. I have only heard you called Miss Freelan-hisen. I hope I don't presume."

"No; I will gladly give it to you, and if I come to Berlin, which I may do, I will let you know, if you will write your address for me," handing him a small memorandum.

He wrote his name and address in a bold firm hand and gave it to her. In taking it their eyes met, and she blushed scarlet at what she read in his. When she had given him her card with her London address he bade her good-night.

"I will see you as you pass off the ship," he said. "I presume you have an escort to the train."

"Oh, yes! Captain Slogan goes to London on the same train and has made up his mind to stop at the St. Ermius Hotel, too."

"How long will you be in London?" he asked.

"That I cannot say. I will surely be there till the last of October. I have some friends who will join me there then. I may change my address to a private place, but will leave my address at the Hotel St. Ermius when I go. I may be out of the city for a week or ten days at a time. I will be at Redich, about fifty miles from London."

Next morning she was ready with coat and hat on. When they landed Dunbar Warfield was there, too, by her side. She looked into his honest eyes with such confidence. Why had she placed so much store by the faith of this man from the steerage? That fact alone would shut him out of notice with the fashionable young woman of that select circle which she had fallen in with lately. Yet she would trust him with anything, anywhere. She hated to part with him, as she felt she was losing a protector just when she needed one most.

Launched out into that big world, new to her, London, emotions of the impulsive sort filled her mind. "The nearer I approach this life the plainer I hear around me immortal symphonies of the world which invites me on, on."

He said, "If you ever need me or want a protector let me know. I will come to you wherever you are."

"Thank you," she answered. "I believe, I know, you would."

He held her hand, feverishly enjoying that moment, crowding eternities into that brief space. Lastly he

said, "Good-by. God bless you and keep you good and true, as I know you are."

When he turned to go he saw a tear on her eyelash. Captain Slogan said he had attended to her baggage, and he helped her into the train. The last glimpse she got of Warfield he stood in the very same position waving his hand, but a sadder parting she had never experienced, and now she was trying to solve that unexplainable question. She had not felt so sad and lonely, even when she parted from Beth, Dobson and Body, starting out alone, leaving all that was dear to her.

Now she wanted to cry. She laid her head back and closed her eyes. Having a compartment to herself, she finally succumbed and had a good cry. She asked herself, "Why am I crying to leave a stranger? I have only known him a few days. I am surely getting daffy. I won't think of him. I know nothing about him; only the little he has told me. How foolish to argue with myself this way. I do know him as well as if I had been living with him from boyhood. I understand him as he does me, without words. I know perfectly well he is one of nature's noblemen. Can any title beat that? I will forget him. There are so many like him at home. America is made up of his kind."

She tried to read a book, but when she had finished chapter after chapter she wondered what she had been reading. She saw nothing in these lines by the big honest gray eyes of Dunbar Warfield. She was so provoked at herself that she got up and tossed the book on the seat, and looking at the landscape tried to become interested in that.

She was so restless, so unlike herself, she feared she was going to be ill. The train made a stop and Captain Slogan came and talked to her, asking if she enjoyed

the beautiful scenery through which they had passed. She gave an evasive answer. Soon he said: "We will be in London before long. That is the river Thames now. I sent a telegram to the St. Ermius Hotel to secure rooms."

"That was thoughtful," replied Amily, "but I think my friends in New York wrote a few weeks back to secure a room for me. They expect to join me in about two months. How long will you be in the city, Captain?"

"I shall remain about six weeks, before I go to Hull. My business will keep me there all winter. I will not return to New York before May or June."

"I am so glad, as I will not feel so alone."

When they arrived at St. Ermius Hotel they were shown to their respective rooms, and when Amily took off her traveling coat, hat, and gloves she looked around this spacious apartment, with a beautiful private bath, and thought: "How could Captain Miller have had such expensive quarters reserved for me, when he knew I could not afford them! It is quite useless to tell Captain Slogan. He is quite old and would not understand, so to-morrow after he goes out I will go and tell the clerk to stow me away in a closet or under a stairway, or I will have to go out to hunt a room in a private place."

She looked on her dresser and there were a number of letters and mail for her. That made her feel more at home than anything since she had left her friends. She sat by the window on the fifth floor of the hotel, reading a letter from Beth in the convent at St. Louis. Beth was more contented with her school and her studies. She said her sister-in-law, Jane, was so good and kind to her, that she came out to the convent

and brought all kinds of good things to eat and took her for rides in her fine auto every Saturday. Consequently Beth was in a manner happy. "Brother Tao thinks you will disgrace the family," wrote Beth, "running about Europe alone. He is awful mad at you, Amily, and says you are crazy, and won't let me mention your name to him. Sister Jane and I talk about you all the time, and I know you will always do the right thing, and marry a duke or a prince or some of the titled royalty. Then you can send for me and I will live with you. I received the big box of things you sent me before you left New York. They are nice and I send you lots of love and kisses for them."

When she had finished reading Beth's letter, she took a bath, dressed herself in that one dinner gown and felt so refreshed that she could have walked for miles. Down in the foyer was the old captain in full dress waiting to take her in to dinner.

When she was seated she looked about her and she could single out the Americans. The Hotel St. Ermius is a place where American tourists frequent, as it is not one of the most expensive hotels. Captain Miller, in selecting it for Amily, thought she would feel more at home where so many Americans stop, and then, too, he thought of the expense.

She saw that the Americans were dressed in better taste, while the English women, most of them, wore low-necked gowns and drank ale and wines with their dinner. The Americans erred in dining in their tailor suits or traveling dresses, coming in from shopping, sight-seeing or riding, without changing for dinner.

After dinner she sat on the front veranda with the old man, while he indulged in a cigar. After he had finished his cigar they took a walk up past the Army

and Navy store, which is only a few blocks away. Then they returned by way of Westminster. Before they parted he promised to take her sight-seeing the next day.

She retired early, as she wanted to be well rested the next day, as she wanted to go about while Captain Slogan was there to show her the city, so that she would not fear to go alone when he had gone to Hull.

Next day she was up bright and early, and ready for an early breakfast. She was a little surprised to find the captain waiting in the foyer for her, reading a paper. He praised her for being an early riser, and she told him she had always been one. They went in to a Continental breakfast, a roll and coffee. When they finished they stopped in a parlor on the first floor to look at a very beautiful picture by Van Dyke.

As they were leaving the room a fine-looking foreigner came and said to her: "Excuse me, but I think I have known you in America."

She recognized Le Comte Batas Beamer, whom she had met several years before at her brother's house in St. Louis, the year of the World's Fair. He was there stopping at the Spanish Legation. She was delighted to meet him. When she presented Captain Slogan, he said: "I thought you were a stranger in London and here you are meeting a friend of long standing."

She laughed, and said she had not remembered where he lived. The Comte told them he was in London only for a short stay of several months, and was living in this hotel. They talked of America, St. Louis, and their mutual friends. They told the Comte that they were just going out to see the sights of London and they invited him to accompany them.

He said he would be delighted, as time hung heavy on his hands. They drove to the art galleries and the Comte enjoyed seeing Amily's eyes kindle with delight at the many beautiful, priceless pictures. At lunch time she was tired, and only realized it when they sat at lunch in a very exclusive club, where the Comte had taken them as his guests.

The room was full of English aristocrats. Le Comte was at home here. He seemed to know everyone, and when they had finished lunch they went to a reception-room, or parlor, where some others had preceded them. The Comte brought up some of his friends and introduced them. One languid young nobleman, talking to this pretty American, who had just arrived in London, thought to enlighten her on who and what they all were, and in the course of the conversation the gilded youth said in the most languid manner, "We came over with the Conqueror, you know." To which Amily replied, "Oh, that must have been very trying. I came over with the Lusitania." The sarcasm was lost on the young man.

He asked her whom she was kin to—the Morgans, Renselears, Sloans, Fricks, the Astors, and some other millionaires of whom he had heard. He thought she must be one of these or she would not be lunching with Le Comte Batas Beamer. He was very gracious and charming to her on that account, and she being a very pretty girl, he said as she looked into his eyes: "By Jove, Miss Freelanhsen, how awfully charming you look to-day. Our fine English climate has begun to put the roses into your cheeks already."

"No," she answered, "I brought them from sunny America. I fear this fog will not be conducive to roses."

"I beg your pardon, don't you know, of course you brought roses with you."

She laughed and said, "Well, I started with quite a lot, but had to throw them overboard after the third day. I believe, though, our deck steward did save some longer to place on our table in front of me, he was so little, blond, and stupid."

One old English lord, Fitznod, heard Amily, he being one of the party, and he said to himself: "This flippant American girl pays scant respect to old nobility, in spite of the fact she is over here trying to buy a title with her father's millions."

He was judging Amily by many of the very rich who come to London and Paris each year and expend vast sums of money for the purpose of buying permission to join the lock-step of the London season, and maybe to sell a daughter into the nobility.

One of the leading periodicals said recently, in an article on London society: "It does not matter whether your ancestors came over with the Conqueror, or whether your name is written in the Domesday Book, if you have your American millions you can make an impression on London society regardless of the English proverbial love for blue blood."

Amily thought: "If I should tell this weak numbskull of a nobleman that I work for my living, I am quite sure he would fall in a faint."

She could not help smiling when she thought of his thinking her a millionairess. He asked to call on her, and she told him she would be glad to see him if he could catch her in, as she would be out a great deal. She told him she did not know much of the English or English ways. He said he would love to teach her, and she told him she would gladly learn. Poor fellow!

he was already letting himself fall in love with her, although he did not know it.

She saw she had made an impression, but was not concerned about it, as she knew how to be rid of him and cure his love. When he bored her too much she would have only to say, "I work for my living," and he would fly from her as he would from a pest.

The old lord, Fitznod, told her at parting that he was pleased to have met her, that the American girls seemed so independent. "Our girls are so shrinking and reserved that it is novel to meet you, don't you know," this in a nasal tone. He came close to her to say this. The spirit of command was in her eyes that summoned him; there was something regal about her, and he recognized it. He bowed very low, saying he would be glad to meet her again. The ladies of the party were very cold and haughty and condescendingly polite. Amily thought that if she were to begin what is termed the London season here, beginning the first of May and ending the last of July, that she would be frozen into an iceberg by the chilly hospitality of these titled, big, awkward blonde, dull, English women.

"I must not criticize them too hard, however, as I myself am partly English. Anyhow, I will wait till I see more of them, maybe these few are so awfully blue-blooded that they are at the freezing point."

Going back to the hotel in the automobile Le Comte said to Amily:

"How do you like what you have seen of the English ladies?"

"Oh, I have not seen enough of them to judge," she replied.

"Do you think them good-looking? As a whole, I mean."

"Well, I thought them very strong and healthy, but a bit frigid."

"Yes," he answered, "I agree with you. They impress me that way. They are not so self-possessed and easy with foreigners as the Americans or our own Spanish ladies. I say 'our ladies,' because I was born in Spain, though I have been everywhere else more than there since. I have lived in England most of my life, while I have lived a great part in New York."

Captain Slogan insisted on the Comte staying to dinner, as it was nearly dinner time. He had a previous engagement, but said he would see them again the next day.

Amily thanked him, and told him she would never have seen all the interesting places and things if he had not shown them and explained everything. They both thanked him and he answered: "The pleasure was mine, I assure you."

When he had gone they talked of all they had seen and the places they had been, and Amily said: "I don't think I ever did get in as much in one day. One can live a century here in a few months at this rate."

The old man laughed at her enthusiasm. He told her he was so sorry he could not go with her the next day, as he had to report to his people, and that he would see her at dinner the following day.

He told her he had gotten tickets to the theatre and she must run along up to her room and get a little rest, as she must be tired.

She said, "No, not a bit tired, but I will rest a little, anyway, before I dress for dinner. I shall wait till you come."

When she put on a lounging gown and threw herself on her bed she thought: "What am I doing, going out

with these gentlemen and without a chaperone? Captain Miller put me in care of the dear old Captain Slogan, and he is such a dear, old, fatherly thing, and I know I am giving him more pleasure than he is giving me. He surely would be lonely and he cannot see well, and I read the addresses and street numbers for him. I really don't see how he gets about when I am not with him. I shall insist on buying the tickets the next time we go to the theatre."

While she was thinking she dropped to sleep and was soon wakened by a knock at her door. She unlocked the door and a boy handed her a box addressed to Miss Freelanhsen. She took the box and the boy held out his hand. She did not quite know what he meant, and as she looked at him he drawled out, "A tip, mum." She gave him twenty-five cents, and he was so pleased that he said, "Now, miss, as you wants anything you jes calls me, number thirteen."

She said she would remember him. She now realized why he was so pleased. The English give very small tips, but often, and she had given him, in their money, about two or three shillings.

She opened the box, and in it were one dozen of the most beautiful pale pink orchids she had ever seen. On top was the card of Le Comte Batas Beamer, and written thereon was, "My compliments to Miss Freelanhsen."

Amily was perfectly delighted with them, for they were the first orchids of which she had ever had a whole dozen. When she had her bath she put on her black chantilly lace dress with a bunch of those lovely flowers at her bosom and a single one at the left side of the hair. She had a little pink gauze fan given her by her sister, Jane Red, and she put it on a little old slender

chain that had been her mother's, and put it around her neck.

Her dress fitted so well to her pretty, girlish figure and she wore it with so much natural style she really was a beautiful picture. The old captain told her so. He had told her that she reminded him of his daughter, about her age, who had died a year before his wife. To-night he thought she looked more like her than ever before.

He seemed to be very proud of Amily as he saw people look at her with admiration depicted in their eyes. When they entered the theatre they took their seats, which were in a very conspicuous place, with a full view of the fashionable audience.

Some of the people she had lunched with recognized them, and could not help but acknowledge to themselves that the old man with the gray hair and military appearance and the beautiful stylish American girl were surely distinguished-looking. Yet the girl wore no jewels, and if you studied her you would see she was very simply gowned.

One old dowager explained to herself: "It is the pink orchids and the grace of the American girl," though she would not have given voice to that compliment for anything.

Her nephew by her side kept his glasses on Amily and Lady Storm reproved him, saying: "You are missing the play by looking all the time in the other direction."

He answered, "By Jove! there is a deuced good-looking person just across."

The old lady shrugged her broad shoulders and said, "Rather American. New rich, I presume. It is really shocking the way these pretty, pert American girls

come over here and catch our titled young men, just as their rich fathers come and take away our great art treasures."

The young lord yawned and said: "Aunty dear, this one could catch and take me awfully easy, don't you know."

Amily enjoyed the play immensely, and told Captain Slogan she had never seen a play so beautiful before.

"Don't you think some of the men are rather rude?" she said. "Some of them in the boxes kept their glasses on me so much I dared not look. I wanted to look at the Countess de Castellane, but I dared not. There was a person with her party in the box next and nearest to us that was so rude I could not look that way without blushing."

The captain laughed and said: "My dear, you are good to look at, and they cannot help seeing that you are from over the pond, and when greed of money takes full possession of the titled gentry's soul they are ready to supply almost any demand that has the promise of profit in it. Yet it is a horrible situation, is it not?"

"Why, don't they ever work?"

"Well, I believe they do occasionally; but when they do, I believe they make miserable failures of it. I think there is a real count acting porter in this hotel, the big, fine-looking fellow at the desk in the office. He earns his board here and he depends on the tips he gets to supply his clothes and other expenses. Also, he stands a chance here to meet a foolish rich American girl to sell his title to, with himself as a job lot."

She laughed at this description that the captain gave.

CHAPTER XIII

THE next morning while Amily was alone she thought that it would be a good time to go to the office and talk to the head clerk about her apartment, to find out what she was paying, and see if she could afford to stay on at the hotel till the Millers came. She had promised to meet them there and she must not spend her thousand dollars that Mr. Weicliff had given her. She still had dear old Body's one hundred, as she had made her work pay all her expenses.

Now she must begin to-day to hunt a lace shop and try to find work. So far she had been taken up with seeing the sights, and had indulged in going out and having a good time just as if she were really rich.

"I rave no more against time or fate, for so my own shall come to me. Nothing can keep my own away from me. The devotees of right and honor are urged on, on, to their fate, and that fate is usually great, good deeds. Those who make a close and reverent study of the plan of our Saviour, as found in the New Testament, are unable to understand intolerance or bigotry in any shape whatsoever, and my aim shall be this: I am too aristocratic to be unkind, and too royal to be small, narrow, or inhuman. I shall keep well and strong, pure-minded, and make everyone around me happy, if I can, and we Americans have liberty, equality emblazoned on our hearts. We deem it a grave blunder to make an outcry over the scandals of English kings and queens

of history. We highly honor Queen Victoria as a good, noble, pure Christian woman. Of course there were others, but she is of our time."

Amily went to the office and asked to speak to the head clerk of the hotel. While she waited the officious Count came to her bowing and scraping, and asking what he could do for Miss Freelanhsen. She recognized him at once from Captain Slogan's description. He really was handsome and distinguished-looking, but so familiar and important he was puffed up like a fan-tailed pigeon.

"I am waiting to see the clerk, she said, and just then the clerk came. He led her to a side seat near the back of the office. She told him she wanted a cheaper room and he said: "My dear young lady's room was engaged and paid for in advance by one Captain Miller, who wants the adjoining apartment reserved for himself and family the latter part of October."

"Oh, very well," was all Amily said. "I did not know he had paid in advance."

"Do you like the apartment?" he asked.

"Yes, very much," she answered. "I will just keep it till my friends come."

She went out for a little shopping. She found her way over to Dimkin & Jones', one of the best dry goods stores, and asked to be shown some ready to wear evening gowns. The young lady showed her some lovely things, but she said she wanted to see some not so expensive. The girl then told her the prices of them, and Amily was very astonished, for they were offered to her for much less than the material would cost at home.

She was so tempted that she bought a lovely pale blue chiffon that almost fitted perfectly.

They made a little alteration without extra expense.

She then asked the saleswoman if she could tell her of a lace mending and cleaning place. She told her of one of the best shops and several others right near where she was.

Amily wrote the addresses down and on her way to the St. Ermius she called. The proprietor seemed to hesitate and look at her with some suspicion. She told him she had mended lace with perfect satisfaction in New York. He told her he had to send his mending orders to Paris.

She said, "Won't you try me and see what my work is?"

He said he thought it was only the French and Italian women that could do that work to perfection.

"I did work for a French place in New York, who used to send work to Paris. They liked my work and paid me what they said they paid in Paris."

Surveying her over and over, with more suspicion, the man said: "You do not look like one who works; you really look like a lady."

"I am very thankful, sir, that I do not deceive my looks," she answered. "I am a lady. Ladies in my country are not ashamed of honest work when they find it necessary for them to work for their own living."

"Where do you live?" he asked.

She told him at the St. Ermius, and he raised his brows and shrugged his shoulders, as a Frenchman would.

"Well, I will let you take a piece," and he gave her a lace coat, a short one. It was torn in a zigzag way and she told him it would be hard to mend and that she did not think it would be a fair test of what she could do.

"Yes, I know that is a particular piece," he said, "and was about to send it away. It was for Lady North, and she wanted it as soon as she could get it."

Amily told him it would take her over a week to do it, and she asked what he would pay. She was surprised when he told her he could pay only two pounds for it. "About ten dollars," thought Amily, turning the English money to an American equivalent. She told him that in New York they would pay her twenty dollars for a piece of work like that, as the lace was very fine old point, and she said she would not do it for less than three pounds.

He talked and argued, and finally told her he would pay her price if it was a good job. She knew he would make Lady North pay him at least ten pounds. The coat was a fine one; worth five hundred dollars, she concluded. Amily was a good judge of lace.

Going along looking in the show windows she saw some lace in one window, and she went inside. An old Jew came to wait on her, and she told him she saw some lace in front and as she was a lace mender she thought he would give her some lace to mend. He was venerable, with his white hair and suave manner.

He said: "My dear young woman, this is a pawn shop. The lace in my window is pawned. Have you something to pawn?" looking at her package.

"No; I wish lace to mend," she said.

He laughed, saying, "If the fine lady who pawned this does not redeem it soon, it might need mending. She has other things here, too. The poor little beauty is a great gambler, and is always broke. She has her watch, her bracelet, and no end of things here. She promised to redeem that gown before the state ball, and, instead, she brought that gold purse to get a loan. She says her

brother is about to marry an American with lots and lots of money, and then she will be fixed. She will redeem all her property. She is one good little woman. She says to me she has had a bad run of luck. She has been my good customer for a long time—I don't know how long. She used to pay big interest, what I asked her, and always paid it without one word. Now all the money is gone and she tells me she gambles to get it back. She calls me Uncle Abraham, I have known her so long, and I have been a friend to her. She is in the royal family. I don't tell the name. She comes incognito, in a taxicab."

While she was listening to the cunning old Jew a pale, delicate-looking man, about thirty years old, prematurely gray, with great dark eyes, as innocent and mild-looking as a baby, came in. He was distinguished even to the tips of his fine slender fingers. He was looking into a collection of old things and did not at first notice Amily.

On passing him her foot caught in an old rug and she tripped and would have fallen had the man not caught her in his arms. She was so embarrassed she stammered out, "How awkward I am! I did not see there was a rug."

He picked up her package and handed it to her, their eyes met, and he was speechless with admiration. What was it she saw in his beautiful dark eyes?

"My fate, sure," she thought. "Now I know it. Oh, my God! I do not like my father's people. I have said that I would go and see who and what they are like, but I will never be one of them. What magnetism in that man's eyes! I will never look into his face again."

She was on the sidewalk walking fast, with these

thoughts in her mind, when she heard the same, sweet musical voice saying: "You left your parasol; allow me," opening it for her.

She thanked him again. Now a shower of rain came suddenly. He looked at her and said, "You really need your parasol."

She answered, "Yes," and he took a step or two by her side, saying, "My car is right here. You are a stranger in our city, I can see, and far from your hotel. Won't you let me drive you there?"

She hesitated and thanked him saying: "I have another stop to make." She saw he was not impertinent and was a gentleman in every sense of the word.

He answered, "I have plenty of time and could wait for you."

She blushed, and for the first time in all her life she felt ill at ease. She did not know how to refuse, yet she could not accept this invitation from a stranger. So she said, "I could not trouble you."

He turned with a sad, disappointed look in those clear, childlike eyes. He started back the way he had come. She went into the first store she came to and asked to see some trivial thing. Handkerchiefs was the first thing that came to her mind, and when she had purchased a cheap one she came out and, looking back, saw a beautiful auto in front of the pawnshop. She walked to the corner, turned out of sight, and called a taxicab, saying, "Drive me quickly to the St. Ermius Hotel."

When she sat in her room she was agitated and nervous. "What has come to me on my eighteenth birthday? I had really forgotten that it was my birthday. My little friend, Charles Renselear, told me to open his present on my birthday. He thought it would be the

first day that I arrived in London, but he was mistaken."

She unlocked her trunk, took the little box to the light. When she took the ring out, she was delighted with it. It was a beautiful pure white diamond, and it fitted her third finger.

"Bless his heart! he trusted me first of all, and I shall love the dear, sweet, frank boy always. I promised him my friendship, and he promised to be my friend and protector, and this beautiful ring is to seal that compact. I do not hesitate to accept it, as his mother selected it for him to give me."

She turned it over and over, from one finger to the other, letting the light fall on it, and saying to herself: "I wish my sister Jane could see this lovely ring. She will be glad I have it."

The ring diverted her for a while, but she forgot it soon as her mind returned to the stranger she had met a few hours since. Would she ever see him again? She thought to herself, "I hope not," but in her heart she thought: "I want to see him all my life through. I wonder if he is married or single. Was he sad or melancholy? I thought he looked rather sad, and his voice was so gentle and sweet I shall hear it in my dreams. And the sweet expression of his face; can I ever get it out of my mind?"

She got up and changed her dress for dinner, for she had not lunched and was very hungry. She walked up and down an upper porch in front of her window and she went over every detail of the stranger's appearance. She could recall everything, although she had dared not look at him.

Oh, how she wanted to know more of him! She wished she could know his name. He might be a married

man. Oh, that keen pain in her heart to even think of it!

"If he is, it is a sin to give him another thought. I am sure he is not married or he could not have looked at me like he did. I wonder why Captain Slogan does not send for me to go to dinner. I was so hungry when I came in, now I have no appetite, I cannot eat. I will go to dinner, anyway. Maybe when I am at the table I can eat."

When Amily went to the dining-room the captain was not there, and she supposed he was dining with some friends. She finished and walked to the parlor and sat for a few minutes watching some English women who were taking their coffee and smoking cigarettes. She had heard about women smoking, but she had never seen it before—except in Ginger.

One weak-looking individual with a monocle sat and puffed the smoke of his cigarette in the face of a big blonde girl, and she did not seem to mind it. Amily thought how ill-bred it was, and she could smell the smoke, which was very disagreeable to her. She left the parlor and went to her room, to find on her table a lot of mail for her. She was glad to get it.

One letter was from her friend, Mrs. Miller, one from her sister-in-law, Jane, one from Charles Renselear congratulating her on her birthday, and, best of all, a letter from dear old nurse Body, in the Ozarks. She had gotten some one to write it for her. This was what she wrote:

"MY OWN CHILE:

"I got all dem sweet letters, jes' lake you talk, and I felt lake you was settin' right here by yo' black mammy. I got dat little picture you sent me from New

York, it is jes' lake you and I jes' kiss it and I keep it in my bosom. Yo' need not talk about sending back that hundred dollars to me. I give it to yo', child, and I don't want it back. I gat a plenty. Miss Jane, she sends me a lot of clothes and I done saved some mo' money from de eggs. Der is nobody here to eat em now. I makes a plenty and if yo' want any more, I will send yo' that, cause, chile, I don't want it. I's savin' it for yo' when you come home, anyway. All I want is you, my chile. I wants my chile. Yo' say yo' is going to take me wif yo' next time yo' go. Well, i'll go wif yo', when yo' come git me.

"Dobson done write me funny letters an' said he wants some of mammy's ginger cakes and some of bossy's good, sure nough sweet milk. Dat boy sure do love to eat. Dis here white woman writing for me is getting tired, but I going to giv' her a settin' of eggs for writing this letter. Don't you git homesick, I taken good care of your house till you come. God bless you, till I see you, my chile. I am

"Your

"BODY."

Amily cried when she read this letter, but as her composure returned her thoughts drifted to the man she had seen in the pawnshop. She said to herself: "I will make some excuse to go there; maybe he will leave his name. Maybe the Jew knows who he is. I cannot ask him, but he might remember that we were there at the same time and call his name. Oh, I do want to see him again!"

CHAPTER XIV

LORD DOUGLAS went to the pawnshop to see if his friend, Sir John Russell, had pawned his family diamonds. He had heard that he was so much embarrassed that he had to borrow till he had reached the limit and now had to pawn the family plate and jewels. He was fond of Sir John and wanted to help him if he could, and went to the Jew pawnshop to make sure before he committed himself.

After following Amily out on the sidewalk he returned to the shop and asked the Jew who the young lady was who had just left the shop. He told him he did not know her name, but that she had asked him if the tramcars went by the St. Ermius Hotel, and she had come in because she saw some fine lace in the window, and she wanted lace to mend.

"She does not look like a working girl. I know she is one lady. I know them, 'cause they come to me when they get in trouble and have lost all their money at cards. Maybe she is one of the royal ladies, and hated to show me her jewels at the last and just made the excuse of the lace mending. Yet she did not look troubled as the rest do when they come to me with the family plate and things."

The old Jew shrugged his shoulders and winked his eye, and placing his finger by his nose he whispered in a stage whisper: "She is one lovely beauty and she will come back. This is the first offense."

My Lord Richard Douglas, though only thirty years of age, had led a career singularly crowded with varied experiences and romantic adventures. Of noble birth, before him in youth opened a brilliant career in the world of society and pleasure.

He believed in the study of himself, his favorite maxim being "Know thyself." He believed in the purest system of morals and was a great lover of wisdom. He had been loved by many a woman, but had never loved one in return. Neither had he betrayed one.

He was a friend of all women for his mother's sake. and had the true dignity of a monarch and a great student. Some thought him older than he really was.

When he told his chauffeur to drive him home he told him to go by way of St. James Park, that took him by Westminster S. W., and of course the St. Ermius Hotel. He was almost tempted to go through the lobby or go read over the register.

While he was contemplating thus someone about to turn in to the porte-cochère of the St. Ermius accosted him, saying, "Hello there, Rich!" Turning, he saw Count Batas Beamer waving to him to pull up.

When Lord Douglas saw who it was that had hailed him he stopped, and the Count said, "Which way, Richard?"

"Oh, I was only passing," he answered.

"I am stopping here at the St. Ermius. Won't you come in and lunch with me?" said the Count.

"You stopping here? I thought you lived at the Inverness."

"Yes, I have lived there; and, in fact, I live there now, but I have some American friends staying here and I have taken up my abode here for the present. Shortly I shall be leaving for Paris and later to Monte

Carlo. Can't you go with me, old boy, and try your luck again at Monte Carlo?"

"No," he said. "I thank you, however, but I have given up gambling. I have not gambled for some years now. I won't say I don't play at chance in a small way, as you know. I play scat and bridge just for amusement. I don't win or lose, so to speak, I come out about even."

"I'm very sorry you won't come in to lunch with me now," said the Count.

"I have an engagement to lunch with my aunt, Lady Mack, at her town house," answered Lord Douglas.

"Well, won't you come to dinner here with me tomorrow evening? I want you to meet my little American friend and her protector, Captain Slogan. She is a beautiful young girl. She is stopping here to wait for a party of Americans who expect to join her here, and I understand they put her in care of this old Captain Slogan. They came over together. She is very young and exceedingly pretty. If you come I can assure you that you won't be bored."

"I am not afraid of being bored with you as host," he answered.

"Then I may expect you at six o'clock?" said the Count.

"I shall be delighted," and with that Lord Douglas was soon out of the street and around the corner of Westminster. As he rode along he was wondering if the Count's friend could be the beautiful girl he saw at the pawnshop; she surely looked every inch American. Beamer had said she was pretty; but that did not fit her—she was beautiful.

His heart began to quicken its beats at the thought that it might be she whom he was to meet at dinner

the very next evening. He was afraid to hope, as that was too good to be true.

When he was at lunch with his aunt, Lady Mack, the old lady accused him of being absent-minded. He was usually full of news and talked a great deal. She never remembered his being so reticent. She asked if he were quite well and he told her he never felt better in his life.

She scolded him in a playful way, telling him he was stupid. She had asked in another couple to play bridge. His partner was an English girl, no longer young, but very handsome and bright, a very fine conversationalist, as well as a good partner. She was one of the best horsewomen in London. She rode each morning down Rotten Row and was greatly admired for her fine figure and graceful management of her mount. She was usually accompanied by a gentleman as well as a groom.

Lord Douglas liked her, and enjoyed hearing her bright, lively gossip. She was well posted about all that was going on in the very exclusive set.

To-day, however, she did not interest him. Lady Mack and her partner beat the third rubber at bridge and Lord Douglas made a trivial excuse to go. The other gentleman insisted that he should play another rubber, but his aunt said, "Do, pray, let him go. He is positively stupid. Richard, go see your doctor; your liver is not acting, and do come again when you are cured."

He went up and kissed her, and told her he was sorry he had been so dull, but that he never was in better health.

"Then you must be in love," said the young woman. She turned pale at his flush of red. His aunt had been

throwing them together a great deal this year, as she thought it time he should be getting a wife, and she thought Miss Ophelia Orr was the right one for him. She was so intellectual and had great tact and social position, and a good dower. She was a special friend of the old lady's and did everything to please her.

When she was introduced at court she was considered a great beauty, rather haughty, with a broad, high forehead, big, flashing eyes, very red cheeks, hair as black as jet, a perfect nose, and a very tall, fine figure. She was now in her thirty-first year, though she looked about twenty-five.

After Lord Douglas had gone she said to Lady Mack: "What can have come over the spirit of Richard? I never saw him so changed. Whom has he seen? Whom has he been with? I know he has met someone. Could it be that his old flame, Lady May, has come back from Russia?"

"My dear Ophelia, I will tell you again, as I have many times before, that it would not concern him in the least if she came to live on her estate next to his own. He never really loved her. That is why she married that Russian nobleman. She knew he did not love her. He told her so when he promised to marry her to save her honor when she had concealed herself in his chateau. She knew Richard to be the soul of honor, and as he never loved anyone else, she made him promise to marry her to save her honor. She now lives with her husband and two pretty children, seemingly very contented. Her husband adores her, and she has gotten over her infatuation for Richard long ago."

"Well, then, he has at last fallen in love. I shall find out, rest assured."

"Dear Ophelia, I think maybe he is worried over the

reverses and troubles of his friend, Sir John Russell. He was talking to me about him the last time he was here."

"Yes, but he surely did not look worried, and he said he never felt in better health. Let me tell you? Lady Mack, there is a woman at the bottom of this. He is in love. He was so absent-minded he did not hear me sometimes till I repeated."

"But with whom can he be in love? He has met and seen all the fairest women in our set, and I know he enjoys being with you, Ophelia, more than with anyone else. He has told me how handsome, distinguished and entertaining you are, and he told me he likes you for your fine common sense and good judgment."

"Yes, my dear," answered Miss Ophelia, "that is all true, but he has never said a word about love."

"No, dear, but you know he is not a bit sentimental, and he does not go to any house where you are not."

"I know I amuse him. He likes to be entertained and amused, and I had hoped I had become so essential to his happiness that he could not be contented without me and would soon ask me to become Lady Douglas."

"Dear, dear, don't be discouraged. I tell you he does not like anyone as he does you," said Lady Mack.

"I know he likes me; now he loves someone else. I cannot be mistaken, I know his every whim so well."

"Does a man look as stupid and absent-minded and uninteresting as Richard did this afternoon when he is in love? I thought they were sparkling and bubbling over with mirth and happiness. I used to think these were the first symptoms."

"Mind what I tell you, he has met his fate. I must go order my auto. I am miserable; I must find out or I will lose my reason."

"Ophelia, I thought you, too, like my nephew, were past such sentiment. I know you understand each other and are staunch friends, but I thought there was no strong feeling on either side, and that if you ever married there would remain that strong and lasting friendship with perfect understanding which makes more happy homes than so much so-called love."

"I will confess to you, as you already know, that I love him with my whole soul," said Miss Ophelia. "I worship him. No other woman shall ever be his wife if I can help it. I must find out who it is. I cannot work in the dark."

"Ophelia dear, be careful," said Lady Mack, looking to see if her maid was out of hearing. "You are excited, you do not realize what you are saying."

"Oh, yes, I do! I am perfectly calm. I am not the least excited. I know what I am saying. I will not give him up without a struggle and a hard fight."

"Dear, he is the very sense of honor. He never encouraged you to love him; he only expressed friendship in all his attentions to you."

"Oh, my good true friend!" said Miss Ophelia, "you have already begun to take sides in this battle royal, for that's what it will amount to."

Lady Mack laughed. "Child, you are making mountains out of molehills. You don't even know that he has met anyone to fall in love with. How absurd we are. I am sure he would be flattered if he could see how wrought up we have become at the very idea of our having a rival. I should feel as badly as you seem to feel to lose him, for if he were to marry any other than you I would lose my best protector, my dear nephew, and my close friend and adviser. So for my own selfish reason I should prefer to have Richard marry you."

Let's change the subject. We are jumping at conclusions. There is the honk of your auto; won't you stay and dine here?"

"No, no!" answered Miss Ophelia.

"Then come to-morrow evening," said Lady Mack.

"Will Richard dine here too?" she asked.

"No, I think he told me, when I asked him, that he had another engagement," replied Lady Mack.

"And he did not tell you with whom? Oh, I begin to see."

"He often tells me he is dining out, and does not tell me where. I am not his keeper."

"That is all true. Still just now it looks a bit suspicious, to say the least."

"Now, listen to you. I declare you would have made a good detective officer, the way you jump at conclusions."

Miss Ophelia kissed her friend and ran out, jumped into the machine like a sixteen-year-old, and was gone in no time.

When Le Comte Batus Beamer told Amily at luncheon that he had just met an old friend outside, and had tried to prevail upon him to come in to lunch, but who, being in a hurry, had promised to dine with him the next evening instead, he said he wanted to present him to her with her consent. He went on to expatiate on the good qualities of his friend, and told of the friendship of so many years, when Amily said, "But you have not told us his name yet, has he, Captain Slogan?"

The captain laughed and said, "I presume he is coming to his name."

"He is Lord Richard Douglas, of the North Dells, a young bachelor, and indeed a fine gentleman," said he.

Was it something in the name that made her think of

the fair, distinguished stranger she had seen yesterday? In fact, he had not been out of her mind long at a time since. While she was in her apartment sewing on that lace coat of old Lady North's she thought of him, how he had looked at her, and how pale and pure he seemed to her. She had never seen a face like his.

CHAPTER XV

THE next day Amily thought of the stranger all day, and when she went to dress for dinner she chose her new pale blue gauze gown. While she was dressing, some beautiful white orchids came, with Le Comte's card enclosed. She selected the prettiest ones, and placed a bunch low at the side of her large natural coil of hair.

The only piece of jewelry she wore was the beautiful diamond ring Charles Renselear had given her on her eighteenth birthday. She looked at it and thought: "I am eighteen only a few weeks since, this lovely ring reminds me; yet I feel so much older. Here I am in this big city without a chaperone and visiting with royal gentlemen. Driving and going out with counts, lords, and what-nots, and so innocent I have just drifted on, on to this. It is true I am working for my living, but if my good friends, the Millers, had not paid in advance for me here I should have been obliged to hunt mean and cheap quarters. Oh, doubly blessed the morning I found that lost baby, Mary Miller, in New York. I have been with the circle I had hoped to gain by the very hardest up-hill pulls."

Still she smiled and said: "It is only the male line of that inner circle. The female side turn their red noses up at me and almost hold back their skirts for me to pass by. Why should they? I am a little further removed from some wicked, bad old ancestor perhaps. There were a lot came over in those first boats that

found their way to America. Are we not their descendants? We are just farther removed from William the Conqueror, and we should be thankful the further removed we are.

“When will English society be taught the truth, that it is wrong to pass judgment on an American because she can not trace her lineage back to some licentious king or queen? They think she is a nobody and not worth cultivating unless her bank account foots up into the millions; then she is courted and sought. When there is some impoverished house or family that has gone to pieces on account of the prince, duke, or count who has spent all in riotous living and has become a disgrace and burden, then they seek to marry him to an American nobody, she being a pure and beautiful girl, who has no lineage but the genealogy of all men, from the Bible; he was the son of Enos, who was the son of Seth, who was the son of Adam, who was the son of God. Would anyone want to go farther?”

She sat soliloquizing thus when she was summoned to dinner. Three gentlemen were waiting in the parlor for her. She met Le Comte, and he greeted her with a compliment, and after a word to Captain Slogan, Lord Douglas was presented to her.

She raised her eyes to meet his, but she knew it was he before she looked at him—she felt his very presence. However, she controlled herself, and was very gracious and natural. He was confused momentarily, but soon was at ease and escorted her in to dinner.

She sat next to him, with Captain Slogan on the other side. Le Comte was a charming host, a great entertainer, and he did most of the talking, as the conversation was general.

As the dinner progressed the orchestra struck into

some familiar airs, and at last "Home, Sweet Home." Amily had become silent, listening to the music and at the same time trying to follow the gentlemen in their talk of opera. She almost forgot herself, for as she realized that she was dining in a big public hotel with three gentlemen she thought of her brother Tao, and she knew he would be shocked to see her.

She felt guilty, because she knew she was flying under false colors. She saw that she attracted no little attention. "They think I am a titled rich person," she thought, "while I have been mending lace all day long. I know I am a prudent and innocent person, and have done no wrong. Fate has pushed me this far out on the top wave."

She was brought abruptly back to herself when the music suddenly stopped and the Comte, looking at his watch, said: "Miss Freelanhsen, we will wait in the foyer while you get your wrap; it may be a little bit chilly when we get back. Melba usually has an elaborate programme."

Amily went to her room and readjusted the flowers and got a gauze veil to use as a scarf. She looked in the mirror and was pleased with herself. "Pleasure and good health are the greatest beautifiers," she thought. "I am so well and happy, and to-night well dressed, in my new blue gown. I will say to Amily in the mirror: 'You are really beautiful!' I have never called myself beautiful; not even pretty, in the Ozarks, with the homely surroundings, the worries about how to get an education, pretty clothes, and above all to get away from it. Oh, my God, guide me right! I feel now this very moment, and have felt from the first, that I love this Lord Douglas. I knew I did in the pawnshop. What must I do? He would never love an

American nobody. I must run away; I must not see him any more, and maybe I can forget he ever crossed my path. When he looks into my eyes in that straight, fearless way he has I turn cold, then hot, by turns. I feel as if I was an open book and he was reading my life. I must go now; they are waiting for me. Sometimes I feel so small and insignificant when he looks at me, and at other times I feel every inch his equal. I never felt like this before, with any other. I know I am doomed to love this aristocrat.

"There is no escape. Maybe when I tell him, as I shall, that I am only a poor working girl, he will run away like mad."

When she had joined the gentlemen below they all looked at her and each thought how pretty she was. Lord Douglas thought that in all his life he had never seen a young girl so beautiful and high-bred looking, and yet so simple and unassuming. This fellow-feeling made him feel that she was no stranger, but was a part of his life, that he had known and loved her always. Yet he was as shy as she when he came close to her. "I hope I have not kept you waiting," she said. "I stopped one moment and fell to dreaming, and did not realize you were waiting."

"Well, dear, your dream was a pleasant one," Captain Slogan said. "Your smiling face and bright eyes tell that."

"Yes, I confess they were sweet dreams. I fear I shall never realize them in this life."

"Can't you tell us what they were?"

"No, Count; you might be bored."

"Let me be the judge of that," he answered.

Lord Douglas looked at her with such perfect understanding and sympathy that the tears rose to her

eyes. He saw, as the others did not, her slight emotion. He took her scarf and wrapped it about her bare neck and handed her in the carriage, taking his seat beside her, while the two older men took the seat opposite, and soon were talking together of the topics of the day.

Lord Douglas was talking to her in his low, musical voice and she was answering him as matter of factly as if she had been talking to Beth or Dobson. She told him the name of the ship she came over on, and of the sad experience of witnessing a burial at sea.

Before they realized it they had stopped in front of the opera house, and he was lifting her out. The other gentlemen preceded them, and Le Comte Batus Beamer opened the way to his private box, placing Amily and Lord Douglas right in the front seats, where they had a full view of the house as well as the stage.

Melba was singing, and when the curtain went down Le Comte was telling Amily who the occupants of the different boxes were. One box, second from them, was occupied by an elderly lady, a very young man, a youth in fact, and a very beautiful woman.

Amily saw that Lord Douglas knew them. He told her that they were his aunt, Lady Mack, his friend, Miss Ophelia Orr, and her brother Chester, who was at home on a holiday from Oxford. Amily had never felt a jealous pang in her life, but now every time she looked up that beautiful woman had her glasses drawn on her, and she felt strange and uncomfortable. And Lord Douglas called this woman his friend.

"Dear me," she thought, "won't Melba ever stop? Her voice doesn't sound so sweet now. I think I am tired."

The curtain went down on the third act, and Le

Comte and Lord Douglas excused themselves. She was left with the dear old Captain, who was getting sleepy, and tried so hard to be entertaining. He told her a long story about Melba's early life, which she did not hear except by snatches.

She could see nor hear nothing; she was thinking of Douglas. As she tried to listen to the Captain, she glanced over at that box, and there was Lord Douglas and Le Comte talking to that beautiful dark woman—Miss Orr, he had called her. His aunt was talking to Batus Beamer, and she saw Miss Orr tap Lord Douglas on the shoulder in a familiar way, and it was like a two-edged sword in her tender heart.

She turned from them and gave all her attention to the Captain. She tried to be animated and bright, but she felt she was making a complete failure of it.

Returning, the gentlemen were in their places before the curtain rose. Now it was a violin solo, with a soft accompaniment by the orchestra. As the fair tender notes came, they opened like flower buds expanding, like mists of perfume from the flowers. Amily loved these flower-tone lives and partook of the unfathomable mysteries of the flower tones. She forgot everything else. Each harmony was a chorus of pure aspiration, as if all the great and noble deeds of time had formed a procession and were drawing her on.

Suddenly it stopped, and Lord Douglas was looking at her with kindly sympathy and perfect understanding.

"You love music," he said. "Do you perform?"

"No; I never studied music, though I love it. I have never had the opportunity to hear very much good music."

"You are so young, why do you not begin now?" he asked.

"I will tell you why I do not when I know you better," she said.

When they were in the carriage she sat next him, as they had in coming. She could feel his breath on her cheek. The serene solemnity of his voice overcame her, and she tried to rally herself, but her throat swelled and stopped her words. When he held her hand in parting, he said: "When may I call on you, Miss Freelanhsen?"

She felt oppressed. Several things that night had contributed to daunt her elastic spirits.

"I am out quite a lot about my work, and really cannot tell when I shall be in," she answered; "and besides, Captain Slogan is much engaged and I have no other chaperon at present."

His voice had a sadness in it when he said: "I will be pleased to make an engagement with Captain Slogan, with your consent."

When he had gone and she was in bed she thought of the sadness in his voice, and his disappointment, and she was sorry she had not let him call when he would. "Because," she said to herself, "I am launched on a wave of fate. I have pushed my easy way so I am lying in the waters of fate, to be floated and rushed on. My soul is bent on success and peace; an intense repose penetrates my brain and I rest, knowing a merciful God is looking forth on his child."

The next day at lunch she was handed a cablegram, saying: "This party will meet you the tenth."—CAPTAIN MILLER."

She read it over and handed it to Captain Slogan. He read it, saying: "How fortunate! they come almost

a week before you expected them. I was about to tell you that I am called to Hull on the 11th, and I am so glad to place you with your friends before leaving."

That afternoon Amily went with Captain Slogan to the Queen's Hall orchestra promenade concerts. They are given twice a week throughout the season when London speaks of London as empty and dull. At the Beethoven and Strauss festival the scene is novel for a stranger. The opportunities for seeing are unfortunately rare.

One admirable occasion, however, is afforded by the Symphony concerts given during the fall and winter months at the Club de la Noblesse. Here strangers are admitted to the final rehearsals if accompanied by members or cards of members.

Amily was a lover of good music, and the chance was not to be missed. There she got a glimpse of London society. The English are lovers of good music. Interest and sympathy are felt, and they forget everything else for this hour of music. The real delight of the English is the oratorio. Then their music becomes the interpreter of their religion.

They do not seem to think much of appearance, for they are not dressed with taste, and are dowdy. The women are pictures of health, big, red and rather manish, with large feet and heavy shoes.

With the disappearance of hair powder, patch, knee-buckles, lace ruffles, and plumes, a change came to the English. Therefore to-day they are not so picturesque as in years ago.

When Amily's head fell on her pillow that night she was weighed down with a great love and devout thoughts. She said to herself: "I will not think of Richard Douglas; I must not. He is my ideal, and

I am already in love with my ideal—I have been ever since I have been old enough to class people and to know the meaning of love. I wonder if I offended him when I referred him to Captain Slogan when he asked to call on me. I may never see him again, as he is very proud. Maybe it will be best for me, because I cannot forget him.”

CHAPTER XVI

THE Millers and most of the party from Mr. Banderwelt's yacht came, and daily they were busy sight-seeing, going every night to some theatre or place of amusement. Banderwelt did not stop at the St. Ermius. He with half the party were quartered at another hotel, the finest place of its kind in London.

He had invited Amily to join his party and be his guest. She thanked him, but with a great deal of dignity and firmness she declined. He never had a chance to speak to her privately, and she was particular that he did not have an opportunity.

Charles Renselear was her shadow wherever they went night or day, being always by her side. He had insisted on stopping at the St. Ermius, and his mother wanted to go there too, with Captain and Mrs. Miller. Charles' sisters, however, would not hear of leaving their host for one of their brother's whims, as they put it. So the matter was compromised by letting Charles go with the Millers to the St. Ermius.

Amily told the lad all she had done and all the people she had met. When she told him of meeting Lord Douglas she felt the hot blood rush to her face. Charles saw it and said: "Amily, you have been hobnobbing with the nobility."

She answered, in sort of an apologetic manner: "Charles, dear, I want you to know him; he is really like an American gentleman. I am sure you will like

him, as I do. Captain Slogan has invited him to dine here with us to-night. As I told you, Captain Slogan goes to Hull to-morrow, and I am so sorry you cannot dine here; but am glad I can see you at the Royal Academy."

Charles laughed and said: "Now, you see how fortunate we are in knowing Miss Freelanhsen, who hobnobs with the illustrious, otherwise we could not enter Burlington House. I know the privileged must be royalty or the friend of royalty—thanks to your Lord Douglas."

"I am so glad I will have an opportunity to introduce you to him. I have talked about you to him till I am sure he will not seem like a stranger."

At dinner that night Amily was so bright and animated that Lord Douglas thought her beautiful—she was so easy, self-possessed, and natural. When they started for the exhibition Captain Miller and his wife, Captain Slogan, with Le Comte, and Amily, with Lord Douglas, formed the party.

There was a big crush all Wednesday and the forenoon of Thursday, as on these days the great picture gallery of new paintings is open to the press alone, which gives them a day and half to estimate the English art of the year. The afternoon of Thursday is reserved for the visit of royalty, and Friday night is the Royal Academy dinner, probably the most notable meal of the year in London. The president of the Academy is host, and every guest is more or less illustrious in the world of politics, literature, and art. Royalty is always present.

Amily and Lord Douglas kept together, and they were soon lost in the jam and crush from the other friends. Amily was in raptures. The art treasures

she saw astonished and filled her with emotion, transported the magic enchantment of these distant lands and brought her among these people that in her dreams she had known. They were her father's people, and she began to study them as she had not done before.

Noting her emotion, Lord Douglas said: "You are tired, and this crush makes you faint."

"No, no, I am not faint! I may appear so because I enjoy it so intensely," she said.

"Come, I see a vacant chair in front of a Turner; let us sit there till the most of the crowd pass."

They were soon so absorbed in each other that they did not notice the crowd. She told him something of herself, that her father was English, and that she expected to go very soon to Redich, to make the acquaintance of any of her father's people that might be living.

He asked to come there to see her, but she told him she did not know how long she would remain there. Then he asked to write to her there, and she consented.

She was sure she had a surprise for him when she told him that the family over here, as well as her immediate family, were impoverished, and that she had to work for her living; that she was doing work even now while she was in London.

He was not in the least shocked, as she had expected he would be. Then she thought that now was the time to tell him all, so she told him how she had gone to New York from her humble home in the Ozarks of Arkansas, entirely against the wishes and advice of her brother, the representative of her family, and how by mere chance she had become the protégée of the Millers. She told him she had no claim on them further than a strong friendship, and that she was their guest

while she was in London; that she had promised to remain at the St. Ermius Hotel till they came; also, that she had come over alone because she had declined the invitation to come with them in the yacht of a friend, who also extended the invitation.

"I am frank to say I did not like the host, consequently Captain Miller placed me in the care of dear old Captain Slogan, who happened to be coming over about that time. You know, we Americans girls are quite independent. I should have come alone if he had not been coming on that very ship. I feel I can take care of myself, still I might have been a little lonely sometimes if the dear, good old Captain had not been next to me in his steamer chair. I shall miss him when he goes to Hull, we have been together so long now, and he has been a father to me, so kind and thoughtful and considerate. I wish I could do something to make him happy. He lost his wife and only daughter, whom he says I am very much like. He has no settled home. He has been retired by our government, and lives a bohemian life, and in his old age is restless and dissatisfied. If I were the possessor of a home I should want him to live with me. He is a real friend. False friends one meets, who offer the loving cup, then stab us in the back while we drink their health."

"My dear Miss Freelandhisen," said Lord Douglas, "you are quite young to have discovered a false friend."

"I presume I inherit that instinct from the spirits of old that bore me," she said, laughingly.

While they were talking a party stopped in front of them, and she heard Mr. Plimpton saying: "Well, at last, Miss Freelandhisen, we have run you to cover. We have haunted your hotel and can never find you."

As he was speaking he was joined by the others

of the party, Miss Colgate, Mr. Banderwelt, Mr. Cline, the Misses Renselear, Charles, and the Millers. Amily introduced Lord Douglas in the most graceful manner.

While they all moved on together, Banderwelt got beside Amily and Miss Colgate sidled up by Lord Douglas, and walking by his side made herself most charming to him. He being a lord she could unbend a little. She even asked if Amily would be in when she wished to call at eleven in the morning.

Amily replied that she was sorry not to be able to be in when it was her first call, but that she had promised Le Comte Batus Beamer to accompany him to the station at that hour to see her dear friend, Captain Slogan, off to Hull.

The lady slightly shrugged her graceful shoulders and passed on, digesting her first polite snub. She had never called on Amily at the Pier, and in New York had broadly cut and snubbed her. Now that Amily was visiting with royalty she was quite gracious.

Soon they made a stop in front of a picture, and Banderwelt was trying to get a word private with her. She had pretended to be so much interested in the picture that she did not hear him, till now he said: "You read my letter on board the ship. You scorned it and threw it overboard; also threw over my flowers and gifts."

"You must be a clairvoyant," she answered. "I did that very thing. I did not open the package."

"I know that, as you are not wearing a fine diamond on your finger."

"I am sorry to have thrown your property away, but I could not know it was of so much value."

"Oh, the value is no more to me than my poor flowers. I put the diamond in, thinking you, like the rest

of your sex, would wear that if you did hate the giver."

"You do not know me. I would die before I would be forced to wear a diamond of yours. I might not have thrown your property in the sea, but I would have returned it to you. By not opening it, I probably saved myself an insult. I am not talking to you now to save my friends a scene. In the future, you will please not to force yourself on me. I will not speak to you if I can avoid it without a scene. I dislike publicity so much that I might pass a word to save an explanation."

Just as she said this Lord Douglas said: "Miss Free-lanhsen, I think you said you wished to go at half-past eleven. It is that now. Shall we go?"

"Yes, indeed! I was wondering if you had forgotten your promise to take me back before twelve. You know I am a new member of society and I must not begin with late hours." She said this for Miss Colgate and Mr. Banderwelt.

She took the proffered arm of Lord Douglas and passed on, Miss Colgate going in front with Banderwelt. Amily was so grateful to Lord Douglas for coming just at that moment, as she knew perfectly well that Banderwelt intended to say something to her that she had made up her mind not to listen to. She was trying to devise means to get away, and had thought she would call to Lord Douglas to explain a picture to her.

Lord Douglas knew, by the ring of gladness and gratitude in her voice when she looked into his eyes, that he had favored her greatly. She took his arm, saying: "Do let's try the side exit."

"We cannot get out that way," he replied; "that

only leads to a court. We will have to go with the crowd."

"Well, let's fall far behind the others," she said.

He saw that she was a little agitated, and walked slowly with her hand on his arm. When they got outside, he said: "It is useless to try to find Captain Slogan or any of your friends from the St. Ermius. No doubt the Captain has tired of the crush and gone to his bed long ago, and Mrs. Miller complained of a headache, so I know they have gone."

He gave the number of his carriage to the porter and soon it was in front. When they were in the carriage Lord Douglas told her that her friend, Mr. Banderwelt, had invited him to dinner and the Opera at Covent Garden.

"I accepted solely on your account," he said.

"Then I am sorry, as I certainly shall not be present," she answered.

He was astonished, but was too high bred to let her see he was surprised. She knew he would be, and she explained in this manner:

"You were mistaken just now when you called Mr. Banderwelt my friend. He is not my friend. I do not respect or like him."

Then Lord Douglas said: "I have asked my aunt, Lady Mack, and my friend, Miss Ophelia Orr, to call with me on all your friends, as well as yourself. We shall call when it is most convenient to you. When shall that be?"

"I shall be at home about four o'clock, and will be glad to meet your aunt and friend," she answered; "very glad indeed."

When they went into the foyer of the hotel Charles Renselear was there. He had come back with Captain

Slogan. They sat there talking, and said they had waited to say good-night.

"And besides," said Charles, "I have a message. Mr. Banderwelt begs you to reconsider and join us all at dinner, and to the theatre. Amily, do come; I won't be happy without you."

"No, Charles; I am sorry to make you unhappy, but, really, I cannot go."

"You cannot spend the evening alone," he said. "All of us are going out."

"I need a rest, dear," she answered. "You must remember I have been going a rapid pace for a country girl who has always dined at seven and retired at nine."

"Well, I shall not keep you up any longer now," he replied. "Will see you to-morrow at the station. I am coming to see the Captain off to Hull, too. Think it over, Amily, and come with us. The party is not complete without you."

Lord Douglas asked to put the youth down at his hotel. They went out together, and going up in the elevator Amily told the Captain she would be sure to breakfast with him. When she got out he said: "Good-night, and sweet dreams to my little girl."

There was pathos in his voice and she thought he seemed sad. Next morning when she met him at breakfast she thought he was brighter. He told her, while they sat at the table, that he had been with her till he was spoiled, and that he should miss her, and think of his own little girl more than ever.

She told him she would write to him so often that she would not let him be lonely. She was dressed for going out, in her gray suit she had worn to New York from Arkansas. It fitted her figure and it was

well brushed. Her gloves were good and matched her old gray suit. The fog was dense and she felt she could not afford to put on her best suit, even if she was to go with a lord.

When they had gone in to the foyer they only waited a few moments when Lord Douglas and Charles came in. After greeting her, Charles said: "We had to have the chauffeur drive quite slowly, the fog is so thick. I think I could slice it with my knife."

"Yes, I think we will start, Captain Slogan, if you are ready."

"Very well. I sent all my luggage this morning."

Amily took the old man by the arm and insisted on sitting by him in the auto. Lord Douglas saw through the shifting shows of things to the abiding realities. He knew Amily was sorry for the old Captain, and was being extra nice to him so that he would not feel sad to part from her. She was very gay, and when they drove up to the station Captain Miller, Mr. Banderwelt, with Miss Colgate, and Le Comte Batus Beamer were there waiting to see the Captain off. They were gay, too.

They had not long to wait till his train bore him away. Amily had never left him, and when he had bade all the others good-by he took Amily's hand and she kissed him just as unembarrassed as she would have kissed her father or brother. Tears came to the Captain's eyes.

Lord Douglas gripped the Captain's hand and told him he really must get back to his house party that he was giving to his new American friends at his chateau.

"You must come back," urged Amily. "If you do not, I cannot go without my dear protector."

He promised he would come if he possibly could arrange to do so. The Captain was retired from the service by the government with half pay, and when occasionally they sent him to execute a little matter he was very conscientious and let nothing stand in the way of its accomplishment.

When they started back Banderwelt asked Lord Douglas to join him and his party that were on their way to the Wallace Gallery. There was a new and beautiful picture there by an American painter that he wished to show him. "Miss Freelanhsen is fond of American art and I dare say will enjoy seeing it, too," he added.

Amily looked at Lord Douglas and said: "Don't let me deprive you of the pleasure of seeing the picture. I do not care about seeing it to-day. I have some lace that I have mended that I promised to deliver this morning, and I can call a taxi-cab and be there in a few moments."

"Mr. Banderwelt," Lord Douglas then said, "it is kind of you, I am sure, but if you will excuse me I will prefer to drive Miss Freelanhsen to the place she wishes to go."

Now Charles spoke up. "I want to see that lace Bazaar that Amily frequents," said he.

"Oh, Charles, you really are too funny! There is nothing to see, only a queer old man who criticises my work very hard and begrudgingly pays me the agreed price. It is amusing to see him try to find a fault that he may pay me less for my work."

CHAPTER XVII

CHARLES was scolding Amily for refusing to go with them on their auto trip through England and Scotland. He told her of the beauty of the Rob Roy country, the Trossacks, and the home of Sir Walter Scott, and so many more interesting things too numerous to mention.

She told him that she was sorry to miss so much, but that she was going to Redich while they were gone. She then asked whether they intended to come back to London, or meet the yacht at some other place. Lord Douglas said they would be back, as they had all accepted his invitation to some shooting at his chateau in the French chateau district the latter part of the following month.

"That will be great, and I will not miss the pleasure of my first shooting," said Charles; "that is, on a gentleman's private preserves. Amily, you must come, too, or we will all be so disappointed. The Millers, your friends, will chaperon you. I heard you tell Captain Slogan you would not go unless he came back to go with you."

"Yes," said Amily; "I did it to induce the old dear to come back. I am sure he will come, because he would be so conscience-stricken if he thought he had deprived me of this great pleasure."

Then Lord Douglas said: "Miss Freelanhsen could not refuse to come; it would not be etiquette, as I am giving this house party in her honor."

"I can assure you I feel highly honored," she answered.

The day that Lord Douglas was to bring his aunt and friend to call Amily rested, bathed, and dressed herself in a white muslin dress. The dress was simple, —nothing could have been plainer,—yet it was a simplicity not to be had for the asking, really a Parisian simplicity. She wore no ornament, only a rose at her throat and the beautiful pure white diamond on her slender finger.

The ring never left her hand, for she had promised Charles to wear it always. She had only a moment to compose herself before a page came to tell her that her expected visitors were waiting in the private parlor to see her. When she entered, Lord Douglas rose to meet her, introducing his aunt, Lady Mack, and Miss Orr.

The elderly lady, quietly dressed in gray silk, took Amily's proffered hand, saying she was delighted to meet her. The younger woman was condescendingly gracious, proud, and cold. Amily was sweet, natural, courteous, her never failing dignity and genial good-nature amounting to distinction.

Lady Mack thought she had never in years met a more charming young person. The conversation became general and, on leaving, Lady Mack told Amily how pleased she was that she would meet her at Dead Lock Chateau the later part of the month. Miss Orr was very quiet, having very little to say, but scrutinizing Amily very rigidly, and barely bowing at parting.

Lady Mack made Amily promise to come to luncheon with her on the following Monday. "You know, dear," she said, "Monday is called 'blue Monday' by some, and I fear a blue Monday so much that I have my

nephew and other of my young friends with me at luncheon on every Monday. Ophelia drops in any time it suits her, like one of the family," with a sort of smirk at Miss Orr and a wink at Lord Douglas, who took no notice of it.

They said they had called on Mr. Banderwelt and his guests, and had found Mr. Banderwelt delightful; also Miss Colgate pleased Miss Orr exceedingly. To herself Amily was saying: "Oh, the vulgar rich are too dull and stupid for me! They have no appreciation of character; they have no standard by which to gauge anything except the standard of the bank note, which they apply to everything."

When Mr. Banderwelt and his party were all equipped for their journey they came by to bid Amily good-by, though some of the party did not get out of the autos. The Millers told her how sorry they were that she would not accept Mr. Banderwelt's invitation or theirs, and Charles told her that his trip was already spoiled without her.

They had gotten back in their places when Mr. Banderwelt came close to Amily and in an undertone said: "I see why you even refuse your good friends, the Millers', invitation, to say nothing of mine. You can ill afford to leave your game when you have it about bagged. You, like the rest of our American girls, are angling for a royal crown. Don't you know he thinks you are a millionairess—you are living like the rich. He only wants money. I warn you, don't be deceived."

"How dare you talk to me when I have forbidden you!" she said.

He had turned and was in his fine machine ere she could finish her speech. She went back to her room to read some letters from home. One she read over

and over again. It was from her sister-in-law, Jane. She read these lines:

“AMILY DEAR:

“I cannot advise you. Of course I want to see you, but I cannot blame you, and I know you will always do right. You have been so fortunate, falling in with the right people, and I love those good, kind Millers for what they have done for you. Amily, I am sorry that millionaire persecutes you so. My child, you know I am not mercenary, but why don't you try to like him and forgive all his shortcomings? You know money is a power, and if you have plenty of that it is the key that unlocks all else to one.

“Dear Amily, you know I married for love solely, and I am no happier than some I know who married for money absolutely. I don't feel competent to advise you. Maybe it is best to follow your own inclinations; you have not erred. You tell me you are impelled to go on.”

Amily finished reading the letter and thought to herself: “I cannot understand Jane. She knows me well enough to know that I could never marry a man I could not respect, and I have told her what I think of Banderwelt. While she does not advise me to marry him for his money, she tries to show me that money sometimes makes more happiness than real love. I shall have to love and respect the man I marry. Still my poor mother loved my father with all her pure heart, and left family, friends, money, and everything to follow him about. Still she was not happy. She longed for money to raise and educate her children. It was the lack of money, after all.”

She tore up Jane's letter and sat down to finish the last piece of lace she had on hand to mend. She had made up her mind to go to Redich on the following Tuesday, this being the last of the week. She busied herself packing and finishing her work to take back that afternoon.

Just before luncheon a messenger came with a note and was to wait for an answer. She saw the crest on the envelope and knew it was from Lord Douglas. Her heart gave a jump and she realized how delighted even this note made her. She thought of what Banderwelt hissed into her ears as he leaped into his auto. She knew it was a lie, that he was judging Lord Douglas by his own narrow standard.

She knew that he knew she mended lace for money. "I will not think one evil thought of him," she mused. "In the human soul there is seldom any real perplexity; only the body reasons, the soul knows."

She opened his note, which was formal and correct. He wished to call and take her to a prom. concert. That evening she wrote him that she would gladly go with him, as she missed Charles and the Millers very much. She gave the answer to the page and went to her mending again, and in a short while she had finished it.

She put on her plain, old gray suit, hat, and veil and went to deliver her work. After the shopkeeper had, for the first time, praised her work and paid her the equivalent seven dollars for it, he was looking in the drawer for another piece to give her, when she told him she could not do it unless he let her take it to the country with her; and if he was in a hurry for it she could not promise it for any special time.

"You can trust me with it," she said. "I go to

Redich for a few days, or perhaps months; if I remain I will finish it and send it back."

He looked into her face and said "I trust you fully, but I don't understand. You look and dress like a lady born, and sometimes you come in a fine auto with a gay party of gentlemen and ladies, and yet you take work to do, and do it well, too."

"I am poor, sir," she answered. "I am fortunate in having some rich friends, but that need not concern you so long as I do your work well."

"Yes, miss, you are quite right. I beg your pardon." He gave her the lace, a ball dress which had been torn in the dance evidently. She told him she could not promise to bring or send it for a month.

He said he had told his customer he might have to send it to Paris, and it would take some time to get it done, and that the lady only wanted it for the holiday dances. He promised to pay her eighty shillings if she did it like her other work. She took it, promising to be as dispatch about it as she could.

When she got back to the hotel she met Le Comte Batus Beamer, who told her he had been out of the city and was going again to-morrow. He was sorry not to have stayed in London as long as her friends had stayed, but said he would see them again, as he had accepted an invitation from Lord Douglas for a fortnight's shooting at his chateau in October.

"He tells me it is in your honor," said Le Comte.

"He is very good indeed," answered Amily. "I am leaving the city to-morrow for a while. I go to Redich."

"Then our trains leave nearly the same time," he said. "May I call for you?"

She told him she would be charmed. Then they had

dinner together. The next morning Amily was up early. She had already done her packing, and went to the clerk and wanted to pay her bill.

He told her that before Captain Miller had gone he had paid for her apartment for two months more in advance.

She answered: "Very well, I will leave some things in my room." She hoped to be back shortly and would meet the Millers when they returned from Scotland.

When the Comte called for her she was all equipped with hat and gloves, and wearing her old gray suit. She was quite natty, with her bright color, laughing eyes, and never-failing good-humor. Le Comte was very fond of Amily and now began teasing her about Lord Douglas.

Amily had bidden Lord Douglas good-by the previous night and he had said he would write to her the next day. Just before her train left an auto drove up and Lord Douglas jumped out. He said he had hurried with all his might, he was so afraid he would miss her. He had a box of sweets and flowers. He told her, while Le Comte was looking after her luggage, that he was so disappointed in not getting word privately with her at his aunt's luncheon, that his aunt had asked him to take Ophelia home with them. "You know how she did all the talking, you were so silent. I was, too, because I could not talk to you alone. Won't you let me come to Redich?"

"I cannot tell you," she said. "Wait till I answer your letter and then I will know."

Le Comte came back, and as his train was nearly ready to leave he had to take a hurried departure. After he had left them Lord Douglas placed Amily in her compartment and sat by her till the train was

moving, then he said good-by and, taking her hand, raised it to his lips as if she had been a queen.

She dared not look at him as he jumped from the slowly moving train. She saw him getting into his machine and she waved to him. He lifted his hat and stood with it in his hand till a curve in the track hid him from her sight. She thought of him as he looked standing there, and said: "He is a nobleman by nature as well as by birth, and I am dreaming when I imagine he could care for me, a plain, and I might say, uneducated girl, who works for her living and associates with the American rich and accepts their hospitality. Still, I am not deceiving him. I have told him everything about myself, yet he does not run away, as I thought he might when I first told him.

"I really expected it might be the last of our friendship when, at his aunt's luncheon, Miss Orr wanted me to see how learned she was, and, going over her favorite American writers, mentioned Mark Twain and Jack London; and then, referring to Kipling, was shocked when I said that I did not care for him, particularly since he referred to woman as a bone and hank of hair. Later when she asked me what I thought of London, I said I was well pleased with what I had seen of it, but that I had been so busy mending torn lace for a lace shop that most of my time had been taken up in that occupation."

Amily was so busy with her thoughts that she did not realize how far she had ridden till a porter came and, unlocking her door, said: "Miss, five miles and you are at Redich, the needle factories. That is your stop. Is this little bag all your hand luggage?"

"Yes," she answered. Arrived at Redich she asked the porter the best hotel in the place, and he told her

there was only one; the rest were only cheap houses and ale shops.

She thanked him, giving him a shilling as a tip. He helped her to the platform, giving her the little satchel. There was scarcely anyone at the station except a few loafers, and she was the only passenger that stopped there, with the exception of some rough-looking workmen.

She went into the booking station, as it is termed, and asked the agent how she could get to the hotel. He said it is not far for a man to walk, but a dainty miss should ride, he guessed. He whistled between his two fingers, and when a lazy-looking lout came with a lash in his hand he said: "Bunks, don't you want a fare?"

"Sure," was the answer.

Then he said: "The loidy wants to go to the Mug and Bottle."

She supposed that was the hotel, but she said, "The what?" and he repeated, saying, "That's Bogg's Inn."

When they had driven four or five blocks they came to the hotel, or the Mug and Bottle. There was a swinging sign over the door, a mug and big bottle on it.

She paid the fare and went in. There was a big slatternly woman, with elbows akimbo, and Amily asked for a room. The woman took her to show her one on the second floor, overlooking the great needle factories, and said: "Miss, the smoke never does come in the windows. You can make yourself very comfortable here, and I only charges you ten shillings a day for this one; the others on the other side is more."

Amily tried the door to see if the lock was all right, and told the woman that she would take this one. The

woman, Mrs. Boggs by name, opened the windows, drew the shades, and then coming in front of Amily said: "Will you have your dinner private or downstairs? What hour, and will you give me your order now? I only charges a shilling extra to serve you private, only one shilling."

"Very well," answered Amily, "I will be served at six privately. Can you tell me how far it is from here to Freelanhsen Hall, and how can one get there?"

"Yes, miss; it is about two and a half miles, and I can tell you it is a bad, rough road, too. Old Jenks comes in town about once in a fortnight. The old Lady Free, as we calls her, is getting old now, and they do say she is laid up a lot with the rheumatiz in her j'int's."

"Who lives with Lady Freelanhsen?"

"Jist the same old servants, Jenks and his wife Liz, and Miss Cross. She is the maid, but she is gitting along, too. She ain't much younger than Lady Free, and Jenks says she's got the right name; she is as cross as a cat and bosses around like she was the owner of the Hall. I guess old Lady Free puts up with her 'cause she can't git anybody else to go live in that old haunted Hall."

"You don't mean to say the Hall is haunted?" said Amily.

"Well, some people say so, since Theodore ran away; and no one knows what became of his mother. She is not buried at Bowlie church, where all the family sleep. No one ever heard of her death. Some say she ran away and followed her Theodore to the new country over the sea."

Amily knew Mrs. Boggs was talking about her father and grandmother. The woman went on: "Why

do you go there? They are too poor now to see visitors, and they never entertain people in the Hall."

Amily did not tell her why she was going or how long she would stay. Two miles and a half was only a short walk for a young person in good health. She asked if she could get some small boy to walk to the gates of the Hall with her.

The woman stood for a moment and said: "I don't know a boy. They are all at work in the needle factory, and them that's not go to school. I know a gal you might get to show you the way, if you paid her."

"Of course I shall pay her. I want to start very soon. How can I find the girl?"

"She works in the ale house across the way," the woman said.

"Can she leave her work?"

"She can, if you make it worth her while. Her father and mother both tend the bar when they are sober enough, and I don't think there's many about now."

"I should not like to go in a drinking place," said Amily.

"To be sure, it's a public house," the woman answered, "but you don't need to be afraid. Ladies goes with their 'usbands to chat and have a drop after the factory shuts down. I goes myself with Boggs on Saturday."

"I see it is respectable. Could you go over with me and call the girl out?"

"I will. I can keep an eye on the Mug and Bottle."

They called at the place, Amily standing outside while the woman went within. Pretty soon she came back with the person, a tall, pale, sad-looking individual, who drawled and dropped her H's. She asked

what Amily would pay, and she was told more than she expected to have asked. Amily, not knowing what was right, wished to be liberal and paid her about what she would have paid a person in her own country for a like service.

She said she would be ready as soon as she got a bonnet. Amily said she would wait for her over at the hotel, as she wished to get her umbrella and her little hand-bag. She told Mrs. Boggs that she would give up the room, but would pay for the day anyway.

The woman said: "I 'ates to take your money when ye ain't used the bed nor mussed it."

"That's all right, Mrs. Boggs. I may return to-night or to-morrow."

"Now, you do seem uncertain," said Mrs. Boggs. "Maybe you're some kin of the maid, Miss Cross, and ben't sure of your welcome."

Amily only laughed and would not be picked. Mrs. Boggs went on: "You looks different from Miss Cross. I thought you might be far-off kin, maybe so."

Amily was saved having to reply by the girl coming. She said that some of the road was through rocks, so she had taken a little time to put on her stiff boots. Mrs. Boggs went with them to the corner of the block, hoping she could find out something about the object of that visit.

When she turned back, she said: "I 'opes you will be let in. There's some that 'ad to come back without seeing the inside, sure."

Amily and her guide went down the narrow street towards the factories, though the heavy black coal smoke was nearly choking.

"I brought you this way 'cause it is the shortest way, back of the factory," said the girl.

CHAPTER XVIII

THEY had not gone more than half a mile when they came out into a wood. The girl informed Amily that this was part of the estate, but it had been claimed by the Crown. This beautiful wood looked as if it had been a park, and it ran right up to the gate that inclosed the large grounds, grown up in undergrowth, a perfect jungle in places.

They crossed a little brook—in America it would be termed a creek—and then came up the hill on the other side. The girl pointed to the old Hall on the opposite hill. Not a sound but the singing of birds and the murmur of that little clear brook broke the quietude of the place. It seemed already to lull Amily to repose.

The uniform tranquillity was broken by their footfalls and the sound of the woodpecker tapping on a large old chestnut tree. Amily thought: "How could they call this lovely old place haunted?"

By the time they were even with the gate Amily paid the girl, thanking her, and telling her how she enjoyed the walk, one of the prettiest she had ever taken. She went up to the big gate and tried the latch. Being unused, it was rusty and would not open. She worked it till it finally yielded, swinging back with a loud screech, which echoed through the Hall and brought old Jenks to the front.

He saw the young woman coming and went down the

steps to meet her. She asked to see Lady Freelanhsen.

"My Lady does not see visitors unless she expects them," he said.

Amily kept walking with Jenks till they got to the front steps, which she began to mount. She took a card out of her little bag and gave it to him, saying: "Give this to Lady Freelanhsen, and I feel she will see me."

Jenks invited her in, seating her in a long reception-room hung with a great many very old pictures. She amused herself looking at them, and was wondering which, if any, was her grandmother or father. She stood before one a long time, thinking it was just like her brother Tao, when hearing the rustle of a dress she looked around expecting to see her Ladyship.

Instead, she met the sour visage of an old woman with a limp and a hump, jaws heavy to brutality, the cheek bones high, nose that of a vulture, and an emaciated pallor. She looked Amily over from head to foot without a word of greeting.

"May I see Lady Freelanhsen?" Amily asked. "Did the man give her my card?"

"Yes, he did," was the answer, "which he had no business to do without consulting me first. He takes too much upon himself entirely."

"May I see Lady Freelanhsen?" asked Amily again.

"Well, yes, she will see you, as you have her name on your card. Otherwise, I don't think you would have gotten to see her."

"I am very glad, then, as I am anxious to see her," said Amily.

She followed the maid up the broad, beautiful stairway, with carpet and bright brass rods. She was ush-

ered into a bright, pretty old room with mahogany furniture upholstered in red. The maid pushed a chair toward her and disappeared.

Amily waited a while, then hearing the rustle of silk she saw a venerable gentlewoman of kindly face advancing with that short and graceful step of courtesy, that gentle low voice, and the frank extending of the hand which has somehow passed out of parlor greeting. It was, however, something of the grace of the old-school grande dame.

Her white hair was done in natural puffs, high on her head. She wore a close-fitting, shiny black-silk frock, with some fine old Swiss embroidered flat collar. Perhaps what appealed to Amily most was her great dignity, her gentle effort to please.

"I am so pleased to meet one of my name," she said. "There are so few of us left."

Amily felt at her ease with this woman, and told her why she had come—to find out something of her father's family. She told Lady Freelanhsen she had her credentials, and drew from her bag a picture of her father taken soon after he left England, and gave it to her Ladyship. Taking it and looking at it, she said: "Yes, this is a perfect picture of my cousin Theodore as I last saw him. I was always very fond of my cousins, and I married my first cousin, Vard Freelanhsen. My dear, do you know that you are Lady Freelanhsen instead of myself? It is an empty title, though. All the lands and property were confiscated, except one hundred acres with the old Hall. The estate has become so impoverished that all the servants sought other homes except old Jenks and Liz, who have always, as their father and mother before them, been on the estate, and they said they were too old

to find new homes. My maid, I think, was so unfortunate as to be repulsive to people and could not find a place, and came back to me to live till she dies, so she says. Her appearance and manner are very much against her, and she is getting old, too, but I don't see how I could have lived here so long without her. Really, she has a kind heart and is very loyal to me and my interests."

They talked on till Miss Cross came to ask if Lady Free—as she called her—would have lunch served.

"Yes; in my boudoir, Cross," she answered. "I will lunch alone with my cousin, Lady Amily."

Cross coughed, cleared her throat, and left the room. Amily told Lady Freelanhsen all about herself, how she had to work for a living because she would not be dependent on her brother Tao, of the little home they had in the Ozarks which she wanted Beth to have. She told about her rich friends and even how a multimillionaire had professed love and marriage to her; how she abhorred him because she did not consider him a gentleman.

The old lady listened till she finished, then she drew Amily to her side and kissed her, saying: "You are a true Freelanhsen."

While they were at lunch she told Cross to send Jenks to her. When the old man came with his cap in his hand, bowing, she said to him: "Jenks, hitch the beast to the barouche and go to the Mug and Bottle Inn and bring out some things Mrs. Boggs will give you." Then handing him a check, said:

"Please call at the booking station and fetch out Lady Amily's trunk."

This business dispatched, Amily and her Ladyship again fell to a discussion of the House of Freelanhsen.

Her Ladyship begging Amily to promise to stay at the Hall as long as she remained in England.

"You are too good," said Amily, "but I feel so happy here. This seems more like home to me already than any place since my dear mother died."

"Oh, Amily dear! has the good God sent you as a blessing in my old age? No, oh, no! that is too good. I dare not hope that I could make you contented and happy in this old Hall, and I am so poor I have only this home. My poor old father, wanting to make this village prosperous and give work to these people about the estate, augmented and worked till he got this needle factory to come here and locate, he giving the ground and taking some stock in the concern, just a little, to encourage them to come. Now, the income from that little stock is all I have in the world to live on and keep up the old Hall and take care of these old people. It must have been a good angel who induced my dear father to put the little money he could ill afford at that time in this factory, which was small then, now grown to the largest in the world, where needles exclusively are made. I used to entertain and was extravagant, and had to sell some of my stock to pay my debts, consequently my income is small. Jenks sells some of the fruits and things from the place and realizes a little that way, which pays for our coal in winter and helps quite a little. Amily dear, won't you live here with me? I cannot offer much, but I can give you a home, such as it is."

Amily only kissed her and said: "Wait till you know me better."

They sat and talked late into the night. Lady Free—as they called her—had ordered a room to be put in order for Amily across the hall from her own, a

clean, bright, cheerful room, and when she had bade her good-night Amily tried the door to see that it locked and then took a general survey of things. The most exquisite of all luxuries was to creep between cool, clean sheets on a curtained bed, and then find it impossible to sleep on account of the delicious novelty of the sensation of being in her father's home.

She lay awake till a storm came up. The wind blew the rickety shutters, the old Hall shook, and the windows were flapping and banging, the rain fell heavily, and she heard the dripping and pouring of the water. The air was slightly sulphurous.

Presently merging into a drowsy mood that was wholly rapturous and heavenly she dropped to sleep. In the morning she was awakened about ten o'clock. The sun was shining over the distant mountain and shone full in her face. From the window she saw the exquisite scene of the beautiful valley, freshened by the night's thunder storm, now wonderfully bright and clear—would to Heaven I could describe that scene as she saw and felt it—the spaces of clear blue sky, stretches of quiet lawn, and an azure miniature lake, now unruffled by wind and rain. These seemed to be a halo over this spot.

Her father's childhood had been spent here. A rap came on the door, and as she opened it Miss Cross stood with a pitcher of hot water, saying: "I came to help you bathe and dress."

She showed no surprise when she saw Amily already dressed, and Amily said: "Thank you; I am used to dressing myself and do not require help."

"Lady Free will meet you at breakfast when you are ready," said Miss Cross.

Amily looked in the mirror at herself, to see if she

were all right. With her snowy white waist and a knot of pale blue ribbon at her throat she looked fresh and young. She tripped down the stairs and out on the big front piazza, and pulling some morning glories that hung over the railing fastened some at her belt and neck.

She walked back and forth, admiring the old place. A small but beautiful marble fountain cast up a jet of cold water. The floor was a mosaic, the basin lined with brilliantly colored tiles. The old house with its hanging balconies, which she found so quaint and pleasing, was a plain square building with a large dome and two minarets, standing in the center of the hundred acres. There was a sort of porter's lodge at the entrance. "If I could know the tragedies and comedies that have been enacted here," Amily thought, "I could solve the mystery that hangs about it all. Strange my father never described this lovely old home, never showed any affection for it. He said he left home, and his father told him never to return. He never mentioned his mother. He told me never to come here. He said he gave me the brass box with his credentials in it just that I might know that I was a lady born. It is strange, to say the very least."

Amily heard Lady Free coming down the stairs and ran to meet her.

"My dear, how fresh and childlike you look! It does my old heart good to have a young, bright, beautiful child with me. It puts new life into my withered soul, and to know that you are my own fresh and blood is almost like my own child coming back to me from the grave. Some time I will tell you about her. How did you sleep last night? Did the storm frighten you?"

"No, I was not alarmed. I listened to the thunder

and the pour of the rain and did not sleep at first," said Amily.

"I told Cross to go to you, I was so much afraid that you might be alarmed. But she said she would only disturb you; that you were young and tired and had probably fallen asleep before the storm came up; that youth sleeps hard and deep."

Lady Free took her seat, motioning Amily to one by her. Cross sat opposite. She tapped a little silver bell and Liz came in with buttered toast, broiled quail, and light-brown potatoes. Amily thought she never saw a prettier picture than Lady Free with her old-fashioned morning gown, her pure-white, little lace breakfast cap on her snowy hair, and her florid complexion. Miss Cross wore a maid's gown, all black with white-linen flat collar and apron.

"Cross, is not Lady Amily as fresh as the morning after the shower last night?" said Lady Free.

Cross wrinkled her brow and replied: "Young folks are always fresh. Why shouldn't they be?"

Lady Free poured the clear coffee in a dainty Dresden cup and Liz passed it to Amily.

"Cousin Mary, I do not drink coffee," said Amily, and Lady Free told Liz to bring some fresh milk for Lady Amily.

Lady Freelanhsen had explained to her servants that Amily was Lord Theodore's daughter from America. Jenks and Liz remembered Theodore, though Miss Cross had come with Lady Mary and her husband after the death of Theodore's father, and did not remember when Theodore went to America.

After breakfast Lady Free took Amily by the arm and they walked to the little seat near the fountain and sat talking. She had told Amily that she must

not call her Lady Free, as the servants did, but that she was Cousin Mary to her.

"Dear," she said, "I have managed to live on a somewhat higher plane than my neighbors. Maybe I have lived too much to myself. Some unselfish, loving, gentle-mannered people live near, whom I have always received—I mean those who were my true friends and contemporaries, whose love for me is engraved deep within their consciousness. Others I recall who came with curiosity and false sympathy. They soon saw I did not care for their sympathy and they dropped off. I fear you will find the old Hall dull and lonely. I shall give a tea and introduce you to my friends and neighbors; those I consider worth while. They are precious few; in fact, scarcely any as young as yourself."

"Wait, dear Cousin Mary," said Amily. "I have a lot to tell you yet. I cannot be dependent on you, unless you let me work here on my lace as I do in London or New York. I know you now, and I am not afraid to mention my working here. I know you are no snob and have no false pride."

Lady Freelanhsen laughed and her eyes twinkled. She had wonderful eyes, that would light up when she was aroused like a flame suddenly kindled, then a smile would suddenly spread over her usually grave face.

"Amily, only stay with me. I know that is asking a great deal of you, but now I know and love you so, it would go hard to have to part with you. You could have your friends come to you,—I mean in an unpretentious way,—and I would be so pleased to entertain them the best I could. I have lived here alone with my servants in a world of the past, in a world idealized by my fancy and imagination, my mind haunted with

the splendors of times that are gone, with the greatness of that which once was, and even yet casts its shadows again. Amily, did the people in the village tell you the Hall was haunted?"

"They did say something like that," said Amily; "to which I paid no attention."

"Dear, I will tell you soon, when you are more at home and have gone over the estate. There is a skeleton in our closet, too; it is a harmless one, however."

She told Amily to come sit with her in her boudoir.

"I will get my lace to sew on, if you don't mind. I promised to do a ball gown that is badly torn and send it back to the shop in London within a month, and I must begin on it."

"Yes, dear, make yourself at home. Do what your inclination directs."

Amily ran away to her room to get her work. When she came back she took a seat by Lady Freelanhsen by an open casement window, and Lady Free said: "I have told Jenks to put the cob to the barouche. I want to take you to Bowlie church, where all the Free-lanhsens are buried. It will be a nice drive, as it is so fine outside."

"Yes, I shall enjoy it so much," answered Amily.

While they were talking Jenks came in with the mail, one of the people on the estate having brought it from Redich. Looking over it, Lady Free said: "Here is a letter for you addressed in my care, and with a coronet. That must be from your friend you told me about, Le Comte Batus Beamer. I used to know some of his family years ago, who visited in London."

Amily took the letter with a blush, saying: "No, it is from Lord Douglas of London. I spoke casually

of him, waiting to tell you more when you knew me better. Cousin, I like him very much." She had grown very serious. "I believe he likes me, too. I wish you could know him, he is so grand and noble, large-hearted, chivalrous and patient, with an honest, open expression like an innocent child, and so free from taint of hypocrisy. I am sure you will be fond of him, too."

"I shall be charmed to know him, dear, when it suits your pleasure to introduce him."

As Jenks had announced while delivering the mail that the barouche was ready, Amily put the letter in her bosom, to read alone behind a locked door. Her heart was palpitating now till it felt like a hammer pounding her side. She and Lady Free now arose to take the carriage. As they rode along Amily tried to be interested in everything, and when they came to Bowlie church they drove the cob in the shade of a big tree. Amily started to hitch him, when her cousin said he would stand without hitching, as Jenks never hitched him. She patted his head and smoothed his mane.

They went into the church, and there against the sides and above the altar were tombs of the Freelanhisens for many generations back. Some had figures larger than life carved on the top, the perfect statures of the Freelanhisens in life.

"Amily, I am sorry we are too poor to bring your father here and lay him with his own people. This is your grandfather's sarcophagus, and this is the place for his wife, your grandmother."

"'For,' did you say? Where is she buried if not in her place, by his side?"

"Dear, I guess this is the time and place to tell you. You know I told you we have our family skeleton. This

is it. Your grandmother is not dead." Amily turned pale, but did not interrupt her. "Your grandfather did not marry her till just before your father was born."

"Then my father was illegitimate?"

"No, dear, he was born in wedlock, but she was not his equal. She was the daughter of the hostler and his wife. She came to live here after Theodore was born. They never lived as man and wife, and your father was the only child. She lived in the left wing with the minarets. She was happy there as long as her father and mother lived; her husband was very thoughtful and kind, but was husband in name only. When your father fell out with his father and went to America, the mother began to grow melancholy, then shut herself in and would not see anyone. Your grandfather got a good nurse for her and she grew strong bodily, but mentally weaker and weaker till her mind was gone entirely."

"Oh, my dear Cousin Mary, where is she now?"

"She is still in that left wing with the same attendant. She is old now and feeble; just like a little child. I go to her almost daily. Scarcely anyone knows she still lives. Your grandfather's contemporaries knew there was some sort of a scandal and a son. But being a man, society forgave him and took him back, and he could have divorced his wife and made a brilliant marriage, as he was very gallant and handsome. He lived most of the time, after Theodore left England, in Paris and London. He spent everything, and when the Hall was sold my husband bought it, wishing to keep it in the family. Then he died, leaving me almost penniless. Your grandfather had prepared these tombs for himself and his wife before

the money was all gone. He came home to die, and he lies here. He begged me with his last breath to look after her, and I am trying to do the best I can for her. She has a very weak heart and Doctor Gray says she may die any moment; that any undue excitement may cause her heart to stop its beat. I am so sorry to have to tell you this, but as you are to live with me you would know, and it is best I should be the one to tell you. I do pray it may not sadden your young and joyous life. It has depressed me very much. Now I am accustomed to it, and my heart is always full of sympathy and pity. She does not suffer. That is a blessing. I could not stand to see her in pain. She was very pretty in her younger days; now she has the most pleading, sad, beautiful eyes.

“Here is the story of the haunted Hall. Once she escaped and strolled into the village and frightened some of the superstitious. When she was missed and brought back, her husband made them think it was only a likeness. They, thinking her dead and buried in this church where they read her name often, were easily fooled. At other times she was seen walking in the grounds, consequently they thought it her ghost. The most ignorant and superstitious think her ghost still walks abroad here at night and will not come near the estate.”

CHAPTER XIX

WHEN they got back to the Hall Amily went to her room to read her letter. When she broke the seal a faint odor, hardly enough to be called an odor, came forth. It made her feel his presence.

A tune or voice heard once remains in the memory, but a peculiar odor is rarely ever forgotten. Although it cannot be described or repeated at will, once smelled it will be recognized years later. Music comes next to odors in the power of emotional reminiscence.

Amily sat some little time before she proceeded to read her letter, which was:

“MY DEAR MISS FREELANHISEN:

“You said I might write you, but you did not say I could come to see you. I am lonely and miserable since you are gone, and your image has stayed with me till it is a part of me. When I think of not seeing your dear face I grow cold and nervous, and when I think of seeing you again I grow happy beyond all hope of expression. I lay my heart at your feet. Let me come and tell you how I love you. I will come when you let me and go when you bid me. You have touched my heart more profoundly than I thought even you could.

“Henceforth I am yours, body and soul. You show such patience, tenderness, and kindness that, not being used to it, I grow overwhelmed with it. I would sac-

rifice everything, even my life, for you. Won't you try to love me, my beloved? I know I dream when I imagine it, still I say to my heart, 'why does she look into my eyes with such faith and confidence?'

"I was a coward to let you go away without telling you how I love you. Darling, if you will love me and be my cherished and adored little wife, I will spend my life in making you happy. Darling, at first I thought I observed that you distrusted me. I would shrink and grow sick and faint.

"Think, dear, what you are to me already. Won't you let me come to see you? I will abide by your decision. There is nothing except your will and God that shall interpose between you and me. I will be a friend to the last in any case. Now it rests with you to make me the very happiest of men.

"Let me hear from you, dear, at your earliest convenience. I subscribe myself

"Yours always,

"RICHARD F. DOUGLAS."

She read and reread the letter, then putting it down leaned her head on her hand and the teardrops fell between her fingers. Then she said to herself: "What am I, to be loved by this great, good man? I am not worthy of such love, and now that I know this black sin and blot on me I cannot marry him. It would not be right. How can I ever tell him? I love him with my whole soul and mind. I never have and never can love another."

The next morning was Sunday. Amily did not get up to breakfast, as she had slept but little. When the day was dawning and the world impatiently stirring she was dreaming of him, although wide awake.

The bells tolled in the village, and she said: "Do those bells ring, or is it that they are tolling a dirge to my dead conscience? I am on a wave, rolling fast, a wave perhaps of dark oblivion sea will sweep across me and sink me down to be forgotten in a day. But now my heart says 'live,' and I will live. I will take this joy of life that Fate has handed me." Then she prayed: "My God, lift me out of this black pit that conquers me, show me the right."

Soon Cross came to know if she were ill. Lady Free had breakfasted long since and would not let her be disturbed. Now she wanted to know if Amily would go with her to Bowlie church.

"Tell my Cousin Mary I will gladly go with her to church, and I prefer to drive the cob if she does not mind."

She dressed herself in a plain, old white linen suit that she had worn several seasons past. She was pale, sad, but pretty and sweet. Her cousin had noticed a change in her, though she could not tell what it was; but she thought to herself: "Could the story I told her yesterday make such a change in a night? Yesterday she was a child; this morning she is a woman."

Driving along, Amily said: "Cousin, I have something to tell you. I told you something about Lord Douglas, though I did not tell you that he had won my heart." She held her head down as she talked. "I was going to let him tell you. Now that I know our family secret I must tell you, for I can never marry him. I could never bring a breath of dishonor to his name."

"Dear, don't talk like that! All the royal houses have their skeletons. Let those without sin cast the first stone."

They went in the old Bowlie church and sat in the Freelanhsen pew, where their ancestors had sat generations before them. Amily sat listening to the clergyman in his humdrum, monotonous Low Church, and in her troubled heart she said: "Blessed Sunday, peace and quiet, harmonizing with calmness our souls and making holy air around us." She prayed to God to show her the right. "I want to be able to stand face to face with the world and make reply that I have done right."

Going home she proposed driving back through what used to be the old park, now a beautiful wood of old forest trees. She enjoyed, almost reveled, in the beauties and sublimities of nature, and enjoyed being here secluded from the maddening crowd, close to nature. She drove under a dense shade and stopped, and taking from her bosom the letter, said to Lady Freelanhsen: "I want to read this letter to you."

She read with a trembling voice to the end, then she broke down and cried heartily. Lady Freelanhsen placed her arm about her, when Amily said: "Forgive me, please, I am not usually as tearful as this. I am just tired. I am acting like a weak child, ready to snuffle at anything."

She straightened her shoulders resolutely, brushed the tears from her lashes, and strove to smile. There was a long silence, when Lady Free said: "Your family is as old as his, and perhaps he could unearth some hideous skeleton, too. And, dear, it seems the Englishman's proverbial love for a lord is vanishing, a theory strengthened by the fact that up to the moment of King Edward's sudden and lamentable death the House of Commons was busy attempting to demolish the House of Lords. Amily, I do not wish to

speaking disparagingly of Lord Douglas, but I wish you to see that he could not be contaminated by a marriage with the House of Freelanhsen.

"I think, dear, when you are rested and composed, you should see your grandmother. She is very quiet, and you will not be shocked, and maybe you can reconcile yourself to knowing that she lives. She is nearly seventy-five years old."

The next day about four o'clock Lady Freelanhsen came to Amily where she sat in her room sewing on her lace mending and said: "If you feel equal to the ordeal, will you come with me to see Cordelia?"

Amily arose to go. They went through the hall and down a few steps to an open court, then across this to a kind of gate or door. Lady Freelanhsen pulled a bell and they waited some time before a woman came and opened the door with a big brass key.

Lady Freelanhsen said: "Well, Mag, how is your patient to-day? Did you tell her, as I requested you, that I should bring Lady Amily with me to see her to-day?"

"Yes, your Ladyship. She thinks I am talking about a baby. Her mind as well as her body grows weaker daily, and she has spells with her heart oftener now."

"Yes," said Lady Freelanhsen. "Doctor Gray never goes back to the village without reporting her condition to me. He told me last Thursday when he was here that she was growing weaker."

The woman led them through a long corridor into another hall, then into a small, exceedingly neat, bright room, a sort of parlor containing, among other indications of refined taste, many books, drawings, pots of flowers, and some musical instruments. A low fire burned on the hearth, although the windows were open.

At their entrance the little old lady half arose from her chair and clapped her feeble, bony hands with delight, saying: "Mary, Mary, fetch in your baby that you said you would bring."

Neatness and cleanliness marked her dress, which was all black. She had a feeble, shriveled, childish old face, with the emaciated pallor of death. Amily went up and took one of the poor little bony hands in hers and petted and humored her like she would a small child. She in turn talked like a child, saying: "What pretty little hands it has, just like my little Theodore."

The tears rolled down Amily's cheek at the mention of her father's name. The old lady saw the tears and called to her nurse: "Mag, bring the baby some of my flowers, she is crying."

She excited in Amily a feeling of mingled respect, reverence, and pity. On leaving she kissed her on her snowy hair and told her she would come to see her every day.

When she reached her own room she lay on her bed thinking for a long time. She was glad she had seen her grandmother, for it did not seem so hideous now. She lay there in a silence most profound, finally saying: "I must answer his dear letter. Oh, what shall I tell him?" She sat at her desk with her pen. "I could not write what I could say. I will tell him to come. My poor heart says, 'Come,' and I will follow its dictates."

So she wrote:

"MY DEAR RICHARD:

"You see I am not formal. Your letter filled me with pleasure and pain. I have waited to try to an-

swer it as my heart's impulse directs. I will only say that I love you with all my heart, but the rest I cannot write. Come to me and I will tell what I cannot write.

"In your letter you say I must be so taken up with my home and friends that I have forgotten those I left behind. I could never do that. I will confess I am in a state of supreme content with my new home, and my Cousin Lady Freelanhsen is the grandest, loveliest character that I have ever known in this wonderful world to which we are led. We pity the human sufferings in which the heart of woman keeps noble and great. She comes from the cavern of a black deep, from the sea that smites, yet she says, 'So little done, brave heart, so much to do.'

"My Cousin Mary is so dear to me that I have told her of you, and she is prepared to love you for my sake. You will be welcome to this old Hall so long closed to visitors. I am sorry I shall not be able to meet my friends at the St. Ermius, as I promised and hoped to do, when they return from Scotland. I cannot leave my cousin; she needs me.

"Leave that great populous city and come to us for a few days, and my cousin will help me explain everything to you. Write me when you will come, that I may have the pleasure of expecting you.

"To-day I had a letter forwarded from the St. Ermius from Dunbar Warfield, the young medical student I told you I had met on the steamer coming over. He was going to Berlin to study medicine, and he will be in London on the tenth of the month, and he said he would call on me. I wish I could be there to see him and introduce him to you. He is one of nature's noblemen. He told me of himself and his life. He came from very poor but honest parents, worked and helped

to support his mother while he went to school at night. In that way he fitted himself for the high school from which he was graduated with the highest honors. Then he worked his way through college; now he is over here. He came in the steerage because he was too poor to come first class, and yet he helped that poor woman who buried her husband at sea. He gave his money to help her like a millionaire. He has high ideals and is working hard to realize them. I wish I could help him. I am not vain enough, however, to think my influence would be of much help. I think some day that he will be distinguished in his profession.

"My dear friend, I say enough of Dunbar Warfield. My cousin joins me in inviting you to come as a welcome guest to Freelanhsen Hall. This letter is long, though I meant it to be brief. I only intended to say, 'I love you; come.'

"When I read your dear letter over, as I have many times, and you tell me you love me, I think it is the nectar of delight, and tasting it I drift and dream and I do not wish to awake. I feel that I am the recipient of fairy gifts or the favored child of the gods, to be loved by my ideal.

"I must not write longer.

"Maybe you might think me too quickly won, but we Americans are usually frank, and we know our own hearts, and I write again, I love you, while I might blush to tell it to you. Yet I know my heart will break when I tell you I cannot marry you. I think when two people give themselves to each other laws, conventions, obstacles, everything but love, ought to be lost sight of.

"Wait, dear, till I tell you why I cannot marry you and you may see that I am right. I shall love you

as long as I live, and not to see you again would be no life, all desolation. Really, now, I must close this letter. Believe me

“Yours always,

“AMILY FREELANHISEN.”

She finished this letter and took it to Lady Freelanhsen and asked her to read it while she took a walk. She wished to be alone; the woods called her and she responded. She walked slowly through the heart of the isolated forest wood, and was soon only a stone's throw from Bowlie church, where rested the bones of her ancestors, who could be counted back three or four centuries, some of the ablest chiefs, some of the most valiant soldiers, whose deeds adorn the history of Europe. She sat down on a stump and tried to collect her thoughts, her mind was a perfect chaos.

Soon she was startled by the sound of a horse's slow tread, and looking up, she saw almost in front of her a gentleman, hat in hand, bowing low.

“I beg your pardon,” he said, “but I think you are Miss Freelanhsen. I am Sir Robert Boxley, a lifelong friend and neighbor of your father and your Cousin Mary. My daughter Annie told me she has been awaiting my return from Paris, where I have been for a fortnight past, to call on you. Seeing you at Bowlie church she was told that you were Lady Amily Freelanhsen, Theodore's daughter from America. I live about three miles the other side of Bowlie church, where rest the bones of my ancestors beside those of the Freelanhsens, for a good many generations back. Do you walk in this woods often? If you do, you must have seen my son John. I expected to meet him near the church. He rode to Redich. He frequents these

woods as if they were his own. They were once private property and belonged to the Freelanhsen estate, but they were confiscated by the principality, like a great deal of the landed property. I think, with the Hon. David Lloyd George as Chancellor of the Exchequer in the British ministry, that the removal of the sin of landed property is near. The removal of this great universal sin will form an epoch in the history of mankind that will show other nations the way to a free, rational, and happy life."

"Oh, do you feel like that?" said Amily. "You talk like an American."

"I have always admired Americans very much, especially their democracy."

"Sir Robert Boxley, I am so pleased to meet you. My Cousin Mary has told me of you and a few other friends of hers that live near. We will be glad to see and welcome you and your family when you call."

He walked by her, talking till they came to the Hall grounds. She invited him in, but he very politely declined, asking her to remember him to her Cousin Mary.

When Amily got to the veranda Lady Freelanhsen came to meet her and placed her arms around her and said: "My dear, how I prayed to spare you this sorrow and injury, but I think it best for you to know."

"Yes; already she has hurt me deeply, she has injured me sorely beyond repair. Yet she is innocent, and I freely forgive her. I shall wait on her and never leave her. I am hers as long as she lives."

"How like the Freelanhsens of old! I don't think it is required of you. The sacrifice is too great, to give up your lover and live in this mad house—must I say the word? These wonderful hells into which we

descend at such times, who will picture them to one who has not dwelt in them? Dear, your letter is all it could be, so frank, rings so true. I know you mean every word of it. But how can you explain?"

"I have thought of that, and I will not explain. I will tell him there is an obstacle insurmountable. It will break my heart, I know, to send him from me forever."

CHAPTER XX

THE night was dark, the sky draped in black clouds with rumbling thunder and imprisoned lightning turned loose. These flashes gave Amily glimpses of the wood and the dark shadows that seemed to be human forms gliding between the trees. She was so nervous she could not sleep.

Suddenly she thought she heard someone at her door, trying to turn the knob. Being brave and fearless, she got up and lighted her lamp and opened the door. Behold! her eyes rested on that deathlike face of her grandmother, with streaming thin white hair and wild, startled eyes of a maniac. She reached her little clawlike fingers at Amily, who did not scream or faint, but with her natural presence of mind spoke gently and low, like one would speak to a sick child.

"Come in, dear. Have you been in the rain? Where is your nurse Mag?"

"She is asleep, and I took the key and went out in the park to look for Theodore, my little boy, and when the flash made it light I saw your face in the window, and I came to get you to go with me. I cannot cross the brook; it roars and splashes so that I cannot cross. My baby is on the other side. Come, I say. There! see those ghosts. I see far and clearly. Come!" she shrieked, clutching her fingers in Amily's hair, with one wild laugh and a wail.

"Yes, dear, I will go," said Amily, "but let us wait only a moment till the fury of this storm passes."

"No, no, now, now! Don't you see my little Theodore will be engulfed? Let me go."

Amily spent some moments trying to calm and restrain the mad woman, and just as her strength was about exhausted Cross came. She had heard the shrieks and had guessed the cause. With Cross' help they got the aged woman quiet. Her strength was spent, and she dropped to sleep in Amily's arms. Mag, too, had missed her charge, and by the light in the window had traced her here. She wanted to take her charge to her apartment, but Amily would not let her be awakened.

She sat here with these two old women and her grandmother sleeping, till the gray gloom of the dawn before the grandmother awoke calm but weaker. She allowed herself to be taken and put to bed. Amily would not leave her till the nurse said: "Look, she sleeps beautifully."

Amily went back with Cross, and when Cross had tucked her in bed she told her she would not get up to breakfast, as she would not want to eat, and asked not to be disturbed. She did not get up till eleven o'clock. After a cold bath she dressed for a walk. The rain had passed and the sun was shining now.

She went to find her cousin, who was reading in her boudoir, and she smiled when she saw Amily.

"Come, my child," she said. "I have heard from Cross your sad experience of last night. Oh, I am so sorry! you must have been terribly frightened. Why did you not send for me?"

"I was startled at first, until I realized who and what it was. I am very glad you told me when you did, otherwise I might have been awfully scared."

"I have been to see her, and she seems none the worse

for her night escapade, although she is very feeble. The lightning and thunder made her nervous, and finding Mag asleep she, with the cunning of demented persons, took the key from where she saw it hidden. My dear, this was a sad ordeal for you. Oh, I know the great, good Lord sent you here! I have prayed: 'Leave me not alone in this affliction,' and I seemed to hear a voice saying: 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things, the necessities of life, shall be added unto you,' and lo! you came, a blessing indeed. Dear, please tap my bell for Cross. We will have lunch in my boudoir. I have told Jenks to bring the trap around. A drive in the beautiful sunshine will do us both good."

"I shall enjoy it," said Amily. "I dressed for a walk, but the ground must be damp and a ride with you will please me."

"We will drive into Redich after our mail," said her Cousin Mary.

"And I will take my work in and express it to London. I am sure it will please, as I have taken extra pains with it, and I will expect more to do by the next mail."

When they were driving along Amily said: "This spot is where I met your friend, Robert Boxley. He surely is a courtly, polished gentleman."

"Yes, dear, he is a good man, too, but his cup of sorrow and trouble has been to the brim and running over. We have our troubles, but when I think of others who have had a harder burden, mine loses some of its awfulness. My friend, Robert Boxley, belongs to an old and illustrious family and he himself was in Parliament. His eldest son committed embezzlement; then Annie, his only daughter, was betrayed by an aristo-

cratic connection. When she was about to become a mother her perfidious lover repudiated her and her luckless offspring. In a fit of despair and revolt she made an attempt upon the life of her betrayer. That is their skeleton. Annie has never married and has been a recluse, and her brother is a wanderer in Africa. John, the youngest, is a fine young man. He is tender, noble, sensitive, very cordial, but indifferent, timid to excess, and doubtful of his merits and power. I have tried to be kind to them, and this and one or two other houses are the only places they go."

They drove in front of the post-office. Amily ran in and came out with several letters and many papers and magazines for Lady Freelanhsen. They drove through the main street to the drug store, got some medicine and some other things. Driving slowly along they did not hear the footsteps of a horse till their old cob backed his ears and neighed.

Soon John Boxley was alongside them, saying: "How do you do, dear Lady Free?"

"Why, I am glad to see you, John. This is my cousin, Lady Amily, from America."

"I am delighted, I assure you," he said, bowing low. Raising his eyes he met the frank, friendly expression in Amily's that put him at once at his ease. His individuality and broad, open countenance won people to him.

"I am glad to have the pleasure of meeting your cousin," he said. "I should have recognized her, as my father described her so perfectly. We are to call at the Hall to-morrow evening. I think my father sent a servant over to the Hall this afternoon to see if it would be agreeable."

"I am sorry I was not there to send word back by

the servant, but you will oblige me very much if you will tell your father that we shall be pleased and complimented to have him with the members of his family to tea, to-morrow at five o'clock."

He had a twinkle in his eye and with a boyish frankness said: "We thank you, and in the name of the family I accept. Dear Lady Free, I shall be prompt, never fear."

Amily told him that she admired the lovely horse he was riding, and he answered: "Yes, she is a thoroughbred. I have the mate to her and she is really a better saddle animal than this one. They are spirited, but very gentle and easily managed. Do you ride?"

"Yes," she answered. "I used to love to ride very much in my home in the Ozark Mountains of America. We never owned fine stock, and I used to ride with my young brother any old hack or burro. I don't know how I ride, as I have never had anyone to teach me and I have never been well mounted. As I am very fond of horses and am fearless, I am sure I would be an apt pupil."

"I would deem it a great honor and pleasure to teach you," he answered. "My other horse I call Starling, and I would be glad to have you ride her, that is, of course, with the consent of Lady Freelanhsen."

"John dear, you have my free approval and consent to begin your lessons when it pleases you. You will have to begin soon, for on the 10th Amily goes to Palace Chenang, the home of Le Comte Batus Beamer, for two weeks, and from there to a week's shooting at the Chateau of Lord Douglas."

"I am very sorry to lose you just as our lessons are about to begin."

"We will have plenty of time for those rides in three

or four weeks, I assure you. After my other engagements I may remain a week in London to shop a little for Cousin Mary," said Amily.

He rode away, and Amily looked after him and said: "Is he not a fine fellow? And such a good horseman. He rides like the knights of old."

"I am very glad he offered to teach you to ride. I have been so afraid you would get lonely and homesick with no young companions."

On reaching the Hall, Amily went to her room to read her letters. Her heart quickened its beat when she read Lord Douglas' letter. He said he would be at the Hall for the week's-end and sent compliments and thanks to Lady Freelanhsen. At the conclusion he said: "You have given back that outworn dream; you have made my life clean and strong; you have restored to me my childhood heart."

She held the letter to her breast. Twilight stealing on shaded her as she fell asleep with a load of love, innocence, and truthfulness that lay so lightly on that luminous and buoyant ocean of her heart, which was the personal genius of the girl.

At luncheon the following day Lady Freelanhsen said: "Come with me, I want you to see what I have that you can use. My jewels are old-fashioned settings. All the Freelanhsen family jewels were sold and pawned for debts by our forebears. Mine are from my own mother's family. There are not many, but I think they are very good stones, and I have some rare old laces that maybe you can use."

"No, dear Cousin Mary, I would feel I was flying under false colors, and my friends know I cannot afford to wear diamonds."

"I intended, if you live here with me, to leave them

to you with the old Hall. It should go to some one of the Freelanhsen blood, and it is mine by right of purchase to leave to whom I please."

They looked through a large iron chest which stood in a kind of vault or strong box at the head of Lady Freelanhsen's bed. They took out some very fine old lace, packed in rice paper and starch, and also an old morocco case. Lifting the lid, a flash of sparkling gems met the delighted view of the girl.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Amily.

Lady Free took out a comb like a coronet, set with rose diamonds, some old-fashioned earrings, with brooch to match, pendants, a lovely old necklace, and many queer old rings, some with romantic histories. One ring she placed on Amily's finger, saying: "This ring I wish you to wear. It bears the seal of the Queen of England. It was given to your great-grandmother by the queen. They were contemporaries and dear friends."

The ring was small, not showy, a coronet set with very pure white small stones.

"I will wear this ring for your dear sake, not for the sake of the queen or my great-grandmother," she said.

"Now we had better go over the guest chambers and decide which to give Lord Douglas. We always think the south suite is the most pleasant. We must have Liz air it well."

When they had gone over the several suites, they decided the south one was the most pleasant. Lady Freelanhsen said: "It will look more pleasant and homelike when flowers are placed and the light let in. The furniture is old and faded, but comfortable."

"I have admired this apartment most," said Amily.

"I come in here and sit and look at the pictures. Some are so quaint. I wonder why the old masters loved to paint their ideal beauties with their hands on the head of a lamb. There is always a lamb in the picture, like the sculptors nearly always have them on the tombs."

"They are, I believe, the emblem of innocence," said Lady Freelanhsen.

After lunch, John Boxley came over, leading one and riding the other of his two beautiful thoroughbreds. Amily had received a note apprising her of his coming, and was ready, having improvised a skirt, with a white shirtwaist and small hat. She was really very natty.

Lady Freelanhsen came out to see the mount, and declared Amily was a natural horsewoman, she sat on the horse so well. Amily patted her mount's neck and called her Starling, and the beautiful creature seemed to understand.

When John mounted they started down the drive at a canter, John kissing his hand to Lady Freelanhsen as they passed into the trees and out of sight. She watched them till she could see them no longer, then she said: "What a pretty couple, so young and full of life."

The twain rode some little distance in silence. John hardly dared look at her, all the tingling blood leaped and surged and thrilled at the sound of her voice. She put him at his ease by her friendly manner, telling about her rides in the Ozarks and about America in general.

After a while he said: "It must be very nice to have all of one's friends very rich. I hear they are nearly all millionaires."

"No," said Amily, "you have the wrong idea. There

are lots of poor, real poor gentlemen. Money represents with us in America energy and character. It is acquired by brains and untiring effort, and it is kept only by the same means. It were well if Europe were imbued more with the American ideas of money power. I do not say ideals, that is another thing. But American ideas about developing the natural resources of the country and their common-sense notions about work would bring about great things in Europe."

"I have thought I should like to go to a new country like that," said John, "and make my own way, and I shall when my governor passes away. I could not leave while he lives. He depends upon me so much, and he has had a lot of worries, too."

"I am sure you would love beautiful America," returned Amily; "it is so big, broad, and free. Some day posterity may find the explanation of why the English aristocracy retained its power so long. Those who make a close and reverent study of the plan of our Savior as found in the New Testament are unable to understand intolerance or bigotry in any shape whatsoever. I do declare, we have fallen into a serious strain of conversation." She laughed, and he joined her with that hearty spontaneous laugh of joyous youth.

Soon they came to Bowlie church. They checked their horses and admired the grand old trees, centuries old. They got off and went in, reading epitaphs of their ancestors. They read, "Annie H. Boxley." "That is my mother," he said.

The next tier was the name, Vardy Freelanhsen, Amily's grandfather, and next to that the empty grave, bearing the name of her grandmother. He looked at her and skipped that one, but she read the name

aloud, and looked at him with a frank, honest expression and said: "She is not here; she lives."

There was a silence, then he said: "Yes, our family know she lives; but few do know it."

"She has been dead to the world since my father ran away to America, when she lost her reason, and her husband had these tombs fixed, little thinking he would occupy his before his wife. There are so many living tombs and skeletons in England," she went on. "In America we are open and above-board. Everybody knows about everybody else. We deem it a grave blunder to make an outcry over the scandals of English society, yet there is scarcely a family but what has its scandal. Of course I have not just found that out. You have only to read the history of the kings and queens. I can speak to you like this because I am part English."

"Oh, you need not mind me, I know the most of the kings were a shabby lot."

"Over there we all highly honor Queens Victoria and Alexandra and the new Queen as good, pure, and beautiful women, especially Alexandra. She is beautiful, soul and body. Perhaps what appeals to me personally is her gentle womanliness. She made King Edward as good as he was. All good women should honor her."

When they had talked some time in this serious strain Amily laughed a ringing laugh and said: "We talk like our grandmothers and grandfathers, but you know I have heard my mother's people—I mean the Americans—called the vulgar rich and the girls called the pretty plebeians till I just had to retaliate, and have it out with you."

"I wish, Lady Amily, that all my battles would be

such merry wars. We will never quarrel on that subject, as all the Americans I have met are a jolly lot, don't you know."

"No, I don't know," she answered; "but I hope they have been nice."

He was so English and so literal. He was trying to explain how really nice they were if they were Americans. She laughed again, a little sarcastically, but it was lost on the heavy young fellow. Yet she liked him, and felt like she would love to see him after he had been a year in one of our best colleges. There was a lot in him. He was honest, big, and broad, and she thought she would love to see him mix with a Harvard or Princeton crowd and hear him after he came back, upholding liberty, equality, and see the glory make him proud.

When they got back to the Hall the lights were on and Lady Freelanhsen, with Cross, had walked to the lodge to see if they could see them.

"Cousin Mary," cried Amily, "you must not blame me for staying so late. Sir John took me such a circuitous route that once I really thought we were hopelessly lost."

He laughed and said: "Lady Freelanhsen knows I could not be lost blindfolded."

Amily insisted on his coming in to tea, but he politely declined, promising to give her another lesson before she went to London. They watched him till he had passed out at the lodge gate. Amily put her arm around her Cousin Mary's waist and walked into the dining-room with her, telling her what a glorious ride she had had, and how she liked Sir John, how far they went, and how the time flew.

"My dear," said Lady Freelanhsen to Amily, "don't

be too nice and sweet to young John; he is very susceptible and young. Don't hurt him."

"Cousin Mary, I don't think there is any danger, as I fussed and almost quarreled and found fault with England, and criticised the English people. Was that not enough to disenchant him?"

"I fear it would require more," said her Cousin Mary. "Amily, I only warn you in time. It would be frightfully embarrassing, and I should be sorry."

"Very well, I shall be very guarded and, if possible, be more disagreeable than I have been to-day," answered Amily.

"You don't seem to have made an impression that way. The young man seemed blissful when he bade us good-by."

They both laughed and a blush stole to Amily's cheek and a seriousness to her eyes.

CHAPTER XXI

THE next morning Amily was up quite early and had a walk. She was happiness itself, as this was the day for Lord Douglas to arrive. She had laid out her white muslin dress and made fresh bows of ribbons for it, to wear that evening to dinner, and she had gathered flowers and placed them in his room, hoping that the dew would not dry on them before he saw them.

"Listen to my heart, how its every beat is for him," she said to herself. "Oh, I must not think! If he should turn from me when I tell him to his face that I cannot marry him!" The word dropped into silence. "Oh, it is madness to think of my future without his love! Once I heard Henry Van Dyke, professor of English literature in Princeton, say that one should grow to understand and enjoy noble things by companionship and glory in love. I have never forgotten it. My sister-in-law Jane was with me. Now I realize the meaning. I did not know how to enjoy love and life till I met and loved my ideal."

These memories, fragmentary and indistinct, crowded into her brain, making her eyes brim with tears one moment and her lips bubble with laughter the next. At breakfast her Cousin Mary said: "Dear, you look so happy to-day."

"I will be happy to-day," she answered; "I may not be to-morrow. One day, twenty-four hours, can mean so much. Now I feel that ten hours will decide my fate to be happy or miserable."

"No, no, my dear; do not be so positive. You were created to be happy, and you will, you must."

They strolled into the garden to an old summerhouse and took one of the seats side by side. Then Amily pulled a white rose and placed it in the side of her cousin's white hair, and said: "You should always have white roses on and about you; they become you and seem a part of you."

Then in a restless way she gathered more flowers and, humming snatches of half-forgotten Ozark melodies, she tossed away her hat and her pretty hair blew over her face. They had not heard the sound of an automobile and they were startled to hear a strange voice. They heard the chauffeur saying, "The old man"—meaning Jenks—"said you could find the ladies in the garden."

Amily looking out of the summerhouse saw Lord Douglas, who had his back turned, directing his servant. She said to Lady Freelanhsen: "'Tis Lord Douglas. I thought he was coming this evening." She had time to compose herself before she tripped out to meet him with outstretched hand.

"How do you do, Lord Douglas! Welcome to Freelanhsen Hall."

He was more embarrassed than she, holding her hand, with his heart in his eyes. They stood there, hardly realizing that they were still holding hands. She, the first to break the spell, dropped his hand, then catching one again, led him to the summerhouse and introduced her cousin to him.

Lady Freelanhsen, with exquisite and never-failing courtesy mingled with strange dignity and authority, welcomed him. After a brief chat on the beauty of the day she suggested that their talk be continued in

the parlor. She led the way to a large parlor carpeted heavily with a whitish carpet, over which were many Oriental rugs, some very old and costly. The hangings were of that same whitish faded tone, restful to the eye, and giving the place an elegance and perfect taste of past grandeur. Lady Freelanhsen felt the call of her own. She was young again; at any rate, these present spring breezes were blowing on her soul as on a young green leaf. She would wave and sway and rise and fall in the midst of the conversation with the intense calm which is full of quickening and stir of good birth. A drowsy, dreamy influence seemed to hang over the place and to pervade the very atmosphere, making one feel at home and at ease.

Speaking of the vantage grounds of Europe, Lord Douglas asked Amily about the charges of New York society of which one heard so much on this side of the water. She said she was sorry the worst of it had been so much advertised.

"I can speak with authority about my people. I have always kept in touch with them, although being quite young and poor I could not go out among them. I know, however, they are a new age and often have ideas different from the old conservative ones. They are full of health and abundant spirits, and the embodiments of the new age of athletic development and out-of-door life. It is perhaps true that they frequently go into excess in amusements, but they are not what you English credit them. There are distinctions in social grades felt by the older stock of well-placed Americans who, while far removed from snobs, hold together in loyalty to their order more faithfully than do the crowned heads of Europe. I have read in the London papers that our young ladies smoke and

drink, and do other terrible things. How absurd! Nothing is sacred in the opinion of those who conduct some papers. The only purpose they have is to sell their papers. The trouble is that most of us have a love of gossip, and the more sensational and ridiculous the more warmly it is welcomed."

"You have the right idea," Lord Douglas answered: "there is too much freedom of the press. It is coming to the pass that we have no privacy, even in our homes."

The conversation was interrupted by Cross, who reminded Lady Freelanhsen that luncheon would be served shortly. She excused herself, saying: "Lord Douglas, you have been so entertaining you have made me forget my duties as hostess."

Cross went with Lord Douglas to show him his apartments, to which she had already had his luggage sent, and his man had laid out his things.

Arrived at his room, he wondered if anything could be more homelike. Flowers and sunshine filled the rooms, and his own things were in their proper places. He felt as if he had known and visited this place always.

At luncheon Amily was bright and chatty. She had rearranged her hair and made a slight change in her attire. She was so happy that she was radiantly beautiful. She and Lady Freelanhsen were the most charming hostesses.

"Lady Freelanhsen," said Lord Douglas, "will you let me drive you in my car this afternoon? Lady Amily has promised to show me some pretty views. I think, while I do not wish to flatter myself, that I am a first-rate driver, even better than my chauffeur, who is called fine, and I will drive to please you if you will give me

the pleasure. The afternoon is perfect and I am sure you will enjoy it."

"I shall be delighted," said Lady Freeland. "I am so accustomed to jogging along with our old slow cob I shall like to go rather slow, and I fear young people are so speed mad in this day and generation that it might bore you."

"I assure you, Lady Freeland, I am an exception. I never care to drive at a speed above twenty miles at the highest, and I never race. Now, what hour would suit you?"

"I think about three o'clock a pleasant time," and saying that she would be ready on time, Lady Free excused herself, leaving Cross in her place. Lord Douglas walked out on the porch through a long casement window, asking Lady Emily, as he now called her, to tell him the name of this rose blooming so profusely here in late October. She followed him and sat by him on the porch seat. He had pulled some of the roses, placing them in her lap.

"You should wear flowers," he said; "they become you. I think you should always wear white flowers, they suit you best. These pink roses are lovelier since you hold them."

"I fear you flatter me," she said.

"I could not do that if I tried ever so hard," he answered. "Could one flatter the lily or the rose? I had a few moments alone with your cousin and I asked her permission to address you. She said I had her consent. You know how I love you; I could repeat that over till you were tired of the word. Emily, my darling, won't you be my wife? I will spend the remainder of my life trying to make you the very happiest little wife in all the world and yours shall be

the hand to guide me. Darling, tell me you love me. Your dear eyes have said it and you have written it, but I want to hear your sweet voice and lips confirm it."

Her hand unconsciously sought his, nestling into it with a confidence that touched him, and, looking into his eyes, she said: "Richard, I love you as few women have ever loved, with my heart, body, and soul, and all that I am."

He drew her to him saying: "Darling, we are one spirit, one career; we are a single life."

"Yet I cannot be your wife, and I cannot explain. When I first saw you in London I loved you. At first sight my heart went out to you in that pawnshop, before I even knew who you were. I did not know that I would ever see you again, but I realized that I had seen my master and my ideal. I tried so hard not to think of you and to forget you. Imagine, if you can, my surprise and delight when you came to the St. Ermius and Le Comte Batus Beamer introduced us. I could scarcely control myself."

"My darling," he said, "I followed you because you drew me. The Jew pawnbroker told me you asked if the tramcar took you to or near your hotel, the St. Ermius. I told my chauffeur to drive me there, and luck, or my lucky star, induced Beamer to invite me in. Now, darling, that we have found each other, don't ruin both our lives. I cannot conceive of an obstacle great enough to separate us. Can you not trust me? Can you not tell me? I can break any barrier. I will not let anything stand in the way of my future happiness. Won't you trust me and tell me? Please do; ah, do!"

"It is not that I do not trust you fully," she an-

swered, "but Richard, dear, the secret is not mine, so I should not tell it to you. I did not know it until I came to Freelanhsen Hall."

"Is there no way for me to know?" he asked.

Great tears came to Amily's eyes and she said through her tears: "I do not know."

These tears disclosed to him her brave, clean spirit that was content to take the consequence of duty done. All the finest parts of her character were brought to bear in this trial. She maintained calm self-command in the painful, heart-thrilling uncertainty.

Lord Douglas had no further time to prolong this conversation, as his chauffeur brought his car to the door for Lady Free's outing. Dismissing the driver, Lord Douglas himself took the wheel, and the ladies entered the machine.

After the drive of fifteen miles it grew dark and they seemed to be lost in the woods, having gone some miles out of their way. Now an opening in the trees cheered him with the hope that the church bridge was at hand. The waving reflection of a star in the bosom of the brook told him he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glowing under the trees beyond.

Then he laughed and told Lady Freelanhsen that for the last few moments he had been lost. She laughed, too, and said: "I thought you were coming back a queer way. I said nothing, as I presumed you knew how to find the way back."

Lady Freelanhsen sat in the back seat with Cross, while Amily sat by Douglas' side. When they arrived at the lodge the chauffeur was waiting to open the gate and drive the machine in. Lord Douglas let the

ladies out under the porte-cochère, and drove with his men to the stables.

Here Douglas' man, Robles, said to Jenks: "They used to carry a big string here. I see stalls for about twenty-five, and place for seven or eight rigs."

Jenks nodded his head and said: "Yes, we used to entertain and 'ave the 'ouse full. Now the missus is not so young as she used to be, and we 'ave no men to ride and shoot, so we 'ad no use for a 'ostler, and we keeps only the cob for the missus."

Lord Douglas admired the loyalty of the old man, who never once would admit that it was for lack of money that things had gone to decay and ruin. The old man had the dignity and pride of a gentleman.

CHAPTER XXII

WHEN Amily had sent Lord Douglas back to London she was as miserable as he. She shut herself in her room and had long cries, finding some relief in tears. He had had long talks with Lady Freelanhsen in private, which had given him no satisfaction whatever. He went away, hoping to see Amily at Chenang and persuade her to be his wife regardless of any secret, and she hoping that by some chance he would know, though she could not tell him.

"After he does find out, if he ever does, and comes to me and says, 'Be my wife,' oh, the world will not hold a creature as happy as I," she thought.

This vague terror overshadowed her future, and now her brow was overcast by a darker cloud than ever. As she sat in her room some time after Lord Douglas had gone a smile mingled with the gloom of bitterness, disappointment, and deep despondency. She retained in after years only a vague, confused remembrance of keen anguish and an abiding sense of irreparable loss.

She rose and went to Lady Freelanhsen and, putting her head on her shoulder, said: "Cousin Mary, help me to give him up. It is breaking my heart."

"Darling, don't say that. You are so young; it will all come right. He loves you so much that I say love finds a way; don't give up. I was sorely tempted to tell him. He plead with me so gallantly and nobly I could scarcely resist his pleading, and I never shall for-

get his handsome face, expressing, it seemed to me, a heritage of woe when he bade me good-by."

Amily turned deathly pale at this. In defying this torture she had not calculated her strength, poor child! Life till now had been so bright, so cheery, so joyous. The first real pang almost overcame her.

She bravely rallied, however, and said: "I do not know how I shall resist his pleading when I am with him at Chenang. Mrs. Miller's letter begs me to be there to meet her when she arrives next Thursday. She says that Captain Miller has written to London and had rooms reserved for his party, and that my room is next her own. Dear Cousin Mary, I wish you could have accepted Le Comte's invitation, I need you so. I feel that when I am out of your sight that I am not the strong, brave girl you have made me. I feel that this visit is an end to my career. I will amount to nothing, will shut myself into this seclusion, and fret my life away. I will do all I can to make you happy and do everything for you, dear Cousin Mary, but I will not care for the world or wish to live."

"Dear, you will probably feel very different when you return from Chenang."

"I don't see how I can ever endure to make myself agreeable to most of the sap-headed Englishmen I know I shall meet there."

"Don't say that of our men. You are not well. I never heard you talk like that before. You must remember your father was English, I am English, and your lover is English."

"Yes, you all are exceptions. Those who come to America are very pompous and tell of how their family is descended from royalty, and that they always dress for dinner, 'don't you know,' and talk to me of

the ignorance of the Americans, and about our country being so blasted new, and always wishing to find out how to meet the millionairesses. They are usually very shabby genteel, and talk about the beastly weather of America, 'nothing fit to eat, not a piece of good roast beef or a bit of sweet butter.' They are never seen without monocle, gloves, and cane, and often with a straw hat in November. They probably mean well, but their manners are shocking and uncivil, and they are inclined to think if they pay well everything is right they do."

"Dear Amily, how you talk! You must not judge them all by the few who have gone over to marry for money."

"Well, anyway, if the English tourists in America were a little more courteous in their behavior it would be appreciated and would earn for them a better reputation," answered Amily.

"Yes, dear," said Lady Freelanhsen, "I admit a lot of what you say is true. I am afraid the feeling of caste will never entirely be eradicated from the English race. The contempt of the upper middle class for the working class is terribly evident to the observer who stays some time in England, and most of them class the Americans with the working class. They make their money in trade, you know. Don't let us follow this subject further. You are almost ill and should go to your room and let Cross give you a mustard footbath."

A few days later, when the train left Redich for London, Amily stood on the step of the coach holding the hand of Lady Freelanhsen, promising to write back every single day.

"Don't miss me too much," she said. "I will be

back before you have had time to miss me, and John Boxley and his sister have promised me to be with you as often as possible."

When she arrived in London, Captain Miller, Charles Renselear and Lord Douglas were at the station. When she saw her lover her heart seemed to be about to leap out of her body, her dark eyes sparkled, and the firm scarlet lips were compressed to try to hide some of the joy she felt. Oh, the exquisite, intense calm of her spirit when she looked into his eyes, sadder than she had ever seen them!

Charles was full of talk, telling her all the places they had gone and how they all had missed her, and, familiarly taking her hand, said: "You must ride by me to punish you for being a 'piker.'"

The conversation became general and when the big auto stopped in front of the hotel Mrs. Miller and baby Mary Miller were there to greet her. She caught the little girl out of the nurse's arms and kissed her repeatedly. When she was shown her room, next to the Millers' suite, she saw they had given her the prettiest corner, and she saw on her dresser the most exquisite bowl of beautiful white roses. On a table was a bowl of violets and on another some American beauties and a large expensive box of confections.

Amily knew who had put the white roses there, and also, without looking for a card, that Banderwelt had sent the red roses and the candy. Charles had sent the big bunch of beautiful double Palmer violets. She sat down by the white roses to fully enjoy them. She pulled one of the prettiest and pressed it to her lips, saying to herself: "This rose begins to feel me, to grow warm and lithe under my kiss—like Pygmalion's stone. His dear hands have held it as he thought of

me. How can it but respond if I have its exquisite inner-self speaking through my lips?" She prayed: "God bless his dear life, spare him sorrow." She rose and dressed for dinner, and as she would meet the whole party then she took extra pains in making her toilet. She had finished dressing when Mrs. Miller came in the room and, seeing all the flowers, exclaimed:

"Oh, my dear Amily, what a popular young lady you are! I know who sent those grand American beauties. He thought they would remind you of home, and please you."

Mrs. Miller saw through the shifting shows of things to the abiding realities. Continuing, she said: "Why can't you think better of poor Mr. Banderwelt? He worships you; he talks to me about you every single chance he gets. Any girl over here or at home would be glad to marry him, and, really, dear, you never understood him; he is a good man. He is unfortunate in having a brusque manner, and people think him rude and purse-proud, and at times he seems blunt and coarse. Now he is so discouraged and disconsolate because he loves you and you treat him so badly. Consequently you are wholly unacquainted with his disposition or his peculiarities. He is very intelligent and refined, and you must admit he is commanding in appearance. He could make you happy and give you the luxuries which money alone can purchase."

The bright blushes broke over Amily's face. She was saved a probable scene by the appearance of Captain Miller, who said: "We have been waiting for you two to go in to dinner. You must have been having a private confab. Amily really looks guilty."

When they met the others of the party in the parlor they were grouped about talking of the things to

do and the places to see before going to Chenang the next day. Le Comte had boxes at the opera for the whole party and they were all ready to go from the dinner table.

Banderwelt saw that Amily wore only a single big white rose in her hair and another at her breast. He scowled and thought: "She wears the flowers sent her by her English lord. She is like the rest of my fool countrywomen, she prefers a crown to my love and money." He ground his teeth and drew in his lips, saying: "When he has read her pedigree and finds out that she has a skeleton in the family closet and is as poor as a beggar he will not be so ardent, and will drop the poor little idiot, and she will gladly fly to my arms yet."

At dinner Amily had to sit next to Banderwelt, on her left, with Lord Douglas on her right. As dinner progressed he talked to her in the most matter-of-course way and she answered in monosyllables, never looking at him once. Lord Douglas chatted so charmingly to her on one side that she could seem not to hear half of his low remarks to her.

When they were ready to go to the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, to hear Melba in "La Boheme," in English, Lord Douglas was helping Amily in his car and Banderwelt, pretending to hold the door of the car open to spare her gown said: "Won't you sit by me in the box? I wish to deliver a message from your friend, Dunbar Warfield, whom I met while we were in Berlin, you know."

She looked into those cold, steely eyes, which showed no heart, no feeling, only desire, and she wondered how this man could talk of love. What did such a nature know of that sacred word, love, as she understood it?

She did not answer him. His car drove up and she saw his cynical smile as he helped Miss Colgate in.

As they were taking their seats in the different boxes Banderwelt said to Lord Douglas in the most authoritative manner: "If you please, I wish to sit by Miss Freelanhsen the first act, as I have a message from one of her best male friends." He said this with a meaning, wicked twinkle in his eyes for Lord Douglas' benefit.

Amily gave Lord Douglas a beseeching, pleading look, which he read and, turning, he said with a gentle smile: "Please be brief, as I too have a message for her from the same gentleman. He has left London for America with deep regrets at not seeing his true friend before he was obliged to go."

"Oh, do hurry back and tell me about Dunbar Warfield, as I know it is he you are talking about. I am so sorry he had to go without coming to see me," said Amily.

When they were all seated Banderwelt leaned toward Amily and began telling her what Warfield had said, also telling all he did for him and what he had promised to do for him in New York. She did not pay the slightest attention to him or to what he said, and when he had repeated all he could think of about Dunbar Warfield and still there was no sound in answer, he could stand her silence no longer.

So he said: "I did this because I thought it would please you." But still there was no response. "I should at least expect you would be grateful."

Amily might have been deaf and dumb for all he got out of her. He was furious, and when he saw Lord Douglas returning, he said: "I see you are put out to lose one moment of your golden opportunity to

bag your game. Yes, he has a title, but very little to sustain it. Be careful, little woman. You are clever, I know, but you might lose him yet."

Making Banderwelt no response, Amily turned to Lord Douglas with a smile. "You have stayed so long, and I am so impatient to hear your news."

Banderwelt bowed himself out and she soon forgot his insolence as the tender notes came to her like flower buds expanding into flowers under the sweet rain of the accompaniment.

Her thoughts were: "Kind Heaven, my head and heart are full. I am weighed down with great love, and my heart leaped with fear when he told me I might lose my love. I wonder if it is wasted energy to soliloquize as one feels. I think it clears the brain and helps me to think intelligently. My poor brain needs clearing, for I find myself repeating mentally one question over and over: 'Will he find out for himself and still love me?' I must now come back to earth and the realization that there are bitter dregs in my cup of happiness. I must go on, on, smiling, exchanging commonplace remarks with people just as though for me there is no inward bitterness and worry. It seems so prosaic."

As the curtain dropped on the last act Lord Douglas bade her good-night, promising to go with her alone in his runabout to the station and occupy the same compartment with her. He looked into her face and said: "Are you not well? You are pale, and once or twice I saw a shadow of trouble or pain across your dear face. Tell all your little worries to me, my own darling, and I will dispell them."

The next day the party arrived at the station to Le Comte's preserves on time, and found carriages, bug-

gies, autos, and other kinds of vehicles to meet them. It was a short two miles to Chenang, and some of the party walked, as the day was so fine. They had time to rest and get installed before lunch.

Amily's room was next to the Millers', and it truly was a little gem of a nest, so dainty, bright, and pretty. It was built and furnished for some young pretty creature evidently. She was extremely pleased, and called Mrs. Miller to see how beautifully she was placed, as the English say.

She and Mrs. Miller stood looking out on the most beautiful lawn and Amily said to her friend: "Was there ever a woman who in her inmost heart did not long to live in a house set in the shelter of beautiful trees surrounded by rolling, sweet-smelling gardens? Is this not as beautiful as the mind could picture?"

"Yes, dear, but you have not seen how beautiful it is yet. Wait till you have seen the view towards the sea."

They had changed from their traveling garments and were ready for lunch and to be presented to the household. They were first presented to the Countess Angla Beamer, the maiden sister of Le Comte, then to a brother much younger, whom he called Sales, and also to an aunt and her young lady daughter, Mrs. and Miss Belle Turner. These, with the Americans, made quite a large house party. Besides there were some young men who were in for luncheon, who were staying at the neighboring estates.

It seemed that all the rest of the party had met on the lawn before going to their apartments except the Millers and Amily. Some of them scarcely acknowledged the introduction to Amily, others slightly inclining their heads. They gave her some cold, hard

stares. She felt the chill of the reception, still she was not embarrassed or ill at ease.

The host was genial and very hospitable, and soon put everyone at ease, telling the men that they would ride about the preserves and get the lay of the shooting to-morrow.

"My keeper tells me the birds are fat and plentiful," he said, and, turning to his sister, smilingly said: "Angla, you will see that the ladies have their rest and they can amuse themselves as suits them best. I see it is clouding up and looks like a drizzle; that is all the better for bird driving."

After lunch the party dispersed in their several ways. Some of the women were already seated in the card-room at bridge, and most of the men were out looking at their mounts for the afternoon ride.

Lord Douglas was sitting with Miss Orr, Miss Colgate, Miss Fay, and two Englishmen of the party. Sales Beamer walked with Amily to the front veranda and they sat on the steps, talking. He was very amusing and asked absurd questions about her country. He said he knew quite a lot about America, "don't you know."

"My brother Batas has been entertained over there a lot by your millionaires. He has told me about how new everything is and, 'pon me soul, I fear I should feel new meself."

He became very confidential, telling her he was a younger brother and didn't count, "Hang it all," and that "rarely" he was thinking seriously of going over and marrying a millionairess. "You know I am only an earl, but Bat says that is good for ten or twelve millions, and you see I am not bad-looking, by Jove!"

Amily laughed at him, he was so in earnest, and

seemed to think that all he had to do was to go over and announce himself an earl and that the millionairesses would come flocking.

“My sister Angla is old-fashioned sort. She tells me to save me few pounds that it would take to fetch me over and stay and take care of Bat’s places and her. She says she caun’t abide the new Americans, and tells me to look at our men who have gone over and brought back rich wives—the fuss and scandal they bring back with ’em. I spunked up and said to look at the beastly way our titled men had treated them, spending their money and running about just the same, don’t you know. I was for taking the part of the American girls. I shall be decent to one when I get one with plenty of money. I should be good for ten million, or eight at least, because I would give up a very fine girl to go over.”

“Oh, you mean your sweetheart? How could you weigh her in the balance with gold?” said Amily.

“’Pon my soul, I think she has the sense to understand. She knows now we are too poor to be married, and we should be good friends always, don’t you know. It is perfect rot, all about sentiment, Miss Free-lanhsen. It is a maxim of mine to do without the rubbish of an over-abundant amount of love. What’s the use, don’t you know?”

Amily laughed, and the young man thought she was entertained by his smartness and cleverness. “I will give him a big shock,” she thought to herself, “maybe stoppage of the heart.” So she said: “Really, I have enjoyed hearing how you will go over and capture one of my rich American sisters; but all interesting things must end. I have some work that I must attend to for a while each day while I am here. I took some lace-

work to do for a shop in London. I have been working every day since I came over. You know I am poor and work at lace-mending for my living."

"No, by Jove, I did not know! I thought you were fabulously rich, and that Lord Douglas had caught you."

She blushed deeply and said: "You are very frank, my Lord, Sir, Majesty, or what ought I to call you? We Americans always say Mr. when in doubt."

"Well, me intimates call me Sales, and others of course give me me title—Earl Sales Beamer."

"Do you live here on this estate?" asked Amily.

"Well, yes, most of the time. I have a little shooting box of me own farther down the coast. I am not rich enough to keep it well up. Some of me cousins and friends drop in for some fine shooting in the season, and they put up and take pot-luck. Sometimes we are a jolly lot. Bat always brings his own brand of wine and cigars. Sometimes we are pretty gay, I tell you. No females about, don't you know."

"You don't mean you indulge in strong drink?" she said, her eyes sparkling with fun.

"Wal, yes, rother," he answered.

She parted from him and ran to her room to laugh. She could hold in no longer. She laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks.

She found in her room some mail, which had preceded her and had just been sent to her. There was a letter from her brother Tao and also one from her Cousin Mary. She read Tao's letter first. His letters were always short and to the point, and Amily always indulged in a fit of blues after reading one of his short, practical letters, which gave no sign of the strong, deep affection he cherished for her.

In this letter he lectured her well and inclosed a good-sized check, telling her that his pride forbade him letting her be dependent on rich friends. There was some gratification in knowing that she was an object of interest to him at all.

"Jane has told Tao about Lord Douglas wanting me to marry him, and that makes him generous," she sighed. "He thinks of his family pride."

She put the check away, wrapped a gray, rough cloak around her and drew the hood over her loose hair. She started out to the beach. Everyone else had disappeared. As she neared the sands her delicate nostrils dilated with the pleasure of breathing the salt wind.

It was growing damper and the wind was blowing the fog inland. She stood watching a poor little vessel way out in the distance.

"You like it, don't you?" said a voice near her.

She turned, to meet the soft eyes of the lovely, sweet face of a queer-looking individual. He was neither boy nor man. He had a young, pretty face with a misshapen body, and his legs were bowed, his back humped, and one foot was much smaller than the other. Amily was not frightened, as the calm, delicate face won her confidence, and at once entered into conversation with her new acquaintance. After she had talked to him a while she thought: "He has the gayety of a boy with the knowledge of a man; a gentle heart, but such a sensitive nature."

"I know you must be Miss Freelanhsen," he said, "because I have heard the men talking of you. They say you came over with your pretty face and millions to bag a title, and you have already hit your mark and caught a lord. Well, I am glad you caught the

right one, for I like you and I like Lord Douglas. He is a true brick, sure, and he treats me just like he does the rest of our house. I say 'our house,' because I am of it, but not in it."

"Tell me who you are," said Amily. "You have guessed that I am Amily Freelanhsen. The men you heard talking of me made quite a mistake when they think I am a millionairess and that I came to catch a title. I was very much prejudiced against the English when I came over. I came to see the home of my father, who was English and lived at Redich. I still think the English are a cold, seemingly hard, and impolite people, with due respect to the memory of my father. He ran away and went to America and never cared to see his own country again. Which one of the queens in history said: 'Would I had never trod this English earth or felt the flatteries that grow upon it'?"

Her new-found friend said that that was Queen Katherine of Aragon, and that she had also said: "What will become of me, now, wretched lady? I am the most unhappy woman living. Also, poor wretches, where are now your fortunes? Shipwrecked upon a kingdom with no pity, no friends, no hope, no kindred to weep for me. Almost no grave allowed me. Like the lily that once was mistress of the field and flourished, I'll hang my head and perish."

"I see you know the history of your country," said Amily. "I am showing bad form myself to speak to you so disparagingly of your people. Excuse me, but you do not talk or look like the English."

"That's because I have lived here so little," he answered. "Before I was born my mother was sent to the south of France. After her death I was taken from

one place to another, and at last to Budapest. Then eight years ago my father died and acknowledged me as his son and gave me a small allowance, stipulating that I should live at Chenang. I live in the east wing. I have a small apartment, and one old servant."

"Then am I to understand you are Le Comte Batus Beamer's brother?" asked Amily.

"I am his illegitimate brother. I am supposed to keep out of sight, especially away from visitors. I go about with the men, but Angla has a perfect antipathy to me, and she cannot stand to see me. She says it gives her the creeps—she hates me. But dear old Bat is good and the biggest-hearted Beamer that ever lived. He treats me like a prince when he is here, which is rarely."

"I see you have a fine education," said Amily.

"Yes," he answered. "I was sent to Oxford for my finishing. My governor tried to do the right thing as far as he could at the last."

"And your mother?"

"I never knew her. She died a few hours after she gave me birth."

Big tears came into Amily's eyes, and he saw them. He caught her hand and held it, saying: "Won't you be my friend? I never had a woman or girl friend."

"Yes," said Amily, "I will be your staunch friend."

"Your tears have shown me your true and tender heart," said he, "and your eyes are the most beautiful I have ever seen, especially with that teardrop on the black fringe of your lashes. I know the angels in heaven shed such tears of pity for sinners here below. I know that blessed tear was for pity for my deformed body. Don't pity me, but love and trust me. I don't mind my deformity now. I used to be rebellious at col-

lege when I would see the other finely developed fellows, and have to be shoved out of their way and set back, but that made me a better student."

"I don't see your lameness," gently returned Amily, "but your big, fine, well-developed mind. I will tell you that I like you, and trust you more than anyone except one other. Some day when we know each other better I will tell you all about him."

As they had talked the fog had thickened until it was almost a rain. "Your coat is damp and nearly wet," said he. "I have not thought of your comfort, and have kept you talking in this dampness. If you catch cold I can never forgive myself."

"Never fear. I am strong and well and used to outdoor life at home in the Ozarks of the United States. I will tell you about it some day."

They started back through the fog to Chenang. When they got near the house he said:

"I will leave you here. I am never seen on this side."

"I will see you at dinner, won't I?" said Amily.

"No, I am sorry to say that I dine in my own apartment when there are visitors. I don't mind that," he said, seeing a little frown come into her face. "I am averse to meeting strangers, too. I don't know what drew me to you. I saw you and was about to turn away when I caught your eyes and they seemed to invite an acknowledgment."

"I am so glad that my eyes have that power, to draw good and true friends. I think I must have that instinct, as disagreeable people usually give me a wide berth. When will I see you again?"

"Soon, I hope," he said. "I don't hunt, as I cannot ride well, and walk worse. I hobble about the

preserves and I have a funny little, low buckboard carriage that I drive my pony to."

"Can two ride in it?" Amily asked. "Won't you drive me about some time and show me this beautiful place?"

"Would you go with me?" he said.

"It would give me the greatest pleasure," she answered. "You know we have sworn friendship, and I want to see as much of you as I can in the very short time I shall be here. This is the most beautiful place I have laid eyes on in England."

"The house is very old and was built centuries ago,—I believe by a Beamer who had to leave Spain,—and he made this a kind of stronghold. There are many secret passages and chambers and also a dungeon. Some parts have been added to and changed. The left wing was built in my father's time, so of course it is modern. The Beamers are Spanish and have holdings there. Batus has a palace near Madrid. He took me with him once; it is beautiful and picturesque. I will tell you about the pictures and other treasures there when we have a chance to meet again."

She left him, going to her room without seeing anyone. As she passed Mrs. Miller's room she tapped on the door and, going in, found Mrs. Miller in the midst of her dinner toilet.

"Where have you been?" she asked. "You will scarcely have time to dress for dinner."

"Oh, it doesn't take me long to make my toilet. You know a short horse is easily curried."

"You always make pretty toilets, anyway, so don't come the Flora McFlimsey act. I won't believe you."

"I wish I had time to tell you about my walk to the beach in the fog. It was delicious," said Amily.

"I don't care for fog and misty, damp beaches, so I would not agree with you. Run along and make yourself more beautiful, if possible, than you are now, with your face flushed and your hair flying damp about your face, and that old, gray, gypsy cloak. Where on earth did you resurrect it? Out of some gypsy camp?"

"It was at the bottom of my trunk. I had it in the Ozarks to wear in bad weather to school, which was two miles away."

"It becomes you, anyway. I think you must have some gypsy blood in your veins, you are so bohemian in your ways and fancies. But run along or you will be late, and I hear that Countess Angla is very punctilious and expects her guests to be prompt."

"I will hurry," said Amily. "She is critical and severe, I have seen at our first meeting, so I will don my best attire and best behavior."

CHAPTER XXIII

WHEN Amily, with the Millers, went below to the drawing-room most of the other guests were assembled. Despite her self-control she could not keep down the deep blushes she knew her face showed, for she felt the cold, critical stare of those mercenary English women. She knew they looked on her as a usurper and adventurer.

Lady Mack motioned to Amily to sit by her. Her Ladyship held a forlorn-looking fellow in tow, who seemed to be wiggling to get away. Presenting Amily, Lady Mack said: "I want you to know Sir Henry; he is one of my pets."

The fellow, turning a monocled eye upon Amily, grew as red as a lobster and stuttered and stammered, finally saying: "Lady Amily, I am pleased to know you. Jove! I have met so few from the other side, don't you know."

He was so fat about the eyes that his monocle just would not stay in place, and kept falling out of his squinted eye. Once or twice when it fell out Amily could scarcely refrain from picking it up and placing it firmly in his fat eye for him. Sir Henry was so fat and mushy-looking that he reminded Amily of the fat doll pin-cushions she used to make for church bazaars. She kept thinking she would love to stick a pin in his pudgy cheek to hear it pop like when she stuck pins in the fat doll.

The Countess Angla assigned Amily to Sir Henry,

and of course Lord Douglas to Miss Orr. Captain Miller took in Lady Mack. Amily was glad she had Mr. Plimpton from New York on her other side. He talked to her all through dinner, to the discomfort of a large, red English grandee who was very learned—a blue-stockings. But Amily thought that was a misnomer; that it should have been “red,” she being red and gowned in bright red, showing a lot of fat, red neck and shoulders. She was very haughty, and Mr. Plimpton found it hard to follow the jargon of thought transference, psychic influence, telepathy, and so on. It was almost unintelligible to poor Plimpton.

They all were glad when that first formal course dinner was done. When the wines were served Amily's glass was turned down. Some of the ladies seemed to think it very bad form, though a number of the Englishmen thought otherwise, as some of the women drink at dinner till they are very red, and then they talk loud and long. One girl was talking about Parliament, wireless telegraphy, and such things, of which she knew absolutely nothing.

When they assembled in the drawing-room a number went to have their coffee in the Turkish room, others remaining in the dining-room. Lord Douglas led Amily to a cozy corner and said: “My darling, this is the first moment I have had a chance to speak a private word with you.”

“I have tried to talk to you with my eyes,” said Amily.

“My darling, your eyes do speak a language to my heart. I was so impatient all through that long, tiresome dinner. I thought it would never end. Tell me about Lady Freelanhsen. Is she well? I am expecting an answer to a letter which I wrote her about our

trip to Monte Carlo with the rest of the party. You know you said you would go if your cousin gave her consent."

"I should love to go, and Mrs. Miller says she will not go unless I go, too."

"You could not break up the party," said Lord Douglas.

"No; I wish to go to be with you, for I feel we will soon be parted for good," said Amily.

"Don't say such a terrible thing. I shall find out the thing that stands between us and dispel it, no matter what it is. I will not let anything stand in the way of my future happiness."

They were talking so low and confidential they did not hear Banderwelt and Miss Orr. Banderwelt was halfway making love to Miss Orr, because he thought she expected it. He could talk to her in that low strain and at the same time watch Douglas and Amily. He did not have Miss Ophelia Orr's attention any more than she had his. She was watching Lord Douglas, whom she had loved from her earliest girlhood. That is, she loved him in her selfish way, and more than she could ever really love anyone else.

She had made up her mind that if she lost Douglas she would catch the next best, the millionaire American, and she had planned with his money and her position to lord it over Amily and make her suffer in a hundred ways. She was one of those natures that live and love to hate. Hate is their guiding star, hate their religion, their everything. When the sun shined she hated that; when the rain came she hated that. She hated the heavy perfume of the flowers; she said they made her sick. She despised little children, and had a perfect antipathy to dogs, and only tol-

erated cats. The one thing she seemed to really care for was a very old parrot. She had taught it to talk, and it had all her ill-natured moods. She had taught it French and Spanish, and the thing could swear in three languages. At her home it was her constant companion in private.

Glancing over at Amily, Miss Orr now said to Banderwelt: "She is working overtime to catch a lord," and she laughed, showing a row of pure pearl teeth, white as snow, pointed at the edge like the teeth of a wildcat.

Miss Orr's eyes could sparkle like flame when she was wrought up, and with her hair, black as jet and straight, her brow broad and white, she was a commanding figure.

"Cleopatra must have looked like Miss Orr," remarked Amily to Lord Douglas. "She reminds me of some tragedy queen chiseled out of stone. She hates me and she loves you, if a heart of stone can love."

"She is a great beauty," answered Douglas, "but of a stamp that one can never love. We have been friends from our cradles, I have always humored her whims and looked on her as a spoiled child-woman. She has always commanded me about. My aunt took a great fancy to her and always expected me to show her places, and as I was not in love, and not caring especially for anyone, I was glad to take her about. She is handsome and showy and always agreeable to me."

"She loves you," said Amily. "Anyone can see that, and she is trying all her powers to part us. She has influenced your aunt. I can see a slight change in her feeling for me. I am a sort of sensitive plant; I can feel things where other people have to see them."

"I think you are mistaken about her being in love with me," said Lord Douglas. "I think she has lost her heart to Mr. Banderwelt, and he has shown her marked attention ever since they have known each other. Well, let's not waste these precious moments discussing those two people. Come for a walk. The fog has dispersed,—or would you prefer to dance? They are dancing already."

"No, I don't care to dance," Amily answered.

"Then let's walk in the moonlight towards the beach."

The low land extended east and west, with the waving grass above the sand, and one mile inland stood the buildings on a knoll sloping down to the ever-moaning sea. Hundreds of acres of wooded land ran back. This was one of the largest and handsomest estates in England.

They walked on and passed other members of the house party strolling in the moonlight. Suddenly Amily stopped and said: "Right here is the very spot I met the strangest person. I was going to say man, but he was that only in mind; neither was he a boy. He was most interesting, and I have wanted to tell you about him. I have made a friend of him. I should call him a dwarf."

"Oh, I know who you mean," said Lord Douglas. "How did you ever happen to meet Roy Gerald? He is rarely ever seen by visitors."

"So he told me," answered Amily. "I took a stroll in the fog alone out here while the men were inspecting the preserves and the ladies resting or playing bridge. I was watching the big waves break on the sand and thought myself alone till a sweet voice said at my ear, 'You like it, don't you?' He seemed to know me, and I answered as if we were friends and had only parted

from each other hours back. He won my confidence and respect, then my pity, though he does not like pity, and I tried not to let him see how sorry I was for him. He seems to have suffered a great deal. He read my thoughts as one would an open book. Poor dear! we swore friendship forever."

"You had best not mention him to anyone, as I think they do not recognize him as a connection, although he is a half brother to the countess and dear old Bat, who is really fond of Roy. He has a fine mind and we are staunch friends. He is with me in my apartments most of the time when I am here."

"I am so glad," said Amily, "because I am crazy about him; he is such a dear."

"Are you not afraid I shall get jealous of Roy?" asked Lord Douglas.

"No, not in the least afraid," answered Amily. "We understand each other too well for that."

He took her hand in his and pressed the palm to his lips, saying: "My precious pearl, you know I simply cannot live without you. Won't you marry me? I don't want to know your secret. You are all I think you are, and it is your own pure self I want. Not all the secrets in the world can make me give you up."

"Do not urge me, Richard. I am absurdly, wretchedly unhappy when I see your dear face sad. I know you love me, dear, yet I could not accept my happiness at the cost of dishonoring you. Could I deliberately do this? There is a dull weight on my poor heart."

"Darling, I know you are an angel, and whatever this secret maybe it is no fault of yours," he said.

"Richard dear, you are right," she answered. "No

matter how lonely and heart hungry I may become, I shall always strive to remember the motto which I have always kept in my mind: 'Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow God with good will, doing service in His name.' To this I have added: 'Love Richard Douglas with all my heart, soul, mind and body as long as I have breath to live.'"

He caught her to his heart, holding her in his arms. He rained kisses on her lips, her eyes, and forehead. He kissed the teardrops from her lashes. There was no sound but the long ripple washing the reeds. They had no idea how long they had been there till the water opened out broader in vast sheets of crawling foam that ran up to the very bank of sand where they sat.

"Darling," he said, "I am keeping you too long; it grows chilly for you here by the sea. We had better return."

They started, and going a little way saw a tall figure emerge from the path, casting eager glances in all directions. He kept his cap well over his face and hurried on. Amily felt almost certain that it was Banderwelt, and she said so, but Lord Douglas thought the person taller than he. She was not convinced, and felt uneasy and a little nervous. In her heart she felt certain that it was he, and he was spying on her. She had always felt that he was watching and listening to her when he seemed engaged in deep conversation. The cold, sarcastic glitter of his eyes wounded and humiliated her. Though she never took the slightest notice of him, she could feel his eyes on her.

Richard bade her good-night, telling Mrs. Miller that he put her in her charge, saying: "We stayed in this glorious moonlight till the clouds came and the wind rose, driving in the spray."

"I hope she does not have the croup, as my little Mary had last night," said Mrs. Miller.

"I am past the croup stage," answered Amily.

"Well, you don't look very much past it."

"Thank you for the compliment, but I feel quite old sometimes, I assure you."

The music had stopped and all the guests had retired except a few bridge fiends. Captain Miller joined them and all went to the foot of the grand stairway. There they parted, Captain Miller telling his wife he would join her after he had another cigar on the balcony with Dick Douglas.

As the two ladies passed along the upper hall to their apartments, Mrs. Miller said: "Amily, you look tired; and if I may say so, sad. What in the world have you that would cast a little bit of a shadow across your brow?"

"Maybe I am tired and sleepy," Amily answered.

"Good-night! Go to sleep at once. You know I have to account to your cousin for your health." Mrs. Miller kissed her as she closed the door of Amily's room.

The whole party assembled at an early breakfast, where the men were all dressed in shooting costumes. The ladies of the party were to drive or go in a small boat down the beach to lunch with the hunters at two o'clock.

There was great fun seeing the mounts, and to Amily it was so ludicrous to see some of the Englishmen ride. They were afraid of their horses, and grooms had to hold them at a block for them to mount. Some were fairly good riders, and others looked as if they had never been on a horse before. Sir Henry was so funny Amily had to laugh outright. As he wanted to show

his horsemanship he would post up and down. He looked fat and red, and his scarlet coat made him look all the redder. He was so round Amily thought he must roll off his horse. He rode in front of her and said: "'Pon me soul! Lady Amily, you are making sport of me. You cannot make fun of me calves. You know me friends say what a fine pair of calves I carry."

Amily had to laugh heartily now at this last straw! Lord Douglas heard the boast and joined Amily, saying: "Yes, it is conceded that Sir Henry has the best pair of legs in England."

"Now, Lady Amily," said Sir Henry, "you see I was not boasting; 'pon my soul, I was not! Everyone says the same thing. Jove! I am not conceited, however, don't you know."

When the hunters rode away the ladies all were discussing the men, who was the best shot, and so on. "Miss Freelanhsen," said Lady Mack, "my nephew tells me you are a fine horsewoman and also a good shot."

"I fear he flatters me about being a good shot," she answered. "I have hunted some in a small way with my brother in the mountains of Arkansas, and I am a fearless rider. I love animals, especially horses and dogs."

"We have some fine dogs of the St. Bernard breed in our kennels," said Lady Mack. "Some time I would like to show them to you."

"Thank you, I should love to see them," Amily replied.

"How long do you expect to remain in England?"

"Really, I cannot tell. My cousin, Lady Freelanhsen, begs that I will remain with her as long as she lives; but my sister and brothers are anxious that I

come home in the spring, so you see I am uncertain. My cousin Mary is very lonely and is quite feeble this season with the rheumatism. I have not the heart to leave her alone in that lonely big Hall with only the servants."

"Your cousin and I have mutual friends, and I have known of her for years through them, though, strange to say, we have never met."

"I wish you could know her, she is such a noble, grand character."

"I dare say," was Lady Mack's only remark.

Believing Lady Mack wished to terminate the conversation, Amily said: "I think you will wish to rest before your long ride to lunch with the hunters, and I will not detain you longer. I see all the other ladies have gone to their apartments now."

"I will see you then at lunch down the beach," said Lady Mack.

Amily did not acquiesce. She went to her room and put on her short gray skirt, heavy shoes, and her tam-o'-shanter cap, and started up the beach for a long tramp. As she passed through the court she gave a shrill whistle and was immediately joined by a large, beautiful, fierce staghound, a savage, repulsive creature who had taken a great fancy to her and followed her whenever she went outside the house. She called him to her now, patting his head and calling him, "dear old Boaz."

"We will have a fine tramp together old fellow," she said.

As Amily went along the beach she would throw pieces of bark and sticks in the sea to see Boaz rush into the foamy waves and retrieve, when she would have to pull the stick out of his great jaws. When Boaz

would start to run a poor little rabbit Amily would stamp her feet and call him back, and he would mind like a child. She would then talk to him, because he was so intelligent she felt that he understood her every motion.

Amily had no idea how far she had gone, but feeling tired she looked for a good place among the beach thistles that grew along that part of the beach where she might rest. Boaz was farther on, baying at something under a clump of these same thistles. The dog seemed so much in earnest that Amily went to where he was, and when she came nearer she saw something that looked like a person crouched down in the tall growth.

The dog was barking furiously, and she called: "Boaz, old boy, good dog, come to me!" When she called the dog off, Amily heard a groan, and going closer she saw a man in a quicksand sinking slowly. He was to his armpits and was exhausted from calling for help, so weak he could scarcely utter a sound above a groan.

Appreciating the danger Amily went closer to the man and spoke to him, saying: "Courage. You are sinking so slowly I can go for help before you are submerged much farther."

The man rolled his eyes at her and said he would be able to hold out if she could get some brush to throw in for him to place his arms over. Amily ran about, but could not find any brush, so she pulled an armful of the thistles and, rolling them in her jacket, threw them to the man, telling him to hold to them and they would retard his sinking.

As he turned his terror-stricken face towards her Amily thought: "He is a villain of unfathomable in-

famy. His cowardly fear of death makes his countenance diabolical."

However, she encouraged him, telling him she would run and bring help. She ran till she was almost out of breath, and the big dog ran by her side, yelping and barking at every jump. When she was almost in sight of the house she heard someone driving and clucking to a horse, and at a sharp turn in the road she met Roy Gerald in his buckboard, with his little shotgun laid across his lap. Seeing Amily he stopped, and was about to get out to meet her, but she motioned for him to wait for her. Her cheeks were flushed from the run, her hair was blowing about her face, and her eyes were bright as stars.

She hurriedly told him her errand, and said: "I found Mr. Banderwelt's man in a quicksand, and he is sinking every moment. I came to find help."

"You wait here and I will drive back and get a stable man to come and help him," said Roy. "There must be one about, though most of them have gone to the hunt to look after the horses at lunch time. Why are you not there?"

"We will talk about that when you come back with help," she said, and Roy rode off. Amily sat on a stump of a tree till she saw Roy with two men coming. She ran to meet them, telling them to go as fast as they could before it was too late.

The men took the buckboard and drove as fast as they could, while she and Roy walked slowly, as Roy could not walk fast. "The men can save him," said Roy. "It is no use for you to walk back."

"Yes, but I am so afraid he has perished I cannot stop. I must go; maybe I can do something to help them."

They walked on, and when they came to the quicksand the men had just rescued Banderwelt's man. He was very weak from fear and straining.

"I am glad you got to him in time to save his life," said Amily. Her jacket filled with thistles had kept him up till the men had come.

The poor, miserable coward had been sent by Banderwelt to spy on Amily and had meant to hide in the thick growth of sea thistles when he got into the bed of quicksand and was up to his arms almost before he realized what had happened to him. He made a miserable attempt to thank her for saving his life.

"Don't thank me," she said; "I would have done the same for Boaz, the hound."

One of the men then drove the miserable wretch back in Roy's buckboard. As they rode away, turning to Roy, Amily said: "We need not hurry now, as it is too late for me to meet the hunters at lunch. You know I expected to walk on down the beach and meet the party. The other ladies were to go by boat and carriages. I thought the walk would be great, and had started up the beach a way when old Boaz found Mr. Banderwelt's man, so I tried to help him, and you know the rest. I have had quite an experience this forenoon—one I sha'n't forget. When I first came on the beach I sat down behind a bank of sand and was watching the white caps and thinking myself alone when I was surprised to hear my name called in the most sarcastic manner by two lady guests, Miss Orr and Miss Chamberlain. I was ridiculed and denounced as a poor American upstart, an interloper who had ridden on the shoulders of dear Mr. Banderwelt into good society far above my position in life. I was pronounced an avaricious schemer intent on thrust-

ing myself upon Le Comte Batas Beamer's notice with the intent of marrying him for his title and wealth. I was so amused."

"Who is Miss Orr?" said Roy.

"She is a very handsome English girl whose father is quite prominent in Parliament, I heard. She is a great friend of Lady Mack and Lord Douglas. She seems to have a perfect antipathy for me."

Changing the subject, Roy said: "You love scenery so, do you love pictures, too? I have some very fine ones of the sea and this beach. I wish you could see them. I know you cannot come to my apartments when I am in, but if you would really care to see them I will get Richard Douglas to get up some interest in the pictures in that wing, and he, with some others, can bring you. I will manage to be out. You know I am not recognized by the family as a connection. I am only a protégé of Bat's."

"Well, I will tell you this," said Amily. "You are the very nicest Englishman I ever met, and the very smartest." Then she blushed and, hanging her head, added: "With one or two exceptions."

The wind had gotten around to the east and it was growing cold and dismal. Her jacket, wet and muddy, she had sent back in the buckboard.

Noticing that she shivered in the bleak air, Roy said: "You are cold; we had better go back. I am selfish. These out-door meetings are my only chance to see you, and it has been the greatest pleasure I have had for ever so long, to meet a true, good, frank comrade and friend. You tell me you are going to Monte Carlo at the end of the week with the party?"

"Yes, my Cousin Mary wrote to Mrs. Miller giving her consent, and the Millers say they will break up the

party if I do not accompany them. Yet I hope to see you many times before we go, and when I go back to Freelanhsen Hall I want you to come and spend a fortnight with us. You would fall in love with my Cousin Mary, she is such a dear, so good, kind, and motherly."

"Nothing in the world would give me such pleasure," he said.

"Then I will count on your coming sure," she said.

CHAPTER XXIV

WHEN Amily went inside the outdoors seemed dreary in comparison with the genial atmosphere of the cozy, luxurious library, where the vases and flower bowls were filled with fresh hothouse flowers. Splendid simplicity and elegance were combined here. On the walls hung beautiful pictures by the old masters.

She took a book and sat near a window reading when all at once she was startled by Lord Douglas, who stood by her.

"Where have you been?" he said. "I have looked for you all forenoon. They were all through lunch and still there was no sign of you, so I could stand the suspense no longer. I started back up the beach where I expected to find you. Instead I met Roy Gerald, and he told me what a brave little woman you proved yourself to be in saving the life of Mr. Banderwelt's valet."

"Yes; I presume if I had not have found him when I did and run back for help he would have been swallowed up in the quicksand. He was gradually sinking and could not help himself. I took off my jacket and filled it with thistles and threw it to him to place his arms over and that retarded his sinking till I got help."

"Bless your brave heart! you are always doing some good for other people. Now that we have these precious moments to ourselves, I will renew the same sub-

ject. Promise to be my wife as soon as an answer comes from your brother Tao. I have sent him my credentials and references, and asked his consent to our marriage, and I have the consent of Lady Free-lanhsen."

He took a little case out of his pocket, and from it took out a most beautiful, pure white diamond of the first water. The setting of the ring was very old, so old that a connoisseur in such matters might wonder why he had chosen such a ring as the seal of his betrothal. It had been his mother's betrothal ring, and she had given it to him with a promise from him never to give it without the true love of his heart.

Placing the ring on her finger, he told Amily she was the first and only woman he had ever asked to wear it.

"I will promise never to marry another," Amily confessed. "If you find out our family secret and still wish to make me your wife, I will be too happy; but I cannot tell you."

Tears came to her eyes. Lord Douglas put his arm around her and kissed the tears away, saying: "Never mind, my precious darling, I shall find it out, never fear, and nothing shall separate us."

They were surprised by a slight noise and, looking around, they saw someone leaving the big room at the far door.

"Who could that have been?" said Douglas. "I left all the guests at lunch on the beach."

He went to a window at the far end of the room and saw a tall man crossing the wide court diagonally to the right in the direction of the stables. He could not see who it was, but he thought it was like Banderwelt's figure, though he could not swear it was he. Amily asked who it was.

He told her it looked like Banderwelt's figure, but it could not be, as he was sure he left him at lunch with Miss Orr and Miss Fay. He remembered seeing them seated together as he slipped away, not wishing to be seen leaving before lunch. He thought he would not be missed.

"I know Banderwelt followed you here," said Amily. "He is spying on me everywhere I go."

"I know how he loves you, dear, and I feel so sorry for him."

"Richard, he has no heart, and does not deserve your sympathy. I believe he would do anything to part us. I believe he sent his valet to spy on me when I went out on the beach, and the man, thinking to hide in the sea thistles, got into the quicksand. I do not speak to him except when I am obliged to do so to save myself a scene, yet he compels me to notice him before people. He really persecutes me. I will be so glad when he goes back to America."

"I will see that you are never thrown alone with him, and as he goes back after our stay of a week at Monte Carlo we will be rid of him."

After the party of hunters and ladies returned they grouped about the parlors, porches, balconies, and cozy corners. Richard and Amily sat in the same part of the big library. The lights had been turned on.

They were so happy to be together that they were perfectly oblivious to everything else until Miss Colgate made her appearance dressed for dinner. Seeing her, Amily rose and said: "I did not know it was near dinner time. I shall have to run away, and hurry, too."

"I will manage to sit next you at dinner," said Lord Douglas. "I find no peace where you are not, and

the world is dark and empty without you. So you see how essential you are to my happiness. I fear Countess Angla will ask me to take in someone else," he went on, "but I can manage to sit next you, however."

When Amily reappeared dressed in her pale-blue, simple gown, with a white rose at the side of her hair, she was really very beautiful. When she entered the salon the host, Batas Beamer, came to meet her, saying: "I wish the honor of taking into dinner the heroine of the afternoon, who at the risk of losing her life—and her jacket—saved the life of a human being."

"Oh, pray don't mention it! I only did what anyone would have done. I happened to come just in the right time, that is all."

Amily blushed a beautiful pink as she answered Le Comte, who passed her hand through his arm. "Brother," said Countess Angla, "I think Mr. Banderwelt should have the honor, as Miss Freelanhsen saved the life of his valet."

"Oh, yes, perhaps; but I claim the honor," he answered.

Amily cast down her eyes and they took the place of honor at the table and were served first, as composed as any at the table. She showed her good breeding in the fearless, low tone of her voice and the proud carriage of her head; and when she was offended in the flashing answer of her brave eyes and the noble curve of her tender mouth.

The conversation became general, and when the wine course was served Banderwelt proposed a toast to the heroine. The men rose and drank, the women drank sitting. Amily held an empty glass, but would not have it filled. The dinner was so long the music had

begun in the ballroom for the dance before they got up from the table.

The host led the way to the ballroom and danced the first dance with Amily. When they had finished Sir Henry asked for the next, and while she was talking to him Lord Douglas came up, saying: "Don't forget you promised me the first two-step; that will be the next after this."

Amily answered with her eyes, and Lord Douglas turned to speak to Miss Orr, who had a sneer on her face.

"Richard," she said, "I have hardly had a word with you, your time has been so taken up with the heroine. She is always in the limelight. The Americans surely do love notoriety."

"Do they?" he asked. "I had not noticed that they did. If you mean Lady Amily Freelanhsen, she is certainly averse to notice, and is the bravest, truest little woman it has ever been my good fortune to know."

"Oh, I see, Richard, she has you, too, under the influence of those bewitching eyes of hers," said Miss Orr.

"I am most happy if she condescends to include me in their power," he answered. "We will not discuss Lady Amily unless you can compliment her. She deserves the highest praise."

The music stopped, and he told her he would find her partner for the two-step. She frowned and said: "I have no partner. I had hoped to sit out this dance with you. I have some things I wished to tell you."

"I am sorry, but you can tell me some other time. I have this two-step with Lady Amily. Come, there is my aunt; I will leave you with her."

When Richard placed his arm about Amily and they

floated away over the smooth waxed floor he whispered, "This is heavenly."

He could feel her sweet breath on his cheek, and when the music came to a sudden stop he said: "We are back to earth, dear. The very art of life consists not in forcing or adapting life, but the ability from its very evil to bring forth good and the drinking for ourselves at the fount of beauty in all and any form. Come, the moonlight is glorious." He got her a light wrap and throwing it across her shoulders they went out through the ante-room.

They stood on the beach, with its waters breaking softly on the sand at their feet, the young moon shining down upon them. She was his promised wife; the engagement ring was on her finger, sparkling in the moonbeams.

She spoke, saying: "The day after to-morrow we leave this enchanted place, do we not?" The softest, kindest feelings she had experienced for her promised husband were awakened. "I love this beautiful beach and I feel like I must enjoy it to the fullest, as I may never see it again."

"Darling, when you are my wife we will see many beautiful beaches and we will travel where your fancy takes us," he answered.

"I have a presentiment, which weighs on my heart, that Mr. Banderwelt will do everything to part us," she said.

Wholly honest and truthful and sincere herself, she seldom suspected wrong in others, but she seemed to feel Banderwelt's spiteful intentions and his suave, polite hate for her lover. Lord Douglas consoled her, telling her she was nervous and tired and imagined things. When he kissed her good-night she promised

to go to sleep and not think of it any more, for he said he would not let anything come between them.

She awakened early next morning and did most of her packing, then throwing on her big gray cloak she went out towards Roy's apartments. She gave a whistle and old Boaz came with a bound. She had not gone far when she was joined by Roy Gerald in his little buckboard. She went to him, saying: "You heard my call. I knew you would come to that call. I can count on you two true comrades and friends. We leave to-night and I must have this early morning with my two best friends."

She jumped into the buckboard by his side, saying: "How could you get harnessed up and out so soon after my whistle?"

"I was all ready to drive on the beach," he said. "I know you love it, and would come there to see it the last time. Boaz was with me, and he bounded away and left me at your call."

"Roy," said Amily, "I trust and like you so much that I want to tell you of my happiness. I am the betrothed wife of Lord Douglas."

"Oh, I have thought so," he answered. "Dick, old boy, could not keep the joy out of his face, and after he left you last night he came to me and we smoked together quite late. While he did not tell me in so many words, he asked me to congratulate him on his great happiness. He said you would tell me if you wished me to know, and of course I guessed. Amily,"—he called her that now,—"be good to dear old Dick; he deserves to be happy. I love him and Bat the best in the world, and now I have you, three people, I can say I trust in all this big world. Dick knows how I love and trust you."

"He knows we have sworn friendship for each other, and it made him so happy. Oh, Roy, he is so good and true, I feel I can never be worthy of him! Will you take care of him when I am gone and let me know if anything should happen to him? You have promised to write to me once a week."

"I shall miss you so when you have gone. You have made this heaven. I have always told Bat that heaven is always a present, not a future state of the soul, and if any being would know the extent, the height, depth, and breadth of bliss which the world has in store for him at any time, let him take stock of how much heavenly beauty he sees and feels, and live in the creations immediately around him. I am not a church member, but I do believe in this heaven or hell right here."

"I, too, Roy," returned Amily, "am a firm believer in the great, good, and merciful God, but not in a revengeful and cruel God, who would consign men to an eternal hell."

She paused, then continued: "We make our heaven here."

"I wish we had more angels like some I know," he said.

It seemed to him she was far more beautiful than he had ever realized as she leaned sideways against the cushion of the seat, and he noticed the line of her cheek and neck, with downy little ringlets at the roots of her hair that fluffed and blew about her face.

"We have so many ideas and views in common that I want you to come to Redich and visit us. Cousin will gladly welcome any friend of mine. I am so anxious for you to know her," said Amily.

"But when are you to be married?" asked Roy.

"Oh, dear Roy, that is indefinite. We do not talk

of marriage. We are just engaged; that for the present is all."

As they drove along the winding of the beach could be distinctly traced by the white fog which curled above the water line, but the fog and mist were rolling away as the warm sunshine came out over the land.

After a while Amily said:

"Is this not beautiful, Roy? I hate to leave it. I shall never see it again."

"Oh, don't say that!" interposed Roy.

"I wish you were going to Monte Carlo," she said.

"I should like it, too; that is, if I had a man's stature."

"Dear, I never think of your figure; it is your great big heart and bright mind I recognize. Le Comte will come to Monte Carlo in a fortnight. Come with him; I want you. Have you ever been there?"

"Yes, I must confess I have been there. In my college days I used to lose most of my allowance there. Bat has a town house there. As you are going there, you will see a funny little tower to the north that is always open to me. I am too poor to indulge in the sports, but I go when Bat is in residence there."

"Then promise me you will come when he comes. You can show me more and explain more about it all. We can have rides and moonlight walks together. Richard has so many friends they claim so much of his attention and time that I will need and want you. Charles Renselear is a fine boy, and I have tried to manage to have him meet you, but since we have been here his whole time is taken up with this pretty English girl, Miss Belle Turner. He is perfectly infatuated with her. I don't in the least blame him, she is such a pretty

dark little thing, so quaint and so unusual-looking, and so altogether charming."

"I have seen them walking and driving together," said Roy, "with a thin, tall chaperon always in evidence."

"Yes, that is her mother."

They had driven the pony almost into the surf and sat talking and watching the gulls and beautiful white-caps. Their attention was attracted to a smart pair and a grand landau filled with a gay party coming past. When they came up Roy said: "That is Bat and Richard, with Miss Orr and Miss Belle Turner. We have just been talking about her. I wonder where Charles can be."

"It must be later than we think; they must have breakfasted."

"No, they expect to get back for ten o'clock breakfast. They are going down six miles to the Pirates' Ruin. I wanted to take you there, but I could not get a chance."

"What is the Pirates' Ruin?" she asked.

"It is an old ruin of a sort of stronghold, very small, but more of a fort than a chateau. One of our ancestors built it in the year 1500, and some say he was a smuggler and was found murdered in his own stronghold. Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition which has furnished material for many wild stories in that region of mist and shadows."

"I am so sorry I did not get to see it, too. I presume they made up their minds to go while they waited for the party to come to breakfast. I dare say it was that dark romantic little Miss Belle Turner, she is so full of life, so animated and sprightly, and wants to see and do everything. Poor Charles! he will be so dis-

appointed not to have shown her that grewsome but romantic spot."

When Amily parted from Roy she had made him promise to come to Monte Carlo with Batus Beamer.

The whole party was at breakfast when Amily entered the dining-room. Mrs. Miller called her a truant and wanted to know if she had just gotten up.

"I knocked on your door an hour ago," she said.

Lord Douglas answered for her, saying: "Lady Amily is an early riser. We saw her on the beach with Roy Gerald hours ago."

That was the first time Amily had heard anyone dare to call his name, and said: "Yes, I have had the most delightful ride on the beach with the most adorable companion who told me all the legendary superstitions of the place."

The Countess Angla arched her brows and shrugged her shoulders in a haughty manner, and spoke to her brother about the day's shooting. There was a pause in the conversation till Lord Douglas said: "Lady Amily, you must not leave Chenang without seeing Pirates' Ruin. I will take great pleasure in showing it to you if you will give me the pleasure. We can drive down and back by luncheon."

"I thought you were to shoot," said Countess Angla.

"No, I made such a bad record yesterday I concluded I would let the others bear the honors."

With that they all rose from the table and sauntered to the drawing-room, porches, lawn, and galleries.

"Can we go to the Ruin in Roy's buckboard?" asked Amily of Lord Douglas. "It is fine to ride in, so comfortable, and one feels so close to the sand on the beach because it is such a little, low vehicle."

"Of course Roy will let you have it," he answered.

When Lord Douglas drove around Amily was in the porte-cochère waiting, and as they drove away Miss Orr was much amused at the ludicrous sight of those two big people, as she styled them, in that funny little buggy. No one seemed to join in her amusement. She called Banderwelt's attention to them, though she could have saved herself the trouble, as he never lost sight of Amily. He was merely cynical now, and a frown as of sharp misery came into his face.

As Lord Douglas drove the pony along the beach he said: "I wanted to drive once more with you along this smooth beautiful sand, and, darling, I was just a bit jealous when I saw you alone with Roy so much."

"You could never be jealous of him. He adores and loves you next to his brother Batas."

"Yes, he has a fine mind and a pure, generous nature. I am so glad you met him and he gave you so much pleasure. When you are my wife and we are at home we will have him with us often. We must be married at Christmas."

To her protests he had many answers ready. "I will not ask you for your secret that stands between us; but rest assured I shall know in a short time after I go back to my town house in London."

CHAPTER XXV

WHEN the two lovers arrived at their destination Lord Douglas helped Amily out of the buckboard, and they wandered hand in hand about the Ruins. They came to a stone column which had fallen just where it made a delightful seat with a fine view of the sea and surrounding country. They sat on this column, he placing his arm about her waist. She let her head fall against his breast, and he bent over and kissed her lips, her eyes, and hair.

"My darling, we must be married," he said. "I cannot go on living like this. I am miserable when you are not with me. All other paths are dark, all other ways are strange. Marry me, darling. I make no terms, I ask none only that you be my treasured and adored little wife."

This alluring and masterful being had won her heart and she could not resist his pleading. She said: "I will marry you when you know that secret if you still ask me."

"Have I not told you nothing in the world can make any difference to me?"

They were reminded that it was time to start back by seeing a man walking along the beach. The air had turned cool, almost wintry crisp and a little frosty, and made one feel full of life. They soon overtook the person walking and, after passing him, Amily said: "Really, Richard, I believe that man is sent to

spy on me. Every time I am out I see him, although he tries to avoid being seen. He is the valet of Mr. Banderwelt, whose life I saved from death in the quicksand."

"I am sure you must be mistaken, dear. Why should he wish to watch you. Banderwelt knows you detest him, and he must know you are my promised wife."

"Yes, I know, but I feel a creepy sensation whenever he looks at me, and I turn cold if he brushes me in passing. We will soon see the last of him, anyway, after our visit to Monte Carlo."

As they arrived, luncheon was over and the ladies were restless, no men being about. Some had gone to a little shooting box where the men expected to have lunch. It was so far that most of the ladies remained at Chenang. Mrs. Miller met Lord Douglas and Amily and laughingly said: "Amily, how could you monopolize the only man? We are all dying with ennui. Do you know we leave Chenang for Monte Carlo at eight o'clock? I sent my maid in to help you pack."

Amily kissed her cheek, saying: "You are such a dear, I thank you so much; but I packed nearly everything before I went out."

"That is well, for when the hunters get in all will be confusion, and I know you would not have a chance. You should have called Nanette, however, she had plenty of time to have done all your packing."

"You spoil me too much. I am so used to waiting on myself I never think of calling anyone to help me, and, besides, my wardrobe is not so elaborate that it is laborious to pack it."

Mrs. Miller sat with Richard and Amily through lunch, and when they had finished they all sat in the drawing-room, where Miss Orr called to Lord Douglas,

saying: "Come here; I wish you to decide a question." She, Miss Fay, and Miss Belle Turner were in an animated discussion about Parliament, and they wished him to decide a question for them. However, the party soon broke up, as preparations must be completed for the departure for Monte Carlo.

At eight o'clock sharp they were in the train. Amily sat by Le Comte, and was telling him how much she liked Roy Gerald, and that he must be sure to bring him when he joined the party at Monte Carlo. Le Comte was going only to the first station with his guests, and he told Amily he surely would bring Roy, adding that the little fellow had told him about their meeting and friendship. He seemed glad that Amily was interested in Roy, who rarely made friends, as he felt his affliction much and was so extremely sensitive.

Le Comte had proved himself an admirable host, and now he bade Amily good-by, and went through the train telling his guests he would soon join them.

Amily leaned her head back against the seat, hoping Richard could make some excuse to leave Lady Mack and come and take the seat by her side. She looked out of the car window and could see the towering cliffs of a desolate coast. She had so few moments to herself that she closed her eyes and tried to sleep, but she was denied that pleasure, as Banderwelt took the seat which Le Comte Batas Beamer had vacated.

"I hope I do not disturb your dreaming of your handsome English lord, who at this moment takes advantage of your peaceful slumbers to flirt with his old love, Miss Orr."

"I do not condescend to notice your impertinent remarks. If I did, I should have to call on some of my friends to call you to account."

Her tone was haughty and defiant as she answered him.

"I beg your pardon, my dear Lady Amily, I should not be telling on your lord. Let him flirt and have a time while he can. He thinks when he marries the Lady Amily of Freelanhsen Hall he will have a rich and titled wife, but when he reads some genealogy I know of his great love will fly out the window."

Amily wrapped her gray traveling cloak over her head and turned her back to him.

"There can be no doubt as to your motives, sir, and I refuse to listen to another word from you. You will please me if you vacate this seat, or I will go and stand in the aisle. I will not sit by you," she said.

"Don't trouble to do that. I wish to speak with Sir Henry, and was just going through, but seeing you alone and your lover so engaged with Miss Orr I thought it might save you from remark if I took this seat for a few moments, and as my intentions are not appreciated I will say adieu."

She neither spoke nor looked at him, though she knew he had gone, and felt so relieved that tears came to her eyes. She must have fallen asleep, for all at once she felt someone take hold of her arm and say: "You were asleep, and it is really a shame to disturb you, but we are in and the train is about to come to a stop. Now give me your companion," he said, taking her bag. She looked up and was glad to see Richard Douglas.

"Now," said Douglas, "we will change cars here. This train on the other side will convey us to the Channel port, where we pass over to France."

This stage of the journey was not a long one, and was marked by no event worthy of moment. Bander-

welt kept himself out of sight. Arrived at Dover, the whole party at once boarded the steamer. Amily had heard much of the dangers of the Channel passage, but having proved herself a good sailor on the trip across the Atlantic, she had no fear of the short sail to Calais. Her confidence was well rewarded, for the Channel was in one of its peaceful moods.

Upon disembarking at Calais the following morning the party hastened aboard the train there, leaving the matter of baggage transfer and the like to the care of the servants. After a delightful trip through the sunny fields of France—a constant delight to Amily—they arrived after nightfall at the little principality wherein are contained the most famous gambling palaces of the world.

Batas Beamer's carriage, automobile, and servants were there to meet the party, and his younger brother, to conduct them to his town house, which was always open at this season to his friends. They were expecting the guests and the palace was a blaze of electric lights.

They were no sooner out of the auto than they were ushered into a lift and the porter led the way through a wide corridor into a kind of reception-room, where Countess Angla, who had preceded them, made them welcome to her brother's house.

Amily was assigned a part of the suite given the Millers, and it was, if possible, a more beautiful room than the one she had at Chenang. It was about twelve o'clock, and she was very tired. She went to the window and stood looking out over the square. It began to rain and the square was almost empty. Once in a while a single pedestrian would come in sight, then disappear into a side street.

Now one came almost opposite her window. He stopped and looked up. She knew no one could see her, as she was peeping through the closed blinds. She thought he looked like Banderwelt's valet. She watched till she saw him disappear toward the house, then she felt sure that it was he. She wondered if it could have been by chance that he stopped and looked at her window.

She sat down in an easy-chair and was taking off her gloves when a maid called to help her undress. She dismissed the maid, telling her she did not need her. When she looked about the beautiful Oriental room, with its stuffs from Damascus, rugs, carved ivory and cashmeres, she wondered at the wealth of this Le Comte Batas Beamer.

"And to think of me, just little insignificant Amily, going on with such people and such elegances. Where will it end? I sometimes let my imagination carry me away. I will come back to earth and to bed; I cannot sit here dreaming all night. It is striking one o'clock from the big church tower. Or is it a church? Maybe it is the big gambling hell, as some people call them."

She soon dropped to sleep in this magnificent, gilded cage, as she called it, thinking it was meant for some rare tropical bird.

During the days following, when Lord Douglas drove her about Monte Carlo, Amily said: "This is the most beautiful place I have seen—I mean the most extravagant display of money possibilities. I never saw such grand mosaic paving and gilded doors and so much electricity."

"Wait till you have seen the interior of these palaces of iniquity," he said.

The next day they went to the gambling places. Most of the men and some of the women had to gamble, others just to say that they had tried their luck at Monte Carlo. They went from one of these places to another watching the players and noting the expressions of those wild-eyed, haggard faces. Some eyed the banked-up silver and gold coin with eyes that protruded farther out from their cheeks than their noses, their hands clutching their own gains, or if losers, their faces turning to a deathlike, pallid hue.

They kept going from poker-room to roulette, and to where all the other games are played. At last they entered a room not so large as some of the others, but which seemed to be more private and magnificently equipped. Amily had never dreamed of a place so fine. The top was flooded in the sunshine, while the room was sweet with faint perfume wafted from fountains thrown a few feet up into the air, falling back into a basin formed of lapis lazuli, malachite, porphyry, sardonyx, sapphire, and jade. The walls were mirrors.

The spectators were all watching one table of roulette. Amily, Lord Douglas, and the whole party, in fact, stopped to watch this game and the very handsome, distinguished-looking gambler. Some said he was a Spanish nobleman who had sat there losing steadily for a whole week, only stopping to take refreshments and rest for a few hours. Some said he was an American who had played the season through, losing and winning, and that he frequented this place every year, with the exception of the previous year, when he had gone to old Mexico instead. Their informant said that no one seemed to know much about him, he being very reticent.

Amily unconsciously drew a sharp breath of sur-

prise as her eyes met those of the player. He was Lorraine Weicliﬀ. She thought she was going to faint, and clutched Lord Douglas' arm for support. She did not know whether Weicliﬀ recognized her. This was the man they had all been discussing, and he was surely very distinguished looking, with his big brown eyes, white skin, and small, aristocratic hands. He was dressed in the height of fashion. He spoke three languages besides his own,—French, Spanish, and Italian.

If Weicliﬀ recognized Amily he did not show it even by the tremble of an eyelash. He kept right on, betting larger sums, and doubling again and again, only to lose; never winning. His expression never changed, his face wearing the same placid look, as if half amused. He placed large sums of money on the table, only to be swept away; then he would double and double till all the onlookers were attracted to him. He paid not the slightest attention to the people or the interest he had created, but played on, on, in just the same cool, calm way.

He did not gamble for the sake of winning money for money's sake. He was a gentleman, and avarice was not among his faults. He loved chance, and took real pleasure in trying how far he could go without breaking. This is characteristic of the born gambler. Weicliﬀ did not play much in drawing-rooms or at clubs, the stakes being rarely high enough to give him an emotion, and he did not like the sensation of winning much from friends, as it made him uncomfortable. He was far too refined in his taste for pleasure to waste an evening at such places. That is why he frequented these public places. He, of course, met friends here, for the society in these haunts is extremely mixed,

though the owners of the establishments take infinite trouble to make it select.

Amily was fascinated watching the different kinds of people that gambled—ladies in silks and jewels, men from all walks of life, from the silk-hatted dandy to the horny-handed laborer, all nationalities.

Lord Douglas urged her to move on to the next room, but she made a trivial excuse to remain. She just could not leave Lorraine Weicliﬀ; something seemed to hold her spellbound. He never raised his big, sad brown eyes from the play, and she stood near him till a big pile of gold was placed. He lost again. His face slightly paled, and then he took a fine diamond shirt screw from his bosom and placed it beside the pile of gold. He motioned for the play, but the dealer said: "Two hundred dollars more to balance that."

He was going to put up his watch when, to the consternation of all the party, Amily stepped forward and placed the five-hundred-dollar check that her brother Tao had sent her alongside the diamond. She had it in her little purse and had not meant to cash it till she was compelled to.

Noting her action with no little surprise, Weicliﬀ said: "Amily, I cannot take your money." She came closer and, leaning down, said: "Indeed you must. It is only a debt I owe, and this is my first chance to pay."

The dealer could not wait, so shoved the diamond and the check on, and when the wheel turned it won, and the dealer shoved back the gold, diamond, and check. He put it up again, and again it won, while Amily stood with bated breath.

Lord Douglas was shocked and had turned as white as a sheet. The women were horrified, some exclaim-

ing: "How could one of our party disgrace us like this!"

Lord Douglas again urged Amily to go, and she followed him. Weicliff had asked her in an undertone where she was staying, and she had answered that she was a guest of Le Comte Batus Beamer. That was all that had passed between them.

As they passed on to the Porto Chenang, as Beamer's town house was called, there was not a word spoken between Amily and her lover till they were in the big reception-room. Then he sat down by her under a shaded red light. There were others scattered about this big room, though none near enough to hear their conversation.

Looking into her eyes, Douglas said: "My darling, can you explain this? I am surprised and somewhat shocked, as our other friends were. Perhaps you had best wait till you are more calm and rested. Look at me, my beautiful queen," and she looked him bravely in the face.

"I will tell you all," she said. "He was my father's friend and my first real friend. Can you trust me till to-morrow, when I will tell you the whole story of my acquaintance with this gambler?"

"Yes, my precious darling; I cannot doubt you. I am only a little bit sorry that your meeting him should have been so dramatic and public."

She held out her hand to him and he held it while he bade her good-night.

As she got out of the lift and going toward her room Banderwelt seemed to rise from she could not tell where and, coming close to her, said: "I see you are meeting some of your American friends, and I must say you are truly a friend in need, too, as you came up just

at the right moment with your check on the Bank of London. It was really very dramatic and touching," he said, with a diabolical sneer. "Your little white English lord was shocked to fainting. He evidently does not know all your old flames and lovers. You will have a hard time explaining, I fear. Poor little thing! if he won't believe you, remember my arms are open to you. Fly to me; I will even offer you honorable marriage."

"Oh, my God, how insufferable!" thought Amily. "Must I call on my betrothed husband to defend me from you?" she said. "You are a fiend incarnate."

"Then you confess to me that you are engaged to marry him?" he asked.

"Let me pass," retorted Amily, "or I will call the porter yonder at the end of the corridor."

He let her pass, hissing in her ear: "You shall not marry him. You are an imbecile to dream of that."

Amily closed and double-locked her door and sat down to think, saying: "I am shaking as if I had a chill; I must have better control of my nerves. But this fiend in human form, why does he persecute me as he does? He knows I detest him. What did he mean? How can he keep me from marrying Richard?"

CHAPTER XXVI

AMILY went to bed but could not sleep. She heard all the noises quiet down, all the bolts drawn, the doors shut and locked, and the lights lowered; still she had not slept. She heard the clock strike two, and then fell into a light sleep. Suddenly she was awakened and startled by a shot. Sharp and distinct, it rang through the house clear and loud.

She sprang out of bed and heard the voices of people, the confusion of running and muffled sounds. She was afraid to open the door, but threw on a dressing gown and put on her slippers, then turning on her light in full sat listening, though she could not hear anything distinctly.

She did not know how long she had sat there, when a knock came at her door and Mrs. Miller's voice said: "Open your door; let me in. A dreadful thing has happened."

Amily opened the door at once, saying: "What is it?"

"Someone has been shot. Who, I cannot find out. Captain Miller is out with a party of men trying to catch the murderer."

"Oh, my! who is murdered? I heard the shot," said Amily.

"We heard it, too, and Captain Miller ran out in his night clothes."

It seemed that all the people in the house had heard

the shot and were running about, asking about it. Captain Miller hurriedly dressed and went out with the rest.

"As I came in here a maid of Countess Angla said there had been a murder in the north transept," said Mrs. Miller.

"Oh, my God! that is where Lord Douglas has his apartment," said Amily.

"Yes, and, dear, Mr. Plimpton, Sir Henry, and some others are there. Do not get nervous; come with me to my room. Captain Miller will doubtless come to let me know."

When they got to Mrs. Miller's room her maid said: "Your husband was here and said to tell you that Lord Douglas had been shot."

Amily was behind, but heard every word the maid said. She gave one little shriek and swooned away. Mrs. Miller was trying to silence the maid and, looking at Amily, saw her swoon. She and the maid got Amily to the bed and gave her the usual restoratives, slapping her hands and straightening her out on the bed. She soon opened her eyes in a dazed, uncertain way, then, coming to the realization of things, was rising to go.

"I will go to Lord Douglas, where he is. Who could have done the cowardly, dastardly deed?"

"Amily, you cannot go to him till the proper time," urged Mrs. Miller.

"Now is the proper time," answered Amily, and she brushed past Mrs. Miller out into the hall and was flying along the corridor, going as fast as she could toward Douglas' apartment when she saw the crowd going in and standing at the door of the Turkish reception-room. She ran on, her disheveled hair tum-

bled about her pale face, her eyes dark as thought and memory came to her.

Entering the Turkish-room she went to the couch where the stricken Lord Douglas lay, with a party of men about, waiting for the doctors. Amily paid no attention to any protest, but went to Douglas' side, bent down and tenderly kissed his white lips, holding his hand and whispering: "Oh, my darling, my darling! who could have hurt you?"

Douglas opened his eyes and a smile of recognition passed over his face. Now the doctors came in, and Lorraine Weicliff, who was among the number, raising Amily up, led her from the room, telling her to come with him, that she must let the doctors examine Douglas' hurt. Amily did not resist, but held to Weicliff to keep from falling.

When they were out of the room they met Captain Miller and his wife, who had followed Amily, and Mrs. Miller said: "Amily, you must come with me to your room. The house is full of police and detectives; it is not proper for you to be out of your room."

"Yes, I know, but I cannot leave my darling to die. Oh, Mr. Weicliff, go to him, remain with him, and as soon as the doctors have finished come for me. I waive ceremony, propriety, everything, to be by his side. I am his promised wife; my place is with him. I will not be separated from him."

"Amily," said Mrs. Miller, "you rave, dear; you do not know what you say," and placing her arms about the sorrowing girl led her to the bed. Amily would not lie down, as Mrs. Miller and the maid tried to get her to do, but sat on it, hugging her knees and softly crying. Weicliff treated her like he would a little child, calling her "dear."

"Yes, dear," he said, "I will come and let you know how he is as soon as the doctors know. He was conscious when you were with him, and he knew you."

"Thank Heaven!" she said. Weicliff now withdrew and went back to Lord Douglas.

The distracted Amily waited in terror the morning long, till at about eleven o'clock when a servant knocked at her door, with a little note from Lorraine Weicliff. It began:

"DEAR AMILY:

"Your lover is not fatally hurt; he will recover, but he must be kept perfectly quiet. No one can be allowed to see him but the doctors and the two trained nurses. They thought it too great a risk to move him, and he still occupies the Turkish reception-room. The passage is closed that way, all bells muffled, and that part of the house is to be kept perfectly quiet. The detectives have no clue as yet. I will keep you posted from time to time."

Amily kept her room for two or three days without any outdoor exercise, till Mrs. Miller advised her to walk in the grounds with a maid.

"My dear friend," said Amily, "you are so good to me I will take your advice and walk or drive tomorrow. I can breathe with more ease since I know that Richard improves. Oh, if I could only go to him and nurse him! I cannot tell why, but I have felt that death lay in ambush for me or the man I love."

"Dear, you should not accuse a person without some proof."

"I know. I told the chief of police that I saw a man I took to be Banderwelt's valet watching my win-

dow. I thought I should have been the one to receive that shot. I told them about Mr. Banderwelt's telling me in the hall that night that I should never marry Richard. I have a premonition that it was Mr. Banderwelt's valet who fired the shot. He seemed to spy on my every act; everywhere I go I see that man. Poor wretch, he repays me for saving his life by trying to kill the only man I shall ever love!"

The next Thursday Amily felt that she must get out alone for air and to think. She wrapped and veiled herself and slipped out of the house by the servants' quarters without being seen. She did not know where she was going, but just kept on. Here and there were large, beautiful old trees, beneath which coffee stalls were set up, and where indolent young gamblers of the poorer class congregate to get coffee, a roll, and smoke cigarettes before going back to poker, roulette, or any of the games.

Amily wandered on, and the sun was low and its beams already red as she mounted a steep path leading she knew not where. She saw no living soul, and finally she entered a gate to a lovely garden of the Villa Rose. The pavement, black and white checkered, led to the white marble steps of a pagoda.

She sat on these steps for some little time with half-closed eyes, trying to think. Not a sound disturbed the silence until the sweet, low voice of Roy Gerald called her back to the cold realities of everyday life. She rose with a cry of surprise and gladness.

"Oh, you have come at last! I have looked for you every day. Oh, why could you not have been here when this terrible sorrow came to me! You were the only one I trusted and told my secret to, now everyone knows I am his promised wife. I was so dis-

tressed I did not know what I did or said; I virtually screamed it at them. Oh, Roy, my true and loyal friend! you must take me in to see him. I promise I will do just as the doctor says. Why were you so long coming?"

"I was with Batas. He had some very important business in Paris and we were detained there much longer than he had expected to be. We would be there now if we had not received the telegram telling us of this tragedy. The first telegram did not reach us, the one we received being transferred from Chenang. I sent you a note, and the servant said you did not see anyone. That was this morning early, when we had just arrived. Bat went to see Richard first, before he tried to see you. He says Richard will get over this, but they will have to be very careful. Bat did not dare to speak to him. Richard sleeps most of the time, and they do not let him suffer much. How did you find your way to Rose Villa? I am stopping here, as Porto Chenang is full and this belongs to Batus, too. I was out at the kennels when I saw you enter the garden. I knew you almost at once by your walk and figure, although you were enveloped in that big gray cloak."

"I presume my good angel directed my footsteps here to you. Oh, I have so much to tell you that I cannot tell anyone else. Roy, I am most confident that Banderwelt's man shot Richard."

"Yes, he was suspected after your evidence to the police, but when they went to get him he had escaped."

"How could they let him get away?" asked Amily.

"Money can work wonders. Banderwelt is making every effort to find him, and I think has offered a reward for his capture."

"Don't they suspect Banderwelt? He is the real assassin, I tell you."

"Yes, Amily, I agree with you fully, but we cannot prove anything."

Roy took her hands and, pulling her up, said: "I must take you back; it is getting dark."

"Yes," she answered, "you must take care of me; I am not myself. The world seems far away, everything is confused and vanishing."

They entered, as she had gone, through the back of the house, and Roy promised to see her every day and tell her how Richard was. When he bade her good-night at the lift the door slid sideways into grooves, and at a sudden stop she was in a flood of electricity. She met a bevy of the young women and a score of the white-kidded dandies, most of them very English, with the ever-present monocle and perfumed breath.

Some acknowledged her with a bow, others with a stare, and most of the women passed her by. Miss Fay stopped for a second to say she missed her, as she had not joined them in any of the gayety. Amily thanked her with supreme elegance born of soul grandeur. She grew sick of the fashionable follies and these people, so unlike her real friends.

Two days later Roy sent for her. "My brother wishes me to bring you with me, as the doctors say we can see Richard."

"Oh, bless him! I will be ready in one moment."

"We must not stay to talk."

"I will do what the doctor says."

They had a little talk with the doctor and nurse before entering. The nurse told her he had called for her all the time when he was delirious, and when he was conscious he had asked to see her. Now they

left her as Amily went to Douglas' bedside and took his hand so gently that he did not open his eyes till she kissed his forehead. Then he placed his arm over her, drawing her closer.

"My darling, you have been with me all the time, but not so real as now. Strange sunlight, cool gleams of moonlight, faint enchantment of twilight, great winds, flutterings of trees and flowers, strange incenses, odors and essences, delicious music—amid all these we lived and loved, you and I."

She kissed him again and said: "Yes, dear, this life is fair and sweet in spite of its difficulties and sorrows, if we know it is only the prologue to a greater and more beautiful life which lies beyond the curtain which has not yet been raised."

He held her thus till the nurse came to remind them they must part now. Amily promised to come to him when the doctor let her. Roy and Batas Beamer had waited for her, and Le Comte said: "We have a small carriage under the porte-cochère, and you must get a wrap and your hat, you need the air and sunshine."

Amily ran to get them, and as they drove through an avenue flooded with sunshine and sweet with flowers Batas Beamer took her hand and said: "Let me congratulate you. Richard had informed me of his engagement, telling me you would not let him announce it."

She drew a sharp breath and said: "Yes; I did not wish it announced, as our marriage could not be very soon."

"He told me in a letter written the night he was hurt, of your rising up and helping an old friend of your father who was about to go broke at roulette. It surely was a brave act, that few young girls would

have dared, as she must know she would be so severely criticised."

"I did not think of the other people, I only thought of my father's friend who had once made me a loan when I wished it so much."

"It seems to me you go about doing good, saving life, even."

"Oh, I wish I could go through life sowing good deeds as a connection of my mother in Atlanta, Georgia, who, when she went on a journey by train, always took in her traveling bag a lot of perennial flower seeds, and as the train sped along she held her hand out of the window, sowing these flower seeds in good and bad soil. The consequence is Georgia in spring time is a perfect flower garden."

When they had driven through the prettiest streets Le Comte asked Amily to excuse him and finish the drive with Roy, as one of his guests and his immediate party were leaving the next day, and that he had promised to meet Banderwelt and arrange about their transports and so on.

Amily said to Roy, when they were alone: "This is quite sudden, his departure, is it not?"

"I think he says he has heard that some member of the Banderwelt family have unexpectedly arrived in Paris and telegraphed him to meet them."

"I am so glad he is going! I hope I shall never see his wicked, cruel face again. He richly deserves to be punished; his money alone saved him and his accomplice. Oh, the power of money! Roy, I feel a little tired; let us drive. You know my friends, Millers, are the guests of Banderwelt, and they join him next Thursday at Calais and return with him to America. I shall travel with them to London and re-

main in London twenty-four hours. Captain and Mrs. Miller will see me on my train for Redich. Oh, it is so hard to leave Richard, but when my chaperon leaves I must go, too. Will you watch and guard him for me, and if he gets a setback send for me? I will come with my cousin, Lady Freelanhsen. She is quite feeble to travel so far, but she will come with me if I request it. And, my dear friend, help me if you can to avoid meeting Banderwelt again. I am glad you know Lorraine Weicliff, and know he is a gentleman in spite of his gambling. How many Englishmen indulge in gambling, dissipation, and even dishonor and are never reprimanded by society! So, as he is a gentleman, I am sure you will not be contaminated by your friendship and admiration of him."

"By the way, he is anxious to see you before you leave Porto Chenang. He will not come here, as he does not wish to meet the guests, for he fears he might cast reflection on you, since he is known in Monte Carlo as a professional gambler."

"How very considerate of him."

"Will you come to the pagoda at Rose Villa garden to-morrow at four o'clock? I will meet you at the back porter's lodge and go with you, and wait at the villa till he leaves you. Then I will come in my little carriage and we can have a drive before I set you down again at the back porter's lodge."

"That will be lovely!" she answered. "I shall enjoy it so much, and we can plan about your coming to see us at Freelanhsen Hall."

Most of the next morning Amily spent with Richard. He was so much improved that he was propped up in bed, and received her with a bright, glad smile. His aunt was in the room and only left it when Rich-

ard said: "Will you wait in the ante-room? I have some things I wish to say to my fiancée."

His aunt did not answer except to say: "Be very careful, you know what your doctor says."

Richard improved rapidly, and on Thursday Amily was with him all day till time to leave. He was partially dressed and was in a large invalid chair. He begged her to marry him then before she left Porto Chenang, but she put him off till she had a talk with her cousin, Lady Freelanhsen.

He told her that a package had come to him from Banderwelt, with a note, saying: "I present you the genealogy of the House of Freelanhsen. I have no further use for it, and thought it might interest you to look over it while you are convalescent."

"What can he mean?" said Lord Douglas.

"Richard, dearest, when he annoyed me in America to marry him and I repulsed him, he told me he had gotten the genealogy of my family; that he knew all about me and that I need not hold my head so haughty and high."

"I will have my valet destroy it if you say so. I know enough of you to know you are as pure as an angel, my promised little wife."

"The poor wretch has done me a great favor, where he wished to injure me instead, by this last stroke. Read it through, my precious beloved, and if you still wish me to be your wife then you may come to me at Freelanhsen Hall and name our wedding day."

CHAPTER XXVII

WHEN Amily's train reached Redich station she looked out and saw Cross on the platform waiting for her. The old barouche stood in sight to take her to the Hall. She shook Cross by the hand heartily, asking about the health of her cousin and the rest.

"Your cousin is very well," Cross answered, "but your grandmother is very ill. In fact, we despaired of her life last night and would have sent you a wire if you had not already started."

Amily had never spoken of her grandmother to anyone but her cousin, and she did not know that Cross knew what the relationship was between them.

"I am so glad I am here," she said simply. "Tell Jenks to hurry and not mind about the luggage. That can be sent for any time."

When Amily met her cousin she fell into her arms and the big tears ran down her cheeks.

"There, there!" said Lady Freelanhsen; "dry your tears. I am so thankful to have you with me again you can never know how I missed you and what a ray of sunshine you brought with you into this dismal old Hall. Dear, I had our lawyer come and draw up my will, and I have left you this old Hall and all I have, except a few bequests of a personal nature, and when you come to live here, if you ever do, I hope the good Lord will send brightness and the happy laughter of little children into this gloomy old place.

Nothing else can ever made it bright and gay. And, my child, how you have suffered, too; your big eyes show it. You were so good to send me a line each day to let me know how dear Richard was. Do you think, are you quite sure, he is out of danger?"

"Yes, he will soon be with us. He has promised to come to us as soon as it is safe for him to travel."

Lady Freelanhsen then told Amily of how ill her grandmother was, and that when she had rested she could go to her.

"She is perfectly unconscious; just sleeps, scarcely breathing. She does not suffer. Doctor Gray, who is with her now, says she may linger through to-night and to-morrow, though he cannot tell."

When Amily went in to see her grandmother she went to the bed and, bending down, pressed her lips to the cold, wrinkled face, holding the yellow, bony little hand and speaking to her.

At first the dying woman did not answer, then after a while said: "Come closer. I feel in myself the future life; I am rising towards the sky; the sunlight is over my head. Heaven lights me with the reflection of other worlds. I am going on, on up to Theodore."

The doctor held the other hand and Lady Freelanhsen sat by the side of Amily. All sat thus till the last weak breath came and the grandmother had really passed on to that great beyond. The next day they laid her body in that open sepulcher where people thereabout thought she had lain since her mind had gone.

Sir Robert Boxley, Lady Freelanhsen, her three servants, Doctor Gray, and Amily made up the funeral procession that followed the dead to Bowlie church. There was no religious service except a prayer read by Sir Robert Boxley.

Amily sent a telegram to Lord Douglas, saying: "My grandmother Freelanhsen was buried to-day." That was all; she knew he would understand, as she had requested him to read that genealogy.

She received an answer reading: "I will be with you in a fortnight, or sooner, if able to travel."

Six months from that day Amily Freelanhsen was married in Bowlie church to Lord Richard Douglas, the wedding being very quiet. Her gown was shining, heavy white satin, veiled with a gossamer lace, very old, from the wardrobe of the Freelanhsens'. The church was flooded with sunshine, spring flowers, and spring simplicity.

THE END

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